

SHARED
BY THE
MONSTRUM

KINDRED TALES

MONSTRUM KINDRED

EVANGELINE ANDERSON

NYT AND USA TODAY BEST SELLING AUTHOR

SHARED BY THE MONSTRUM

KINDRED TALES

EVANGELINE ANDERSON

Shared by the Monstrum, 1st Edition,
A Kindred Tales Novel
Copyright © 2023 by Evangeline Anderson

All rights reserved.

Cover Art Design © 2023 by Reese Dante

This book is a work of fiction. The names, characters, places and incidents are products of the writers' imagination or have been used factiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, actual events, locale or organizations is entirely coincidental.

All rights are reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be resold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each person you share it with. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then you should return to a retailer of your choice or evangelineanderson.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the author's work.

Cover content is for illustrative purposes only.

Any person depicted on the cover is a model.

CONTENTS

Shared by the Monstrum

1. [Lynx](#)
2. [Saxon](#)
3. [Lynx](#)
4. [Mirabella](#)
5. [Lynx](#)
6. [Saxon](#)
7. [Mirabella](#)
8. [Lynx](#)
9. [Saxon](#)
10. [Mirabella](#)
11. [Mirabella](#)
12. [Lynx](#)
13. [Mirabella](#)
14. [Saxon](#)
15. [Mirabella](#)
16. [Lynx](#)
17. [Mirabella](#)
18. [Mirabella](#)
19. [Mirabella](#)
20. [Lynx](#)
21. [Mirabella](#)
22. [Saxon](#)
23. [Mirabella](#)
24. [Mirabella](#)
25. [Lynx](#)
26. [Saxon](#)
27. [Mirabella](#)
28. [Mirabella](#)
29. [Saxon](#)
30. [Lynx](#)
31. [Mirabella](#)
32. [Mirabella](#)

33. [Saxon](#)

34. [Miri](#)

35. [Miri](#)

36. [Lynx](#)

37. [Saxon](#)

38. [Miri](#)

39. [Miri](#)

40. [Saxon](#)

41. [Lynx](#)

42. [Miri](#)

43. [Miri](#)

44. [Miri](#)

45. [Miri](#)

46. [Miri](#)

47. [Miri](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[The End?](#)

[Give a Hot Kindred Warrior to a Friend!](#)

[Sign up for my Newsletter!](#)

[Do you love Audiobooks?](#)

[Also by Evangeline Anderson](#)

[About the Author](#)

SHARED BY THE MONSTRUM

Mirabella is running for her life when two huge, muscular alien warriors come to guard her. Will she lose her heart when she is...*Shared by the Monstrum?*

Mirabella is a reluctant ruler—she never asked to be the Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven—the governing body of Opulex. But things get much worse when all the other members of the Sacred Seven are murdered by a ruthless serial killer. Miri goes into hiding but help is on the way in the form of two huge, muscular Monstrum warriors who vow to guard her with their lives.

Saxon and Lynx are Monstrum Shifters. They can appear humanoid or Shift partially or fully into huge beast-like predators. The two have a special bond they formed as boys which enables them to be more effective warriors. However, it also means they have to share a mate...in every way. A past mating with the woman they both loved ended in tragedy, which caused them to put their hearts on a shelf and vow never to love again.

Miri feels an instant attraction to both the big Monstrum and they want her too, but the past stands in the way of their happiness. In the meantime, they have sworn to protect her no matter what. But when Miri's fate takes her to visit the Oracle at Delphi Prime, their relationship is turned on its head. For on this strange planet, every male is required to have a "sex pet."

When Miri pretends to "belong" to the two Monstrum warriors, will she lose her heart?

You'll have to read this hot ménage, MFM, "touch her and die," bodyguard trope novel, *Shared by the Monstrum* to find out!

Dedicated to:

Colleen Mary Snodgrass

*for her suggestion of naming my two heroes Lynx and Saxon
and to*

Samantha Rose Hartley

*for her help in coming up with the title for this book—Shared
by the Monstrum.*

Thank you both for your great ideas!

Hugs,

Evangeline

ONE

LYNX

B OOM-BOOM-BOOM!

The heavy male fist banging on the rusted metal door made an ominous sound that resonated through the narrow, dirty alleyway.

“Knock a little louder, why don’t you?” Lynx murmured, raising an eyebrow at his Bond-Brother. “I don’t think *everyone* in the city heard you.”

“Just trying to get her to open the fucking door,” Saxon growled. “This is fucking ridiculous—*come on!*” And he banged on the door again—hard enough to make flakes of reddish-brown rust fall off the door like leaves fluttering from a dying tree.

Lynx shook his head. He could feel the other male’s frustration and pain through their bond. Saxon was pissed because he’d been wounded in the short skirmish they’d gotten into on the trip from their ship to this shitty little alley.

His Bond-Brother had always been short-tempered and fighting off a dozen Cast-offs—the abandoned bodyslaves who roamed in packs through the bad parts of Opulex—hadn’t improved the Lykan’s mood one bit.

Of course, the two of them weren’t actually brothers in the familial sense—meaning they weren’t blood related. They had found each other as youngsters when their two clans—the Lykans and the Felinus—came together for their Annual Meet. It was there that Lynx had first seen the dark, angry face that

had figured so largely in his dreams—it was there where he first met Saxon.

They had been so young—some said *too* young for a Brotherhood Bond. Lynx had been only ten and Saxon barely twelve cycles old, but the Lykan had been dreaming of him too. He'd taken one look at Lynx and said,

“You're the one, aren't you?”

When Lynx had nodded mutely, Saxon had jerked his head.

“Come on, then.”

And Lynx had followed him, knowing it was the right—the *only*—thing he could do.

They had made their oaths to each other that night by the Fires of Truth—to live together, to die together, to call a Bride together—and they had been inseparable ever since.

It was a rare thing among the Monstrum Kindred, the Bond of Brotherhood. Most Monstrum warriors kept to their own kind. Yet there were always at least a few pairings at every Annual Meet—or there had been, back when before their universe had been overrun by the Darklings, Lynx thought sadly. Now there were fewer warriors and not many took the Brotherhood Bond that he and Saxon had taken so many years ago.

And here they were—still bonded, living in a whole new universe and on an assignment to protect a Yonnite Mistress from a killer who was stalking her. It was a job uniquely suited to their combined talents.

When two Monstrum warriors were bound together by the Goddess, they were able to project an Aura of Protection when they held a female between them—a special shield that almost nothing could penetrate. It was this ability that had gotten them the assignment on Yonnie Six in the first place. Their Superior, High Commander Rarev, had called them into his office aboard the Monstrum Mother Ship and said that they were wanted for guard and protection duty.

“I don’t know, Commander,” Lynx had said, casting a sidelong glance at Saxon, who sat slumped in a chair, half-Shifted, his muscular bulk like a dark omen of things to come. “Saxon and I...we’re out of the habit of casting an Aura of Protection. We haven’t done it for any female since...”

He’d trailed off then. It had been years, but speaking their former mate’s name was still painful.

“Nonetheless, Commander Sylvan has asked for you two particularly,” Rarev had said. He looked like the Earth animal called a “lion” in the face and unlike Lynx and Saxon had, didn’t have the ability to appear more human—he was always in what Lynx thought of as a “half-Shifted” form. Which was to say, he had a humanoid form with hands and feet instead of paws and he stood upright, but he was covered in short, dense fur and his face looked markedly animalistic.

“Isn’t Yonnite Six the planet where females rule and males are slaves?” Saxon had growled, speaking up at last.

“The same.” Commander Rarev had nodded gravely. “But it is the Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven—the leader of the governing body of the entire planet—who needs protection. From what I’ve learned, there is a killer of females stalking her. She escaped from him once, but now she’s afraid to come out of her hiding place.”

“Poor little female.” Lynx was sympathetic at once. To have barely escaped from a killer intent on murdering her—how frightening and traumatic!

Saxon scoffed.

“Poor little *brat*, is more like it.”

“What? Why do you say that?” Lynx had demanded. “You don’t even know her—we never even heard of her before today!”

“I’ve heard of the Yonnites, though,” Saxon said, frowning. “Rich, spoiled females who live in their high towers and treat males like dirt to be walked on. Why should we care what happens to one of them?”

“Because she’s a *female*, first and foremost.” Commander Rarev’s golden eyes had gleamed dangerously. “And as Monstrum warriors, we are bound to protect all female life, as you know.”

“We *had* a female life to protect—Lynx and I did everything we could to keep her safe.” The bitterness in Saxon’s tone was plain to hear. “But the Goddess took her anyway, despite everything we could do.”

“Saxon, you know I’m sorry for your loss.” Commander Rarev’s voice had gentled. “But we’re in a new universe now—possibly there’s a chance to start over. Not necessarily with a new mate—” he added quickly, seeing the dark, angry look on the Lykan’s face. “But with a new job, at least. I need the two of you and so does...” He looked at the readout on his Com-U. “So does Mistress Mirabella. Will you take this assignment or not?”

“We’ll take it,” Lynx had said firmly. “It’s better than moping around the ship, thinking of the past which can’t be undone,” he added, shooting a glance at his Bond-Brother, who seemed about to protest.

Saxon hadn’t liked the idea, but he had gone along with it. Lynx didn’t ask him for much, but he had demanded this—they needed something new, some way to move on. He bore the same grief the Lykan did, but as a Felinus Monstrum, he bore it *differently*. Their mutual loss was a melancholy thing for him—a collection of sweet, sad memories of what they had once had and could never have again.

For Saxon, the pain had turned to bitterness—a deep anger at the Goddess and at Fate itself. More than once Lynx had feared his Bond-Brother might do something foolish or suicidal. For a time, he even feared he might attempt a full-Shift and there was no coming back from that without a mate to call him from his Fur Form to his more humanoid appearance.

If he had done that, Lynx would have had no choice but to commit *Shai’ki’rai* with him, ending both their lives, as he had sworn to do so many years ago when they first took their

oaths. But somehow, Saxon had kept himself from it—maybe because he knew he would be ending Lynx’s life too—not just his own.

Lynx often thought that if only his Bond-Brother would allow himself to mourn their loss normally, he might get at least partially over it. But Lykans were dark and angry males and they didn’t grieve like the Felinus did. Lynx himself had wept until he thought his heart would break and Saxon had held him...but he had never shed a single tear himself. Not one. He just got more and more angry and bitter and moped around their domicile always half-Shifted...

Speaking of which, he was half-Shifted now, Lynx thought, frowning. He always thought that his Bond-Brother looked like the Egyptian god of the dead from Earth—Anubis—when he was in this form. He was still humanoid, standing upright with hands and feet instead of paws, but he had a wolf’s face and his skin was covered in a shaggy black pelt with silver tints. His pale blue eyes burning like liquid fire and his sharp white teeth were bared as he banged on the door.

“Just *look* at you,” Lynx said to him, frowning. “Of course the girl’s not going to open the door with you looking like that! Pull it in—at least *try* to look less frightening.”

He himself was in a complete non-Shift. Anyone might think he was a regular Kindred warrior from this universe, with his smooth, furless skin and long, golden-brown mane of hair pulled back from his face—the better to show his completely human-looking features. Well, *mostly* human. He had golden eyes and a golden tint to his skin that still made him look somewhat alien—just not as frightening as his Bond-Brother was at the moment.

“Come on—you know I’m right,” he said to Saxon, who was glaring at him with those burning blue eyes. “She’s never going to let us in if you insist on going around half-Shifted like that.”

Saxon growled with irritation but a look of concentration came over his wolf’s face. After a moment, his big, muscular body began to change. His furry ears moved from the top of

his head down to the sides and became less pointed. His muzzle shortened into a regular humanoid face and his eyes were no longer burning—they were just pale, piercing blue. But he still wasn't completely where he needed to be.

“Go on,” Lynx said, making a motion with one hand. “All the way. Get rid of the fur.”

Saxon made a sound of disgust but with a final effort, the shaggy pelt which covered his body was absorbed into his skin, leaving him almost as smooth as Lynx—though he did still have a mat of short, black curls on his broad chest, which matched the short, thick black hair on his head.

“There.” Lynx nodded approvingly. “Now, was that so hard, Brother?”

Saxon made a growling noise that sounded suspiciously like, “Fuck you” but he held his non-Shifted form, which was good enough for Lynx. He lifted his hand to pound on the metal door again...but Lynx caught him by the wrist.

“Why don't you let me try this time?” he said. “If she has some kind of viewing mechanism and is watching us, I'll probably make a much better impression.”

Saxon only grunted and shrugged, his broad shoulders rolling with the motion. Without his fur, his skin had a silver tint just like Lynx's had a distinct golden hue. His Bond Mark was easier to see too—glimmering blue and gold and green on the left side of his neck, whereas Lynx's was on the right side. He would have been considered handsome by most females if he didn't scowl so much.

Lynx sighed. Well, there was nothing he could do about his Bond-Brother's temperament—he'd known that Saxon was a grouchy son of a bitch when he'd bonded to him, all those years ago. All he could do was try to present an agreeable, reassuring face to the frightened girl who was hiding behind the rusted, metal door.

Stepping up to the metal panel himself, he knocked firmly but politely.

“Hello?” he called. “This is Commander Lynx and I have Commander Saxon with me. We mean you no harm—we’ve been sent by the Kindred to keep you safe. Hello?”

“See—she’s not going to answer,” Saxon growled after a moment. “Fucking waste of time. Let’s just go back to the ship and treat these wounds.”

Now that his fur was gone, Lynx could see that the wound in his Bond-Brother’s upper arm was deeper than he’d thought which explained why the pain he felt from Saxon was so sharp. One of the Cast-offs had been armed with a *lasker*-knife—a nasty weapon with sharp, serrated teeth meant for sawing through both flesh and bone. It had bitten deeply into Saxon’s shoulder before he’d put the bastard down with a pulse-pistol blast. No wonder the Lykan was grumpy.

“Look, *you* go back to the ship if you want,” he said. “I can manage here. Go on—go.”

“And leave you here alone?” Saxon sounded outraged that he would even suggest such a thing. Despite being brooding and dark, he was loyal to a fault. Lynx knew his Bond-Brother would never leave him in any situation that might be dangerous.

“Well, then stop complaining if you don’t want to go,” he said, frowning. “We promised High Commander Rarev *and* Commander Sylvan that we’d come out here and keep this little female from harm. I’m *not* giving up just because she’s unsure of us—there’s a killer stalking her and we’ve been entrusted with her safety. I’ll stay out here all *night* if I have to!”

At that moment, as though his words had somehow magically unlocked it, the door swung open with a creak of rusty hinges. Lynx looked inside the dim interior of the building eagerly, expecting to see a female face. Instead, the strangest thing imaginable met his eyes.

Standing in the doorway wasn’t a person...but a robot.

TWO

SAXON

The thing in the doorway was a large, round, golden automaton—an antique robot of the kind that hadn't been manufactured for cycles. It was gold-plated and had a tiny round head with glowing blue eyes atop an enormous round midsection that looked like a huge golden ball. Three smaller balls were set in the base of the larger one, allowing it to move in all directions by rolling.

It stood there silently, blocking the doorway with its round, golden bulk and seemed to Saxon, almost to be taunting them. He had the urge to growl at the fucking thing to move out of the way, but Lynx put a hand on his arm and sent a soothing calm through their Bond. Saxon took a deep breath and made an effort to swallow the angry bile that rose in his throat.

Angry—he was always so fucking *angry*. Lynx claimed it was because he hadn't grieved their lost mate properly, but Saxon knew the truth. He was a Lykan—it was his nature to be pissed off.

In fact, the only Lykans allowed aboard the Monstrum Mother Ship were those like himself, who had a Brother-Bond with another, more stable kind of Monstrum. The rest were all renegades and outlaws—unwelcome everywhere but their home world, which was gone now, destroyed and despoiled by the Darklings.

Sometimes Saxon wondered why he bothered to go on. Their mate was long dead, their home world lost, their universe rendered uninhabitable by living manifestations of evil. What was the point?

Lynx—he's the point, he thought, looking at his Bond-Brother. There was a kind of golden aura of goodness around the other male, a kindness that wasn't often found in a hardened warrior. But then, Lynx had never allowed himself to become hardened by their circumstances.

The Felinius could and did kill when necessary—hell, he'd shot several of the attacking Cast-offs dead just a few minutes past when they were trying to get to this Goddess-forsaken alley. But he never allowed the killing to make him cruel. He wasn't dark and twisted inside, like Saxon—he hadn't been utterly ruined by their loss.

Saxon wished he knew his Bond-Brother's secret.

Many had said they shouldn't be bonded at all. Even as boys, it was clear that Saxon was on a dark path—the people of both their clans had been afraid he would drag Lynx down with him.

Instead, Lynx had lifted him up. Despite being a Lykan, Saxon had been considered almost respectable for a while. But that was before their mate had died. Before...

Saxon couldn't even bear to think her name. He knew that if he hadn't formed a Brother-Bond with Lynx, he would have followed her into the darkness. Death was easier than dealing with loss.

Stop fucking thinking about it, he told himself angrily. *You're here to protect Mistress Mirabella—whoever the fuck she is!*

But it didn't look like they were ever going to meet her—not with the enormous golden automaton in their way.

“Hello,” Lynx said politely, speaking as though the damn thing was actually alive and would care if he hurt its feelings. “I'm Commander Lynx and this is my Bond-Brother, Commander Saxon. We're specially trained Monstrum Kindred, sent here to protect Mistress Mirabella. Do you know where we can find her?”

The golden robot hesitated, then spoke in a hollow, mechanical tone.

“I’ve been watching you for some time. You don’t look like any Kindred I have seen before,” it said.

“Ah...” Lynx cleared his throat. “You must have seen my Bond-Brother in his half-Shifted form. Please don’t let that scare you—we can stay non-Shifted the whole time we’re with you if that makes you feel more comfortable.”

Saxon shot his Bond-Brother an irritated look. Staying non-Shifted for days on end was going to be damned uncomfortable. That was because both of them had two natures—their humanoid nature and their Fur Form. Favoring one over the other always caused discomfort—a feeling of losing one’s center. That was why it was so much more comfortable to stay in his half-Shifted form, Saxon thought.

But Lynx didn’t approve of it. He seemed to think that being half-Shifted all the time was lazy—as though Saxon wasn’t trying hard enough to fit in with the people around them. Who were mainly Earthlings, since they’d arrived in this universe. Lynx’s argument was that it was already hard enough for the two of them to fit in—being seven feet tall and muscular with gold and silver hides respectively. Adding a furry pelt and animalistic facial features only made matters worse.

Well, maybe I don’t fucking care if it makes matters worse, Saxon thought, baring his teeth in a feral grimace. This fucking robot wasn’t helping things any, standing in the middle of the door, blocking their way forward.

“How do I know you won’t hurt me—I mean hurt Mistress Mirabella?” the robot asked, still in that same, hollow tone that seemed to emanate somewhere from the center of its round, golden midsection.

Lynx spread his hands.

“You have our word as Monstrum Kindred Warriors—to us, all female life is sacred. We have heard of the danger Mistress Mirabella is in and we wish only to protect her.”

“What about him? He doesn’t seem very...protective.”

The golden robot's round head swiveled to look at Saxon, who glared back at it—fucking robot! What did it know?

“He might not seem like it, but my Bond-Brother is kind and true. He's also loyal to a fault—a good male to have at your back,” Lynx said earnestly—giving Saxon more credit than he deserved. “I will vouch for him.”

The robot seemed to be considering this. At last, the round golden ball of its head made a nodding gesture.

“Very well, follow me inside. Please lock and bar the door behind you or the Cast-offs will get in.”

It turned smoothly and began rolling down the hallway. Saxon followed with Lynx right behind him. The Felinus took a moment to lock and bar the door, as requested, and then it appeared they were simply going to go wherever the golden robot led them.

What else could they do?

THREE

LYNX

There seemed to be some kind of maze of metal hallways within the building they had entered, Lynx thought as he and Saxon followed the rolling golden automaton. They went left, then right, then right again and then through too many other twists and turns to count, but the robot seemed to know where it was leading them.

“Where the fuck are we going and when are we ever fucking going to get there?” Saxon muttered and Lynx felt a burst of irritation from him.

“Just give it a minute—this is supposed to be a panic room—a place that’s secure from all threats,” he reminded his Bond-Brother. “I’m sure this maze is part of its defenses.”

Saxon growled something to himself but made no more protests as they followed the golden robot.

At last it stopped, rolling to one side of the entrance to a new room.

“In there,” it said in its hollow, mechanical voice.

Lynx and Saxon stepped into the room the automaton had indicated.

“Hey—there’s nothing fucking in here,” Saxon said, looking around at the four metal walls with no windows or doors, other than the one they had entered by.

Lynx turned to face the automaton.

“Is there some reason you led us here?”

“Yes,” the robot said. As it did, a gate made of thick metal bars crashed down, blocking the doorway and trapping them inside.

“What in the Seven Frozen Hells?” Saxon strode up to the bars and gripped them in his big hands. Lynx could feel his frustration boiling over into fury as he tried and failed to bend them.

“Easy, Brother,” he murmured, sending calm through their bond. “Just let me talk to our friend here for a moment.”

“Our ‘friend’ has locked us in a fucking *cage*, Brother,” Saxon growled. “I knew we shouldn’t have taken this fucking assignment!”

Lynx bit back a sigh. He wished his Bond-Brother didn’t have such a short fuse! But there was nothing he could do now but appeal to the robot.

“Listen, we’re not here to hurt you,” he said reasonably. “We’ve come to keep Mistress Mirabella safe. We even have some food for her, since we heard that her stores were running low.”

“Food?” The golden robot almost seemed to be eyeing them suspiciously. “What kind of food?”

“All kinds.” Lynx patted the large carry-all cube he wore on his back. It was filled to the brim with necessities, many of them miniaturized using Kindred technology so he could pack them all. But there was one thing he *hadn’t* made smaller, since it seemed to affect the taste.

Unslinging the cube from his back, he opened it and reached inside. The golden automaton rolled back quickly, as though expecting that he might bring out a weapon.

“No, no—don’t worry,” Lynx said quickly. “Look—this is a very special food I brought all the way from a planet called Earth, on the other side of the galaxy. It’s called ‘chocolate’ and females really seem to enjoy it.”

“Chocolate? You have *chocolate*?”

Something strange seemed to happen to the mechanical droid. It shivered and then a wide vertical slit appeared, bisecting its enormous round midsection. The slit widened and then opened completely and out climbed a lovely, if slightly bedraggled, little female.

“What the fuck?” Saxon was staring at her, dumbfounded, and Lynx could feel his Bond-Brother’s confusion through their bond.

To be honest, he felt fairly confused himself. So the girl had been hiding inside the robot all this time?

“You said you had chocolate?” She came up to the bars, looking up at him with a hopeful, hungry expression on her pretty face.

She had smooth, light brown skin and big green eyes and her hair was a mass of tumbled black curls with golden highlights that gleamed in the dim lighting. Her garments were ragged and crumpled but clean, as though she’d been wearing them and washing them over and over and they were skimpy enough for Lynx to see that she might once have been an Elite, though she was dangerously close to losing her curves now.

All in all, he thought she was the most enchanting sight he’d seen in cycles and the hopeful, hungry way she was looking at him nearly broke his heart.

“Here you go,” he said, handing the foil wrapped chocolate through the bars.

He felt another burst of irritation from Saxon.

“What the fuck did you do that for?” the Lykan muttered. “Why did you just hand it over? You should have used it to negotiate our fucking freedom with! Now she’ll never let us out!”

“She’ll let us out,” Lynx said confidently. “She just needs to be sure of us first.”

They watched as the girl tore open the foil. She looked so hungry that Lynx thought she might just start cramming the creamy brown squares directly into her mouth. Instead, she took a moment to inhale, breathing in the sweet, sugary scent

of the candy. As she did, her green eyes rolled up in apparent ecstasy.

“Oh Goddess—I haven’t had this in *ages!*” Lynx heard her murmur. And then she broke off a single square and placed it on her tongue almost reverently.

It seemed clear she wanted to savor the flavor but the effect was somehow erotic. Lynx couldn’t help enjoying the look of sensual pleasure on her lovely face as she let the chocolate melt on her tongue.

“Wow—you weren’t kidding when you said females liked that stuff,” Saxon muttered.

He too was watching and Lynx could feel his interest through their bond, which surprised him. It was the first time the Lykan had taken notice of any female since their mate had gone to be with the Goddess.

Lynx gave the girl a moment to enjoy herself and didn’t speak again until he saw her swallow.

“So you must be Mistress Mirabella, hmm?” he asked, using his softest, most purring tone. “You really surprised us—we had no idea you’d be hiding inside a giant gold robot.”

“That’s Beelie.” Mirabella patted the golden automaton, which had sealed itself up again. “He keeps me safe.”

“I can see that he does—you must be very attached to him,” Lynx said gently. “But now my Bond-Brother and I are here to keep you safe, too.”

She frowned, a mutinous look coming over her lovely face.

“How do I know that? I was watching the two of you—he was some kind of a wolf-creature.” She pointed at Saxon, who gave her a flat glare in return.

“He’s a Lykan Shifter and I’m a Felinus Shifter,” Lynx explained. “What you saw was my Bond-Brother’s Fur Form. Well, part of it anyway—he was only half-Shifted.”

“What does he look like when he’s fully Shifted, then?” The girl sounded curious. “Can I see?”

“No, you can’t fucking see!” Saxon growled, glaring at her.

“Saxon—easy!” Lynx put a hand on the Lykan’s arm. “She doesn’t know what she’s asking.”

Mirabella had drawn back from Saxon’s outburst.

“Sorry!” she muttered. “Did I offend you somehow?”

“It’s just that neither of us can do a full-Shift without a mate to call us back to our humanoid forms,” Lynx explained. “And...we have no mate at the moment.”

“So we’re not going to do a fucking full-Shift for you, just because you’re fucking curious,” Saxon rumbled.

“Forgive my Bond-Brother,” Lynx said to Mirabella. “He was wounded in a fight while we were trying to get to you—it makes him grumpy to be in pain.”

“Oh, you were wounded? Let me see.” She stepped up to the bars again, a look of concern in her lovely green eyes.

“Why? So you can poke me with a stick now that you’ve got me in a fucking cage?” Saxon grumbled, but he stepped up to the bars and presented his wounded shoulder.

“Oh, that’s deep.” Mirabella frowned. “You’re going to need some wound-glue to close it and some antibiotic spray as well.”

“We don’t have any of that with us,” Lynx told her. “Do you?”

“Of course I do.” She raised her chin. “I’m a Third Tier Healer.”

“What? You’re too young to be a Healer,” Saxon scoffed.

The girl glared up at the huge Lykan, her green eyes flashing.

“I’m older than I look, all right? And besides, I started young. I’ve always known what I wanted to be—that I wanted to help people.”

“We weren’t told anything about you being a healer,” Lynx said. “Our orders are to come protect the Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven. You *are* Mistress Mirabella—aren’t you?”

“Of course I am. But I’m *not* going back to the Sacred Seven—I don’t care what you say. Not until they catch that *thing* that’s killing people!”

“We heard you had a narrow escape from the killer,” Lynx said. “That must have been really frightening.”

“It was *terrifying*.”

For a moment, her green eyes had a haunted look, as though a terrible memory had her in its grip. But then she seemed to shake it off with an effort of will.

“Was he—” Lynx began.

“I don’t want to talk about it,” Mirabella said firmly. “I’d rather have some more of *this*.” She broke off another square of chocolate to pop in her mouth. “Goddess, this is good! It’s just like I remember.”

“So you’ve had chocolate before?” Lynx asked her.

Mirabella nodded.

“My father used to bring it to me. He was originally from Earth, before he got abducted by Gorthian raiders. He always said it was the best thing that ever happened to him.” She smiled, as though reliving a fond memory. “He said it ended his dead-end life on Earth working at a fast-food place and getting a degree in Philosophy that he never could have used and started a whole new career as a space trader.”

“Is that how he met your mother? Was she a Yonnite Mistress too?”

Lynx wasn’t just trying to keep her talking—he was genuinely interested in her story. Earth was an insular planet with fairly primitive technology. Before the Scourge had attacked them and the Kindred had come to save them, they hadn’t even known there were other sentient races in the universe. So it was fascinating to hear of an Earthling escaping

the little blue ball of a world to have a larger, richer life outside it.

“Yes—that was one of his many ‘adventures’—he used to tell me all about them when I was little.” There was a wistful look in Mirabella’s big green eyes and Lynx got the feeling that her father was no longer among the living.

“So...how did he meet your mother?” Saxon growled and Lynx felt it again—that reluctant interest in a female that he hadn’t sensed from his Bond-Brother in years.

“He got captured by slavers and put up for auction at the Flesh Bazaar,” Mirabella said. “My mother saw him there and lost her heart the moment she set eyes on him. She bought him and took him home with her and then they moved to the other side of the planet—away from Opulex—where people don’t have a fit if you take a male as a mate instead of a bodyslave.” She made a face, showing what she thought of Opulex customs.

“It sounds like your parents were a true love match,” Lynx remarked.

“They were. See?” She had a small golden locket around her neck which she unfastened now. Stepping up to the bars, she showed the inside of it to Lynx. Saxon looked too, peering over his shoulder.

Inside was a small but sharp image—a 3-D rendering of two very happy looking people. The female had pale skin and green eyes with long blonde hair and the male had dark brown skin and laughing brown eyes the same color. They were looking at each other with complete love and trust and when Mirabella tilted the locket a little, they seemed to lean towards each other, as though they were about to share a secret.

“They look very happy together,” Lynx said softly.

“They were.” She sighed deeply and closed the locket, letting it rest in the hollow of her throat again. “I don’t know why I’m telling you all this. I don’t even know you.”

“Well, we’d *like* to get to know you if you’d let us—and we’d like to guard you—that’s our mission,” Lynx told her.

“But you’ll have to let us out of here or we won’t be able to protect you.”

“Well...” Mirabella gave them a considering look. “I’ve always heard that the Kindred were protective of women. I’ve just never seen any like you two before.”

“That’s because we’re Monstrum Kindred—we come from a parallel universe,” Lynx explained. “But we’re still Kindred and we still serve the Goddess, which means all female life is sacred to us.”

She narrowed her eyes thoughtfully.

“All right then. Do you swear by your Goddess not to try anything if I set you free?”

“I’ll give you my oath.” Lynx dropped to one knee and put a hand over his heart. “Mistress Mirabella, I swear by the Goddess—the Mother of All life who created us all and whom we serve—that my Bond-Brother and I are here only to protect and defend you. As long as you are in danger, we will stay by your side. Nothing will get to you unless it goes through us first. We will be a living shield to keep you from harm.”

“Oh...” Mirabella’s green eyes got wide. “Really?” she asked, rather breathlessly.

“Yes, really,” Saxon growled.

To Lynx’s surprise, his Bond-Brother also dropped to one knee beside him.

“Not a single drop of your blood will be spilled unless we’re dead at your feet, little Mistress,” he said gruffly. “That’s our oath of protection and we don’t take it lightly.”

Mirabella seemed to make a decision.

“All right,” she said, pressing a button somewhere outside the cell. “But just remember—this isn’t the only trap in my panic room. I have weapons and other ways of hurting you if you break your oath.”

“You’ll have no need of weapons or traps,” Lynx promised her as he stepped outside. “May I?” He held out his hand.

Mirabella gave him her own hand, a look of uncertainty on her lovely face.

Lynx leaned down and kissed the backs of her delicate fingers gently.

“To seal the oath,” he explained, as he raised his head.

Saxon came out behind him and also reached for her hand, but he only bowed over it briefly before releasing it.

“Well...” Mirabella took a deep breath and then seemed to focus on Saxon’s hurt arm. “Come on,” she said. “Let’s get that taken care of.”

And she led them deeper into the maze.

FOUR

MIRABELLA

Miri wasn't sure what to think of the two huge Monstrum warriors who were now apparently her personal guards. When she'd been watching them standing outside her building, she'd been frightened but intrigued. The big dark one—well, they were both huge—but the one called “Saxon” was a bit bigger and seemed to have no manners at all. He was rude and growly and sarcastic and his pale blue eyes burned with anger...or maybe he had some hidden pain, Miri speculated.

The light one—Lynx—had beautiful manners and a deep, purring voice that reminded Miri of a big cat. His golden eyes and long golden-brown hair were gorgeous and his manner set her at ease.

Maybe too much at ease—be careful who you trust, Miri! she told herself. But so far neither of them had jumped her—they had just kissed her hand and now they were following her docilely enough to the main part of her fortified panic room. She comforted herself that if they got out of line she could always hide inside Beelie again and operate the many traps and weapons the place was armed with from inside his golden bulk. The two warriors might be huge and muscular—she felt like a child beside them—but she wasn't completely helpless.

“Well...here we are,” she said, as they left the long maze of metal corridors and entered the living area at last. It was fairly roomy, even if the furnishings were antiquated. There was an entertainment screen that doubled as a vidscreen and holo-wall synths that could make the walls appear like windows showing anything you wanted outside.

At the moment, Miri had a soothing undersea scene going on which showed the neon-coral reefs of Sepbula Seven's tropical seas. The room was carpeted in short, light green comfort grass and an overstuffed and faded green sofa was the only place to sit.

"Okay—come though here," she said, keeping them moving. She brought the two of them to her food prep and dining area and pointed to the small table in the corner which had exactly three chairs. "Sit—I'm going for my med kit."

The two exchanged a glance and then settled gingerly on her chairs—probably because they were old and rather small for two such large, muscular warriors. Well, they were solidly built—they should hold. *Hopefully*, Miri thought.

She ran to her bedchamber and got her Med Kit, glad to be able to use it again, even if it was on the dark, growly Monstrum. She'd missed practicing her healing art since she'd been sucked into the situation in Opulex. She wished that she could have refused her Aunt Razmataz's call to come be her heir, but she'd always been fond of the older woman.

Aunt Raz had backed Miri's mother in her decision to move to the other side of the planet and Join with her bodyslave even though it was something that Yonnite Mistresses simply didn't do. It had been a terrible scandal in Opulex but Aunt Raz had never wavered in her support of her younger sister.

She'd always been kind to Miri too, sending her elaborate birthday gifts and inviting her to spend the summers in her luxurious mansion. She had been a kind soul, despite living in dissolute splendor, so when she'd called on Miri to be her heir, Miri hadn't felt like she could refuse.

I should have refused, she told herself now as she gathered her kit. *Should have politely asked her to choose someone else.*

If only she'd turned down her Aunt's wealth and position, she could have avoided the situation she was in now—hiding like a frightened mouse from a deadly predator who was determined to kill her. To cut her to bloody ribbons just as he

had done to Mistress Mapletaste while she screamed and screamed—

No—stop it! Stop it right now!

Miri pushed the horrible thoughts and memories away. She refused to think about any of this—she would only give herself nightmares...again.

Keeping her thoughts firmly on the present, she carried the Med Kit back to the food prep area...but stopped short, just outside the doorway as she heard the low rumble of male voices.

“...a beautiful little female, isn’t she?” That was Lynx’s voice—deep and purring like a big cat.

“I hadn’t noticed,” came the reply. Those deep, growling tones were Saxon, the dark one who had been a kind of half-wolf before he had changed back to looking human again.

“Oh come on, Brother—don’t lie to me,” Lynx said. “I felt your interest through our bond. I haven’t felt anything like that from you in years. Not since—”

“*Don’t* say her name,” Saxon interrupted.

“Why not? Why can’t we at least talk about her? We both loved her!” Lynx protested.

“We killed her.” Saxon’s deep, growling voice was flat. “We should have waited.”

“She was ready!” Lynx said. “Hell, we *all* were! We’d been waiting two years at that point!”

Waiting? Miri wondered. *Waiting for what?* And who had the two of them killed? And how?

“We loved her,” Lynx said again, since Saxon hadn’t answered him. “And she loved us. Why can’t we ever even *talk* about her? If you would just—”

“You’d better shut your mouth if you want to keep our business private,” Saxon growled. “The little female we’ve been sent to guard is right around the corner—I can hear her breathing.”

What? How can he hear me? Miri held her breath reflexively. What should she do? Would they be upset if they knew what she had heard? Honestly, she still wasn't sure what they had been talking about. It sounded like they had loved the same woman and had somehow killed her—which was frightening.

Better not let them know what you heard. Just pretend everything is normal, she told herself. Yes, that was probably the best thing to do.

Heart pounding, she strolled around the corner as though nothing had happened and came to stand in front of the two of them. They were both so tall that even with them sitting and her standing, they were all still nearly eye-to-eye. But Miri refused to let their height and huge, muscular bodies intimidate her.

“All right,” she said, plunking her Med Kit down on the table between them. “Let’s see your wounds—*both* of you,” she added, looking at Lynx as well as Saxon. “The Cast-offs have some nasty weapons and sometimes they put filth on them on purpose to cause infection.”

“That sounds like the fuckers we ran into,” Saxon growled, turning to present his wounded upper arm. He and Lynx were both wearing black leather trousers and boots along with leather vests, which made his shoulder easy to get to, Miri noted.

“Well, there’s less of them now than there were,” Lynx reminded the dark Monstrum comfortingly.

“That’s true—we killed plenty of the fuckers. Ow! What are you doing?”

“Cleaning out your wound. I’m sorry if it stings but shouldn’t a big, strong warrior like yourself be able to handle a little pain?” Miri arched an eyebrow at him as she poured more antiseptic into the nasty looking wound on his shoulder. It was jagged and the flesh was torn—the Cast-offs must have used one of those ugly, serrated knives to make it, she speculated.

Lynx let out a laugh.

“She’s got you there, Brother!” he exclaimed.

Saxon only grumbled but held still as Miri continued to clean his wound. His skin was gray with a silvery tint to it, she noted. Whereas Lynx’s tones were dark tan with golden tints. She wondered what kind of animal the light Monstrum turned into and if she would ever get to see it. The two of them seemed touchy about their “Fur Forms” as Lynx had called them, so it might be better not to ask.

She got out the wound glue and leaned close to be sure she applied it correctly. With a cut this jagged, she wanted to be certain she was getting the edges of the wound aligned just right as she glued them back together.

This close to the big Monstrum, she couldn’t help noticing two things—first, he smelled *really* good. He had a dark, smoky scent—like fur and bonfires in the forest at night. And second, he was *hot*—he was radiating heat like a furnace!

This made Miri frown. Was he sick? Had he gotten some kind of infection from the dirty knife blade that had cut him? Was he already spiking a fever?

She finished closing the wound and straightened up. Then she put a hand to the dark Monstrum’s forehead.

“Hey! What are you doing?” he growled, attempting to dodge away from her hand.

“Seeing if you have a fever—you’re burning up!” Miri fixed him with her sternest, most professional Tier Three Healer look. “Hold still! How can I treat you if you keep moving around like that?”

Saxon subsided in his chair but his pale blue eyes followed her as she held a hand to his forehead and then reached in her kit for a thermometer. Unfortunately, her laser temp reader was out of order, so she had to resort to the primitive, old-fashioned one with mercury in it that her father had given her as a gift from Earth. Well, at least it still worked and it was reliably accurate.

“Open your mouth,” she commanded.

“Why?” Saxon growled, eyeing the thermometer in her hand as though it might be a deadly weapon.

“So I can see if you’re sick. Open your mouth!” Miri insisted.

Reluctantly, the dark Monstrum opened his mouth and Miri promptly popped the old-fashioned thermometer under his tongue.

“Now hold it there with your mouth *closed* until I say so,” she commanded.

His blue eyes burned but he did as she said, scowling mutinously around the slender thermometer.

Miri consulted the chronometer on her wrist and finally took it out of his mouth. But when she read it, her eyes grew wide.

“One hundred and five? Oh my Goddess—that’s not good. We need to do something to get your temperature down right away!”

She started digging in her Med Kit for fever reducers and ice-gel packs but then a warm hand on her arm made her look up.

“Lady Mirabella, I don’t think you need to worry about Saxon,” Lynx purred gently.

“Yes, I do! He’s running a really high fever,” Miri protested.

“No—I think you’ll find his temperature is normal for a Shifter Monstrum—we run hot,” Lynx said simply. “Here—see?”

And taking her hand, he pressed it gently to his own broad forehead, which was also quite warm, Miri noted. And he smelled good too—though in a different way from Saxon. He had a warm, delicious, wild scent—like cedar and sunshine.

“See?” he said again, softly. “You can take my temperature with that gadget of yours if you want, but you’ll find I run about as hot as Saxon does.”

“Oh, um...all right,” Miri murmured.

Suddenly she realized she was just standing there, with her hand on the light Monstrum’s forehead, looking into his golden eyes and thinking how good he smelled. Also, her body seemed to be reacting to his scent—or maybe she was reacting to the combination of both their scents. Her nipples had gone tight and between her legs she felt hot and wet. What was wrong with her?

“Is...is there anything else wrong? I mean—any wounds I should check out?” she asked him, taking her hand away and trying to regain her professional demeanor.

“I think I have a laser graze, but it’s not a big deal,” Lynx offered.

“*Everything* is a big deal,” Miri said firmly. “Let me see it, please.”

“All right.”

Shrugging, he opened his black vest, baring a broad, golden chest. There was, indeed, a small but nasty laser burn just above his right pec. Miri tried not to notice how muscular the light Monstrum was as she spread a healing salve gently over the burn.

“There,” she said, stepping back at last. “Is that all?”

“Well...” Saxon shifted in his chair.

“*Well?*” Miri repeated.

“Look, I wasn’t going to say anything but I think one of those bastards shot me...”

“Where, Brother?” Lynx looked concerned.

“Well...” Saxon scowled. “Forget it—I shouldn’t have mentioned it.”

“No—tell me! Better yet—*show* me,” Miri said firmly.

She didn’t know where she got the courage to order two such huge males around but when it came to dealing with medical matters, she was in her element. She was never more sure of herself than when she was examining and treating a

patient—even if that patient happened to be a seven-foot-tall, incredibly muscular, alien warrior.

“All right—you asked for it.”

Matter of factly, the dark Monstrum rose and began unfastening his trousers. Miri bit her lip as he pulled them down, revealing the largest male equipment she’d ever seen in her life.

Unable to help herself, Miri’s eyes were drawn to his heavy male shaft. Gods, how big was that thing anyway? And was there something strange about it? It looked...different from any male equipment she’d ever seen before. Not that she examined a lot of men—the Healing Houses in her part of Yonnie Six were segregated by sex and she worked almost exclusively at the one for women. But still...

“Hey, Little Mistress—the wound is right *here*,” Saxon drawled. “Are you going to examine me or not?” He was pointing to the side of his shaft, which did indeed have a laser burn on it.

“Oh—of course. Right.” Miri could feel her cheeks getting hot with a blush. Goddess, what was wrong with her? She needed to be treating the big Monstrum as a patient—not some kind of peep show!

“That’s a nasty place to get wounded, Brother,” Lynx remarked, wincing in sympathy. “No wonder you’ve been so grouchy!”

“Yeah, well...” Saxon shifted restlessly as Miri came forward resolutely to examine him. She took the huge male shaft gently in her right hand and pulled it to one side, trying to get a better look at the wound, which was a nasty burn.

To her embarrassment, the thick shaft in her hand began to grow, even though she was barely touching him.

“Sorry,” the dark Monstrum muttered, shifting again. “Just...haven’t had a pretty female touch me in a while.”

“That’s quite all right,” Miri said, trying to act unconcerned and use her most professional tone. “Let me just apply some healing salve...”

She rubbed some of the ointment into the burn and the shaft grew some more—or was it *shafts*? Looking closely she could see that there was a second, smaller shaft mounted on top of the larger one. The two were joined at the base and the top one was long and slender, whereas the bottom one was long and thick—much thicker than anything Miri had ever seen in her life.

“You looking at my secondary shaft?” Saxon rumbled, jerking her out of her observation?

“Um, no. Of course not!” Miri jerked her eyes away but she couldn’t help wondering—what possible use could a male have for *two* shafts? Maybe the females of his species had two vaginas? She didn’t know and it seemed rude to ask.

Saxon answered her unasked question anyway.

“The primary shaft—that’s the thicker one—goes into a female’s pussy,” he growled. “The secondary shaft goes in her ass—if I’m taking her from behind. Or it stimulates her clit if I’m taking her from the front or sharing her with Lynx.”

“When you’re *what*?” Miri jerked her head up, staring at him.

“I think that’s a little more information than our new Mistress needed, Brother,” Lynx said dryly.

“What? She *wanted* to ask—she was just too fucking polite to say anything,” Saxon growled.

Miri said nothing, but her heart was beating like a drum. Was he serious about how he used his double equipment? But how in the world could any woman take one huge shaft—let alone two of them at once? And what kind of relationship did the two Monstrum have to each other, anyway? It was clear they weren’t the same kind of species, so they couldn’t really be brothers. But did they actually share women between them?

Keeping her face blank, she finished spreading the healing salve on his wound and then nodded for Saxon to pull his trousers back up—which he did with some difficulty, since both shafts were now almost fully erect. Miri pretended not to notice when he had a hard time fastening the leather trousers.

“Is that all?” she asked again.

When both of them nodded, she packed up her Med Kit and then went to the sink unit to wash her hands.

“Well, I’d offer the two of you some supper, but I’m afraid I don’t have much,” she said, as she dried them on a towel. “So unless you brought your own supplies, I’m afraid it’s protein bars and nutrient drinks.” She sighed. “Just like every other day and night for the past solar month.”

She loved her Aunt Raz and was more grateful than she could say for the panic room and the safety it offered, but she couldn’t help wishing that she’d stocked it with something else to eat. She was so *tired* of the cardboard-tasting protein bars and the bland nutrient drinks that she could scream!

Though of course, looking on the bright side, the limited diet *had* allowed her to finally shed some weight. The other Mistresses in Opulex had thrown out several snarky barbs about how “plump” she was when she’d first come to take her Aunt’s place.

If only they could see me now, I’m almost skinny! Miri thought. But preferably in a different dress. The ragged silver and green Mistress gown she’d been wearing for days was getting really *old*.

“I think we can do better than protein bars and nutrient shakes,” Lynx remarked, smiling. “Let me get a few things out of my carry-all cube and we’ll have a proper meal together.”

“Oh—what do you have? Do you have any more Earth food?” Miri asked hopefully. Her father had died when she was only thirteen, but she still remembered the delicious dishes from his home planet he used to cook her.

“As a matter of fact, I do.” Lynx smiled at her—an expression that made his golden eyes crinkle at the corners and made her feel warm all over.

Miri caught herself smiling back and then told herself to stop.

Don’t forget you heard them talking about killing someone earlier, she reminded herself. Though she supposed there

might be more to the story than what she'd heard, she preferred to keep some distance between herself and the two big Monstrum warriors.

Just to be on the safe side...

FIVE

LYNX

Lynx was glad now that he'd thought to bring plenty of food cubes that contained Earth recipes along with the rehydrator unit he'd packed. He pulled everything out of the cube—all of it miniaturized—and used the re-sizing serum that came with it, carefully putting just a drop of the precious stuff on the equipment.

“Wow!” Miri's eyes grew large as the rehydrator went from something that would fit in the palm of your hand to a machine large enough to take up half the small table.

“It's Kindred tech—we can miniaturize anything we need to and then resize it later,” he explained, smiling. “Looks like magic, though—doesn't it?”

“Yes, it does.” Her green eyes were still wide as she examined the rehydrator.

“So here are the choices. Let me see...”

Lynx reached into the carry-all and pulled out a handful of food cubes. He'd had no need to miniaturize them—they were already tiny—just about the size of sugar cubes from Earth.

“Do you have any steak?” Saxon growled. “I'd like some red meat.”

“Steak dinner—right here.” Lynx picked out a cube and put it in his Bond-Brother's palm. “I think it has one of those baked roots in there too—a potater, I think it's called?”

“*Potato*,” Mirabella corrected him. “My father brought some from one of his trips back to Earth to grow in our

garden,” she explained, when the light Monstrum turned a questioning look on her. “Along with lots of other Earth vegetables.”

“Did he go back to visit his home planet a lot?” Saxon asked.

Lynx was surprised to feel genuine interest coming from his Bond-Brother. Just as he’d felt Saxon’s reaction to the little female’s light touch when she was healing them both. This was *definitely* something worth exploring, he thought. Saxon’s shaft had actually risen for her and he knew for a fact that hadn’t happened for any other female in ages.

“He went at least once a solar year,” Mirabella answered. “He always promised he’d take me when I was older, even though my mother didn’t want him to. But then...” She shook her head. “Well, he died when I was thirteen. His ship was intercepted by the Skulls.”

“Those are bad fuckers,” Saxon growled, a hint of sympathy in his voice. Lynx had to agree with him—the Skulls were a band of insectile space pirates from Caustix Three who were fucking *crazy*. They were cannibals—known for their gruesome practice of RKE—or rape/kill/eat—which was what they did to their victims, though not necessarily in that order.

“My mother cried for months after we got word of his death.” Mirabella shook her head, her long curls swishing across her narrow shoulders. “She never really got over it.”

“I’m so sorry for your loss,” Lynx said gently. He wished he could put his arms around the little female and comfort her, but he was well aware that they weren’t on such intimate terms yet.

Not that we ever will be—we’re just here to guard her, he reminded himself. But he couldn’t deny that Mirabella was beautiful and she was the first female to catch his eye and the eye of his Bond-Brother since they had lost their mate. Noticing her beauty felt *good*—it made him think that a part of him that he’d considered dead and gone might still be revived.

“It’s all right.” Mirabella sniffed and lifted her chin, a determined look passing over her face. “It was a long time ago—more than fifteen years. I just...I still miss him.”

“We know how that is—losing someone you love so dearly it’s like losing a piece of your heart,” Lynx told her. Saxon shot him a warning glance and he shrugged. He wasn’t going to say anything else, but it was good for the girl to know they could empathize with her.

“Yeah, well...” She sniffed again and then made what looked like a determined effort to put her darker emotions away. “What else do you have? Do you have any pizza or spaghetti?” she asked hopefully.

Lynx examined the cubes, which had tiny writing on their sides.

“Um...here we go—pepperoni pizza,” he said, handing her the cube.

“Oh, really?” Mirabella’s eyes got large and shiny with hope as she handled the tiny cube with care. “But...how does this work?” she asked.

“Just put the cube in the rehydrator and press the button.” Lynx opened the door to the rehydrating unit and gestured to the round glass disk set into its base. “Right in the center there,” he said, pointing.

Mirabella put the cube in the unit and Lynx shut the door and pushed the button. After about a minute of humming to itself, the rehydrator made a sharp *ding!* indicating it was done.

“There you go!” Lynx pulled open the door with a flourish, revealing two large, triangular slices of the Earth food called “pizza.” The slices were sitting on a broad paper plate and both were covered in the stringy, melty stuff called “cheese.” The little red disks scattered over the top must be the pepperoni, Lynx thought.

“Oh my Goddess! It’s really real!”

Mirabella’s eyes went wide and excited as she carefully pulled the paper plate with its delicious-smelling slices out of

the rehydrator.

“Take a bite,” Lynx urged. “I’m told the Kindred of the Earth Mother Ship only dehydrate the very finest foods, so that every meal is excellent.”

Mirabella blew on the slices and then carefully bit the end off one of the cheesy triangles. A look of ecstasy came over her lovely face and her eyes rolled up in pure bliss. She looked just like she had while she was eating the chocolate and again, Lynx found that her expression had an effect on him. Inside his trousers, his shaft was getting hard. Which was ridiculous, but he couldn’t help it—he just *loved* to see her enjoying herself.

Think how much better it would be if she was making that face for a different reason, whispered a little voice in his head. *Like if you were lapping her sweet, soft pussy while Saxon was sucking her nipples. She’d be arching her back and moaning, that look of pleasure on her beautiful face as she called both your names...*

Then he made himself stop picturing the erotic scene. He didn’t need to get a hard-on while he was supposed to be cooking Last Meal! Resolutely, he looked through the cubes until he found one that had *Stergian Stew* written in tiny black script.

Good—he didn’t especially like *Stergian Stew*, which was a bitter, sour concoction with hard-to-chew lumps of *Stergian Yak* meat in it. But it ought to help get his mind off of their new little Mistress and how distractingly pretty she was.

He needed to get his mind where it belonged—on protecting Mistress Mirabella. Not...doing anything else with her.

SIX

SAXON

Saxon couldn't help noticing how fucking gorgeous she was when she did that little eye roll and moan of delight as she bit into the Earth food. It was the same thing she'd done when she ate the chocolate and damned if it didn't make his shaft rise!

Not that it had far to go—he was already still half-hard from feeling her soft little hands on him when she'd been spreading the healing salve on the laser burn. Gods, now *there* was a medical exam he wouldn't soon forget! Feeling her touch him, watching her bend over, her beautiful face so close to his equipment...

And the clothes she was wearing certainly contributed to the experience. The dress she had on was too loose on her—as though she'd lost weight since she picked it out. It was already low cut and when she leaned down, he could see her soft, full breasts like light brown fruit tipped with berry-dark nipples.

He'd tried not to look—well, *mostly*. But the sight of those beautiful tits hanging down like ripe fruit was almost too fucking much to stand. Not to mention the feeling of her touching him, where no female had touched in years...

A feeling of guilt came over him as he realized what he was thinking.

Stop it, he told himself harshly. *That part of your life is over—it died when **she** died. How can you even look at another female after what you did to her? After how her life ended?*

Resolutely, he turned his attention back to rehydrating his own meal. The little Mistress they had been sent to protect might be beautiful, but they were only there to guard her—nothing more.

SEVEN

MIRABELLA

“Well, that was delicious.” Lynx smiled as he pushed away the bowl of questionable looking stew he’d chosen for his meal from the little white cubes he’d brought.

Miri didn’t think what he’d chosen looked very appetizing or delicious—it had a distinct sour-gamey smell that wasn’t at all appealing. Also, the big Monstrum had only eaten half of it. But maybe he just wasn’t hungry.

She had been happy to polish off her own choice—the pepperoni pizza was even better than the homemade pizza her father had made for her when she was little. And Saxon’s steak and baked potato had looked and smelled good too.

But they were all finished eating now and Miri supposed it was time to think about sleeping arrangements.

“Well,” she said, rising to collect the paper plates the food had come on so she could throw them in the recycle unit. “I guess it’s time to start getting settled for the night. This is a pretty big place—I’m in the Master Suite but I have two guest rooms you can use.”

“Two guest rooms?” Saxon said, frowning. “Lynx and I never sleep apart.”

“Oh, uh...sorry,” Miri said blankly. “I didn’t realize your relationship was like that. I thought...never mind, I don’t know what I thought.”

Lynx laughed.

“I think you gave our Lady the wrong idea, Brother,” he said to Saxon. “We’re not in a sexual relationship,” he told Miri. “That is, we don’t touch *each other* sexually.”

“But I thought...earlier Saxon said about, uh, ‘sharing’ a female with you...” Miri shook her head. “I’m confused.”

“Lynx and I are Bond-Brothers—we’ve been together since we were young,” Saxon growled. “But we don’t take pleasure in each other’s touch—we just need to share a female.”

“Because of the Bond we formed,” Lynx explained. “It doesn’t physically hurt us to take a woman separately, but it does *feel* wrong. Both our pleasure and the pleasure of the female we’re sharing increases exponentially when we hold her between us. It’s almost like...every touch is multiplied... every kiss is magnified.” He sighed wistfully. “Of course, it’s been a long time since we had the pleasure of holding a female between us.”

“Lynx...” There was a warning in Saxon’s low growl, as though he was letting his Bond-Brother know that he was right on the edge of saying too much.

Miri wished she knew what Saxon was trying to keep secret. Was it about the girl they had somehow killed? Had they “loved” her to death? If Lynx’s equipment was anywhere near the size that Saxon’s was, she could certainly see that happening!

“But...the two of you sleep together even if you don’t have a, uh, female to share between you?” she asked, deciding to leave well enough alone.

“Yes—it strengthens our bond. And it feels *wrong* to sleep apart,” Lynx explained. “Though of course for tonight at least, we’ll be sleeping with *you*, Mistress Mirabella.”

“*What?*” Miri pushed away from the table, staring at both of them with wide eyes. “Huh-uh—no way!” she exclaimed. “You *swore* you wouldn’t try anything when I let you out of that cell!”

“We’re not breaking our oath, my Lady,” Lynx said honestly, opening his golden eyes wide.

“We just need to sleep on either side of you in order to cast an Aura of Protection,” Saxon growled. “That’s fucking all—nothing else.”

“Aura of Protection? What in the universe are you talking about?” Miri demanded.

“It’s a kind of shield that bonded Monstrum can generate when they hold a female between them,” Lynx explained earnestly. “Basically a combination of our energy that can deflect any kind of attack and keep you safe all through the night.”

“So...in order to form this ‘shield’ I have to sleep between the two of you?” Miri asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Exactly.” Lynx nodded. “And...” He hesitated. “I works best if the three of us are unclothed, though I understand if that bothers you.”

“You must think I’m stupid.” Miri glared at them. “You *really* think I’m going to take off all my clothes and get into bed naked with the two of you and *trust* you that nothing is going to happen?”

“We’re asking you to trust our word that we won’t touch you inappropriately,” Lynx said earnestly. “You’re being stalked by a killer and this is the strongest protection you can get. In fact, Saxon and I were chosen for this assignment over every other Kindred and Monstrum warrior *because* of our ability to cast the Aura of Protection over a female who sleeps between us.”

“I don’t believe this!” Miri threw up her hands. “I can’t believe you *actually* expect me to swallow this story!”

“Look, little Mistress...” Saxon sat up from his slumped position at the table and glared at her. “Are you beautiful? Yes—fucking *gorgeous*. “You’re a little thin for our taste, but your tits are perfect—round and plump and *extremely* suckable. But having said that, are we here to fucking molest you? No.” He shook his head firmly. “We’re here to do a job—a job that only

we can do. Which is cast a fucking Aura of Protection over you and keep you safe, in case this fucking killer somehow sneaks in tonight and goes for you.”

“I...you...” Miri didn’t know what to say—where to begin. To say that she was insulted would be an understatement. Although the fact that the dark, brooding Monstrum warrior thought she was “gorgeous” was maybe just a *little* bit intriguing. But mostly, she was angry that they actually thought she was going to fall for this ridiculous ruse.

“Ah, Brother? I really don’t think you should have mentioned Lady Mirabella’s personal attributes,” Lynx murmured.

“What? She’s acting like we’re trying to Bond her to us,” Saxon grumbled. “I just wanted to put the cards on the table, like the humans say back on Earth. Is she extremely fuckable? Yes. But are we *trying* to fuck her? No.”

“Saxon...” Lynx groaned and put a hand to his eyes. “You’re only making it worse!”

Miri glared at both of them.

“You two just want to get me naked in bed between you. Well forget it—it’s not happening! I’m going to my room and I’m locking the door! You can fend for yourselves.”

“But if you lock the door, how can we defend you if the killer *does* somehow gain entry?” Lynx protested.

Miri paused. The big Monstrum had a point, she supposed. What was the point of letting them into her stronghold if she locked them out of the place where she was most vulnerable?

But now she felt like she didn’t trust them any more than the killer! What if the two of them snuck into her room at night and tried to...well, it was *unthinkable*.

“You don’t trust us now, because you don’t believe us about the Aura of Protection,” Lynx said.

“Damn straight I don’t believe you!” Miri snapped. “And right about now I’m wishing I would have left the two of you

in that cell. Or better yet, never opened my door to you in the first place!”

“I’m sorry you feel that way.” Lynx shook his head. “We’ve done a poor job of earning your trust. Please believe me when I say that Saxon and I are *not* here to hurt or molest you. I’m sorry if you misunderstood our intentions. But just because we share females between us, doesn’t mean we want to share *you*.”

“Hell yes, we want to—but we’re not fucking *going* to,” Saxon put in.

Lynx clenched his jaw and Miri thought maybe the big Monstrum’s supply of patience was beginning to run low.

“Again, Saxon—*not* helping,” he ground out, shooting a glare at his Bond-Brother.

“Sorry. Just telling it like it is. You desire her—I can feel it through our Brother-Bond,” Saxon said. “And I do too—even though I know I shouldn’t. There’s no point pretending that’s not true.”

“We’re *trying* to get Mistress Mirabella to trust us enough to sleep between us so we can protect her,” Lynx snapped. “You telling her that we find her desirable and ‘fuckable’ and that her ‘tits are suckable’ *isn’t* going to convince her that we won’t try anything inappropriate!”

“Fuck inappropriate—I’d like to suck her sweet tits and watch you taste her pussy until she moans both our names,” Saxon growled. “But of course we’re not going to do that—it wouldn’t be right. And *not* just because she says she doesn’t want us to—even though she really does,” he added, looking at Miri.

“What?” A moment ago, Miri had thought she couldn’t be any more offended. But the dark Monstrum’s casual sexism made her so angry she could hardly speak! “How dare you say that about me?” she demanded.

“I say it because it’s true. Because I can smell your heat when you’re near either one of us,” Saxon said. “You can

probably smell our scents too—bet they smell pretty fucking good to you, don't they little Mistress?"

Miri bit her lip, remembering how good the two of them had smelled when she had been treating their wounds. And she also couldn't help remembering how her body had reacted—her nipples going tight while her pussy got hot and slippery.

Angrily, she pushed the memories away. It didn't matter how good they smelled or how hot they made her, she was *not* sleeping naked between them!

"Saxon, please!" Lynx was almost pleading now. "Can't you stop?"

"I'm just telling it like it is," the dark Monstrum growled. "There's tension between the three of us and we shouldn't deny it. That doesn't mean we have to fucking *act* on it—but it's better to be honest."

But at this point, Miri had had enough.

"Beelie," she called and the automaton came rolling in, ready as ever to stand by her side. "Come," she told him. "We're going to bed—*alone*."

And with a final glare at the two Monstrum warriors, she stalked out of the food prep area and headed for the Master Suite.

EIGHT

LYNX

“**W**hy did you do that?” Lynx asked, glaring at his Bond-Brother. “Why did you *deliberately* scare her off like that?”

“I didn’t scare her off—you telling her that she needs to sleep between us naked scared her off,” Saxon scoffed.

“I might have been able to make her understand if you hadn’t kept talking about sucking her breasts and licking her pussy!” Lynx burst out.

He couldn’t remember the last time he’d been so angry at his Bond-Brother. It was almost like Saxon was *trying* to sabotage their professional relationship—and any other kind of possible relationship they might have—with Mistress Mirabella. Not that they’d come here for that, but still—she *was* the only woman that either of them had been interested in since their mate had died.

“I was just—” Saxon began.

“Just telling it like it is, *right*,” Lynx snarled. “Well do us both a favor and *stop*. Just because you desire a female, doesn’t mean you have to *tell* her that.”

“It’s better than sneaking around, pretending you’re so noble and chaste when *you* want her, too!” Saxon snarled back.

“*Yes*, she’s beautiful—*yes* I’m interested in her and you are too and that hasn’t happened since Kara died!” Lynx shouted. “But that’s no reason to push her away! We’re supposed to be *protecting* her for the Goddess’s sake!”

Saxon shrugged, apparently unmoved, though Lynx could see the anger dancing in his pale blue eyes and feel it through their bond.

“We can protect her from out here.”

“Not as effectively!” Lynx snapped. “You read the reports—this killer is able to get through locked doors easily somehow! And if we’re not there to keep her safe and he gets in, it’s going to be *your* fault!”

“Forget this. I don’t need the fucking guilt.” Saxon rose and left the food prep area in three long strides. He turned in the doorway. “If you need me, I’ll be watching entertainment vids in the living area.”

Then he left, leaving Lynx to fume alone, wondering why in the Seven Frozen Hells his Bond-Brother had to be so damn stubborn and irritating!

NINE

SAXON

Saxon knew he'd gone too far...the thing was, he didn't know *why*.

Yes you do, whispered a little voice in his head. *Because of Kara—because you don't want to forget her. Because after what happened to her, you don't deserve to ever even look at another female again!*

Guilt made his limbs feel heavy as he considered again the way the mate he and Lynx had shared had died. It had been so long ago and yet he still felt responsible...and still missed her. She'd been so happy—such a sunny, sweet-tempered little female. Both he and Lynx had loved her to distraction.

We loved her too much, he thought, brooding on the past as he often did. *Too early. We should have waited...*

He tried to push the bad memories away, but he couldn't do it. Giving in, he closed his eyes and thought of those last awful hours, when they could see she was slipping away and there was nothing they could do to stop it...to save her...

You don't deserve happiness with another female—not after what you did to her. The little voice in his head had turned mean...ugly. *You don't deserve anything good ever again.*

Saxon wished he could deny it but he couldn't. The mean, ugly little voice was telling nothing but the truth—the cold, hard truth and he couldn't ever get away from it.

TEN

MIRABELLA

Miri shut the door of the Master Suite firmly but hesitated to lock it. She had heard that the killer had moved on to another planet, but what if he decided to come back to Yonnie Six? What if he was here right now? And what if he somehow got in to kill her and the big Monstrum couldn't stop him because she'd locked them out?

Yes, but what if the two of them come sneaking into your room in the middle of the night and try to get in bed with you? she asked herself.

Damnit—what was she supposed to do?

At last she made a decision. She left the door unlocked, but motioned to her automaton.

“Come in here, Beelie. Stay between me and the door,” she told him.

“Yes, Mistress,” Beelie agreed, in his hollow voice. When she was inside him, Miri could speak out of his voice plate but he was also capable of speaking on his own, though he wasn't much of a conversationalist. His speech was generally limited to agreeing with whatever she said.

Miri sighed. Well, at least now she would have some warning if one or both of the huge Monstrum tried to enter her bedroom!

She went to the clothes chute and hesitated. Generally, she put the dress she was wearing down the chute every night without fail. It would be washed, dried, and returned to her by

the next morning, thanks to the auto-laundry contraption in the stronghold's basement.

The frilly pale green and silver dress was the same garment she'd been wearing when she had escaped from the killer's attack in Mistress Mapletaste's tower. And since Aunt Raz had forgotten to stock any kind of clothing here, it was the only thing Miri had to wear.

But washing and drying her one and only piece of clothing meant she slept naked every night. It was no hardship, considering that Aunt Raz had made certain all the bed sheets were made of five thousand thread count *Brethian* linen, so fine and soft they felt like silk. Miri had even begun to *like* the sensuous feeling of the ultra-soft material whispering against her bare skin.

Now, however, it felt *dangerous*. What if the two Monstrum snuck into her bedroom in the middle of the night? She couldn't help flashing on Saxon saying that her breasts were 'extremely suckable.' And hadn't he also said he wanted to suck her nipples while he watched Lynx lick her pussy?

The mental image of the two huge warriors attending to her pleasure flared in her mind's eye—the three of them writhing on the bed as they did whatever they wanted to her. A shiver of lust went through her and her nipples went tight... which made Miri *extremely* angry with herself.

What's wrong with you? she scolded herself. *Are you turning into one of those horrible Opulex Mistresses who keeps two or three bodyslaves around her at all times and forces them to pleasure her all at once? You weren't raised like that, you know!*

On her part of Yonnie Six, monogamous relationships were the norm. Women were allowed to mate with men and to be penetrated by them—a big no-no in Opulex—and even to have families with them. That was the kind of household Miri had been raised in—it was what she was used to. She wasn't like the decadent Yonnite Mistresses who had multiple male servants and bodyslaves to do their bidding and pleasure them constantly.

In fact, she'd been teased and made fun of when she came to take her Aunt's place as a member of the Sacred Seven because she *didn't* have a bodyslave. None of the other Yonnite Mistresses would take her seriously without one, but Miri refused to buy one anyway. She could never forget that her own father had been sold as a bodyslave at the Flesh Bazaar and if her mother hadn't been the one to buy him, he would have had a horrible life enslaved to some terrible, cruel Opulex Mistress.

Of course, both her parents were gone now. Her mother had only lived long enough to see Miri graduate from the House of Healing higher education program and then she had passed quietly in the night. An autopsy had showed no actual cause of death but Miri knew the reason—her mother had been longing for her father all those years. She had been living for Miri, making sure she was on the right track. And the moment it became clear that her only child—her daughter—was going to be all right, she'd finally succumbed to her broken heart.

Of course, a “broken heart” wasn't a medically sound diagnosis, but Miri knew it was true. Her mother had never gotten over her father's death—she had never stopped loving him and missing him.

How often Miri had wished for a love like the one her parents had shared! A deep, caring relationship that would last a lifetime. But none of the males she'd met had done anything for her. She'd had sex of course, but it all felt meaningless and none of it was much good—neither of the males she'd been with had been able to find her clit with any success, let alone give her any other kind of pleasure.

In fact, her failure to find the kind of relationship she was looking for had been part of the reason Miri had agreed to move to Opulex and manage her late Aunt's estate. She'd decided that maybe a sexless existence was the only one that made sense for her.

Well, you're not acting “sexless” right now, whispered a reproving little voice in her head. Having fantasies about the two huge Monstrum warriors who had been sent to guard her was definitely *not* in line with the life she'd envisioned for

herself. She needed to put them out of her head and just go to bed.

With a sigh, Miri at last released her silver and green dress, watching it slide down the chute to the basement where it would be washed and dried yet again. It was too big for her now—she'd been living on protein bars and nutrient drinks all month, ever since the attack, when she'd fled from the killer inside Beelie.

The sparing diet which was mainly protein had caused her to lose weight and now the dress—which had been almost too tight when she'd first put it on—hung on her in bunches of fabric. Once or twice Miri had dared to send Beelie on a food run to try and find something else to bring back for her to eat, but that had been a bad idea. The roaming packs of Cast-offs—the bodyslaves abandoned by their Mistresses—had followed him and found out there was someone living inside the seemingly abandoned building.

Miri had been especially glad of the extra security measures her Aunt had built into the stronghold/panic room after the Cast-offs had found her. They had tried every way they could to get in—to get at her—but they hadn't been able to disable her security systems or get inside. Thank the Goddess for that because all of them hated women, due to what their cruel Mistresses had done to them. If any of them had gotten to her...well, the killer who was stalking her would have had his work done for him.

She shivered at the thought as she slid between the sheets—which were silky but cold to the touch. If only there was some way to warm them up! But it always took some time with her wrapped in a ball and shivering before her body heat could make it comfortable enough to stretch out in the huge, four-poster bed.

Miri curled in a ball now, her long hair spread over a silken *pouf* pillow which contoured itself to her head and neck to give her perfect support. It was nice—just another example of the luxury she lived in now that her Aunt had left her. The problem was, all the wealth and luxury just felt *empty* to Miri—maybe because she had no one to share them with.

With a tired little sigh, she tugged the cold, heavy sheets and blankets closer to her body and called,

“Lights out!” in a low, authoritative tone.

There was nothing to do but try and get some rest. She was stuck here, in this panic room, until someone caught the killer. So she might as well try to relax as she waited it out.

Rest and relax, she told herself. How often had she dreamed of being able to do exactly that when the House of Healing she worked at was especially busy? She'd *dreamed* of a day off. But after a whole month of them, she was fed to the teeth with rest and relaxation. It had felt so good to be able to practice her Healing skills again, even if she'd only been gluing together a wound and rubbing some healing salve into a few laser grazes...

But that made her remember rubbing the salve into Lynx's broad, golden chest and Saxon's thick, double shaft...

No, don't think about that, she told herself sternly. *Just go to sleep and whatever you do, don't dream.*

ELEVEN

MIRABELLA

Of course, one cannot stop oneself from dreaming. A few hours after Miri finally closed her eyes, the dream began.

It started as it always did. She was dressed in the green and silver Yonnite Mistress dress for the formal meeting of the Sacred Seven. The dress was tight on her but at least it mostly covered her breasts and crotch—which was something most Yonnite fashion didn't do.

As a female dominated society, Yonnite culture had evolved in some rather peculiar ways. For instance, the fashions were meant to showcase a Mistress's private areas because showing one's body was a sign of wealth, power, and prestige. Likewise, having several burly male bodyslaves wearing pain collars who would obey your slightest whim was also a sign that you were at the top of the Yonnite Mistress hierarchy.

Miri didn't want to show her body and she didn't own a bodyslave—which made her a laughingstock at most of the Yonnite formal functions she attended.

“Oh, here comes poor little backwards Miri,” she had heard more than once, when the other Mistresses saw her coming. “Poor thing—she doesn't have a clue how to dress and she doesn't own a single bodyslave—no, not even *one!* I know—isn't it a pity that the great Mistress Razmataz left her entire fortune to such a clueless peon?”

This was the kind of thing the other Mistresses would say to each other—often right to her face. And when Miri got

angry and tried to call them on it, they wouldn't even reply. They would pretend she wasn't even there, the rude bitches! It was a *frustrating* situation to say the least.

But in her dream, the talk wasn't about her lack of fashion sense or of a bodyslave—it was all hushed, frightened whispers. In the past few days, four of the Sacred Seven had been killed—brutally slain in their own domiciles by a mysterious killer. Only three were left—Mistress Seethree, Mistress Mapletaste, and Miri herself.

They were hiding at the very top of Mistress Mapletaste's tower, in the most secure room in all of Opulex—at least to hear her tell it. Not only that, but the two other Mistresses had several large, imposing-looking bodyslaves to protect them. Miri herself only had Beelie, whom the other Mistresses made fun of, calling him her “robot bodyslave.”

But no one was making fun now. They were talking in hushed whispers, trying to reassure each other that they would be safe here, that no one could get to them in this room.

“My dear, I spent simply *millions* of credits reinforcing the walls and the security system is top notch—positively *top notch*,” Mistress Mapletaste was telling Mistress Seethree. “I promise you, we're all safe in *here*.”

“Well, even if he somehow *did* get in, my bodyslave, Boingo has been trained in all forms of defense.” Mistress Seethree waved her fan made of long, fluffy *pinga* feathers nervously so that the purple and black plumes shivered back and forth in the air. “Boingo would have him down on the floor before he could even get a step into the room!”

“My Dra'kan was a fighter on the Blood Circuit for years before I bought him,” Mistress Mapletaste said quickly, not to be outdone. “He was undefeated—a true champion! So I'm sure if your Boingo isn't up to the job, Dra'kan will manage just fine.”

“But my Boingo—” Mistress Seethree began, shaking her fan again.

And then the lights had gone out.

There were screams all around and Miri felt dread, creeping like a living thing on silent caterpillar feet down the groove of her spine.

Die—we're all going to die! she thought.

And then the lights had come back on and the killing began.

The killer had a white face that looked like a mask and his fingers were long, sharp blades. He killed the two bodyslaves the Mistresses had been bragging about in the blink of an eye. One moment the two of them were standing in a protective crouch, ready to fight, and the next moment they were sinking to their knees, clutching at their throats which were gouting deep red arterial blood.

He cut their carotid arteries! the medical part of Miri's brain yammered at her. *Hurry—if you go apply pressure and get help right away, maybe you can save at least one of them!*

But she found she couldn't go anywhere or do anything—she was frozen to the spot. She'd heard it said before that when confronted with danger, a person would either fight for his or her life or flee the situation. But Miri's response appeared to be neither of these—instead, she just froze, watching in horror as the white-faced killer turned his attention to Mistress Seethree, who was screaming with all her might.

A slash of the killer's fingers and the scream became a choked gurgle. Mistress Seethree, who had been wearing an elaborate puffy gown made of the same feathers as her fan, was suddenly on her knees, clutching at her throat as the expensive plumes went sodden with blood.

Then the killer turned to Mistress Mapletaste, his black eyes blazing.

“Well *that* was fun, wasn't it?” he asked, in a high, cold voice that made Miri want to vomit. “But it was over so *quickly*. Why don't you and I take a little time and get to know each other?”

It was at this point that Miri had crawled into Beelie, closing herself inside the golden automaton. Beelie was hermetically sealed and the killer had been unable to breach his defenses and get to Miri, though he had tried over and over, scratching the robot's golden outer shell with his long, razor-sharp talons and crooning her name.

“Oh, Mistress Mirabella...little Miri...I know you're in there, my sweet. Why don't you come out so we can play?”

That had been horrifying enough, but in the dream it was worse because when she looked around for Beelie to hide inside him, she found that he was gone—nowhere to be seen.

“Beelie? *Beelie?*” she gasped, looking around in horror. “Oh God, where did you go?”

There was no answer. The golden automaton was gone. And then the killer finished with Mistress Mapletaste and turned towards Miri. Leaving the fallen Mistress in a bloody heap on the floor, he began stalking towards her, crooning her name.

“Miri...little Miri,” he called in a sing-song voice. “You're the last one left to play with... the last one on my list.”

“Leave me alone!” Miri gasped, looking for somewhere to hide—but there was nowhere. The floor was littered with dead, bleeding bodies and there wasn't even a couch to hide behind or a window to climb out of!

Still, she began to run. But in that awful way of nightmares, she felt as though she was running through glue. Every step she took seemed to be in slow motion and she could feel the killer getting closer and closer...

“I saved the best for last, Mistress Mirabella,” he crooned, getting closer all the time. “I think we'll make our time together last a long...*long* time.”

“No! *No!*” Miri cried. Looking over her shoulder, she saw he was right there—just a step behind her—his black eyes filled with horrible glee as he reached for her with those bloody blades of his fingers...

*He's going to get me this time, she thought, panic
overwhelming her. He's going to get me and there's nothing I
can do about it—no way to get away!*

TWELVE

LYNX

“No! No, leave me alone! Don’t touch me—don’t come near me!”

The sounds of a female in distress woke Lynx from the half-doze he’d been in. He sat up straight at once, roused by the calls.

Since Mirabella wouldn’t let them into her room, he had decided to keep tabs on her by sitting right outside her bedchamber door. He’d taken off his vest but kept his trousers and boots on and had been dozing off and on, though he was still on the alert for any trouble. And now, it seemed that trouble had found them.

“Saxon!” he shouted as he sprang to his feet. But his Bond-Brother was already there.

“What it is? I heard her crying—I’ll fucking kill him if he’s in there trying to hurt her!” The protective growl in the Lykan Shifter’s voice was unmistakable.

Lynx felt similarly protective but he wanted to be careful.

“Let me go in first,” he told Saxon. “You come right behind me—all right?”

“Fucking hurry then!” Saxon made an impatient gesture with one hand.

Lynx grasped the doorknob, afraid he would find it locked. But by the grace of the Goddess, it turned in his hand and the door swung open to reveal a cavernous bed chamber dominated by an enormous, carved four poster bed.

Mirabella was thrashing in the center of the bed, still calling out in distress, but as far as Lynx could see, she was alone. His heart, which had been pounding at a frantic pace, began to slow a little. Maybe it was just a bad dream.

He stepped into the room, only to be intercepted by Beelie. The automaton rolled forward to block his way to the bed.

“Intruder alert!” it announced in its hollow, mechanical voice. “Intruder alert! You are not permitted to come near to Mistress Mirabella.”

Lynx raised his voice to be heard over the automaton.

“Mistress Mirabella? My Lady?” he called, trying to wake her from her bad dream. “Can you hear me? Hello?”

But Mirabella just kept thrashing, crying out in the darkness, and sounding more and more distressed.

“Please, no! No—don’t cut me! Don’t hurt me! *Please!*” she begged and the fear in her voice nearly broke his heart.

Lynx couldn’t stand it anymore. With a deep breath, he allowed his Fur Form out just a little—a quarter-Shift. Enough to make his eyes glow and a short, dense pelt of golden fur to spring out all over his body. He was already in excellent physical shape, but the Shift allowed him to access the even greater physical prowess of his Fur Form.

Crouching low for a moment, he leaped over the eight-foot-tall robot in a single bound and landed lightly on his feet beside the bed.

Beelie seemed confused by this, because he didn’t come after Lynx—he just kept rolling back and forth in front of the doorway repeating,

“Intruder alert! Intruder alert!”

But Lynx no longer cared about the automaton—he was too worried about Mirabella’s distress to bother with the robot.

“Mirabella? My Lady?” He reached out to shake her gently and she moaned and shook her head fitfully on the pillow.

“No...no...he’s after me! He’ll get me this time—I know he will!”

“Nobody’s going to get you,” Lynx told her. “Wake up, my Lady—you’re having a bad dream!”

Finally, Mirabella’s big green eyes opened. In the dim bed chamber they were pools of shadow.

“Who...what...?” she seemed confused, looking around the chamber, possibly for the killer.

“It’s just me—it’s Lynx,” he told her. “You were having a bad dream.”

“I...I was?” She sat up, still half-asleep, her hair a curly halo around her head and the sheet clutched to her chest.

Lynx sat carefully on the bed.

“You were, but you’re awake now and everything is all right. Do you want to talk about it?” he asked.

“I was running and he was chasing me,” she whispered, her eyes looking haunted. “But I couldn’t run fast enough and Beelie...Beelie was gone. I couldn’t find him so I couldn’t hide inside him. So all I could do was run. But he—the killer—he kept getting closer and closer. And he said...he said he wanted to...to *play* with me a long...*long* time.”

She gave a choked sob and Lynx felt his heart twist in his chest again. She looked so small—so frightened and vulnerable. Without thinking about it, he put an arm around her and drew her to his side.

Mirabella stiffened at first, then pressed herself against him. She rubbed her cheek against his bare chest—still covered in the short, velvety pelt since he was still a quarter-Shifted—and gave a trembling sigh.

“I thought he had me,” she whispered and gave another little sob. “I thought...thought he’d get me for sure this time.”

“Nobody’s going to get you, my Lady,” Lynx promised her. He could feel her shaking in his arms and he wanted so badly to comfort her. “Do you want to talk about it?” he asked

softly. “Not just about the dream—about what happened the night you got away?”

“I watched him kill them—kill *all* of them.” Mirabella’s body tensed as she rubbed her cheek against his chest, as though seeking comfort. “He...he cut their throats with his finger-knives—or knife-fingers. I don’t know which. But I watched him kill them. And then he cut out their *eyes*.” She shivered. “It was *horrible!*”

“Oh my Lady, I’m so sorry,” Lynx murmured, stroking her hair.

“I should have tried to help them—maybe I could have saved some. I...I have the training,” she whispered. “But I was just so scared. So instead of trying to help, I ran and hid inside Beelie.”

“Nobody could blame you for that,” Lynx told her. “It wasn’t safe to try and save anyone—not with a crazed killer on the loose!”

“I was crammed inside Beelie, looking out his viewscreen,” she went on. “The killer...he pressed himself against Beelie’s front and there was this horrible *scraping* and *screeching* noise and I realized...I realized he was trying to get in...” Her voice hitched and Lynx thought she was getting close to breaking down completely. “He was running those knives on his fingers down Beelie’s front,” she went on. “Trying to scratch his way in to get to me! And all the time he was telling me things he was going to do to me—*terrible* things!”

“That must have been so *frightening*,” Lynx murmured.

“I was so afraid he would get in and get me and do everything he said he was going to do!” she gasped and then she really began crying in earnest—hot tears rolling down her cheeks and wetting the soft velvety fur of his chest. It told Lynx how very upset she was that she even hadn’t noticed that he was partly-Shifted.

He wanted to hold her close and let her cry—to comfort her and make her feel safe again. But something was missing

—no, *someone*.

It was Saxon. The Lykan Shifter was standing in the doorway clenching and unclenching his fists with tension as Beelie rolled back and forth still muttering hollowly about intruders. Lynx thought his Bond-Brother was showing remarkable restraint, considering the feelings of concern and the desperate desire to hold and comfort he felt coming through their link.

“Mirabella?” he murmured, stroking her back gently. “I know you’re scared and I want to comfort and protect you—but I need my Bond-Brother with me. I need Saxon.”

“You...you do?” She looked up at him, her eyes bright with tears.

“I do. Will you let him come sit on your other side if I promise you that nothing is going to happen?”

“Well...” She looked up at him with heartbreaking vulnerability. “All right...I guess.”

“Thank you. I promise you won’t regret it,” Lynx told her. He motioned to Saxon. “It’s all right—come on.”

The Lykan Shifter did his own quarter-Shift and also leaped over the golden robot.

Beelie didn’t even notice. He just kept rolling back and forth in front of the doorway, muttering to himself in his hollow, robotic voice.

“Little Mistress?” Saxon said hoarsely, approaching the enormous bed. “Can I sit by you?”

“Yes. All right.” Mirabella nodded again. She was still pressed tightly to Lynx’s side and he got the impression she would have agreed to almost anything as long as he would keep holding her.

Saxon sat on her other side and gingerly put his right arm around her waist, since Lynx had his left arm around her still-shaking shoulders. He felt his Bond-Brother’s arm touch both him and the female they both wished to comfort. And then, for

the first time in years, he felt the familiar flow of energy between them.

It was an Aura of Comfort they were casting—not as strong as the Aura of Protection, but strong enough that Mirabella noticed it.

“Oh...” she whispered, swiping at her eyes and sitting up a little. “What...what’s going on?”

“We’re comforting you, little one,” Saxon rumbled. “Does it make you feel better?”

“It...does.” Mirabella looked up at Saxon uncertainly. “But...I’ve never felt anything like it. It’s like...my emotions are a wound or a burn and you two are pouring healing salve on the hurt places.”

“That’s the Aura of Comfort that we’re casting for you,” Lynx explained. “And it’s why I needed my Bond-Brother with me—I can’t cast it alone. Just as I can’t cast an Aura of Protection without him.”

“Is it...some kind of magic?” Mirabella asked, looking from Lynx to Saxon and back again. “Are the two of you magic?”

Lynx laughed and even Saxon, who was usually so dour, chuckled softly.

“Hardly, my Lady,” Lynx said. “It’s a power given to all Monstrum who join in a Brother-Bond but it’s not magic. It’s more like...we’re able to manipulate energy.”

“Energy we can only raise when we have a female between us,” Saxon clarified.

“Oh. I see.” And she looked at both of them again. She’d stopped crying and her face looked calm, if a little uncertain.

“Are you feeling better now, my Lady?” Lynx asked her courteously. “Would you rather Saxon and I left you alone to go back to sleep?”

“What? No! I mean...” She trailed off, biting her lip. Lynx had the idea she wanted them to stay with her, but didn’t know how to ask them.

“Would you like us to stay, then?” he asked. “And cast the Aura of Protection over you for the rest of the night?”

“I guess so, only I’m not...not wearing any clothes.” She tugged the sheet a little higher, a look of shame crossing her pretty face.

“That actually makes the Aura work better,” Lynx reminded her.

“I know, but...” She trailed off again.

“She’s worried about us trying something in the middle of the night,” Saxon growled. “And I don’t blame her, after the way I talked earlier.”

Looking down, he captured Mirabella’s gaze with his own—Lynx could see the pale blue fire of his eyes in the dim room.

“Little Mistress,” Saxon rumbled. “I spoke out of turn before—I never should have said what I did. I’m sorry if I gave you reason to fear me.”

Mirabella lifted her chin.

“I’m not afraid of you,” she declared.

Lynx felt a swell of admiration for her. Not many people could face down his fierce Bond-Brother like this little scrap of a female was doing. Mirabella had courage to spare!

“I’m glad you’re not afraid of me,” Saxon said gravely. “Does that mean you’ll let us stay here tonight and keep you safe?”

Mirabella shifted uncomfortably.

“Do...do the two of you have to be naked, too?” she asked at last.

Lynx shook his head.

“As long as you’re unclothed it should be enough. What we need is sufficient skin-to-skin contact,” he told her. “If Saxon and I both have our vests off but leave our trousers on, it should be enough just to cradle you between the two of us.”

“Don’t you mean skin-to-*fur* contact?” she murmured, brushing her fingertips lightly over the fur on his chest.

The soft, playful touch sent a shiver through Lynx’s entire body and he felt his shaft getting hard. Gods, the longer he was with her, the more he wanted her! But he tried to push the feelings away. He knew Saxon would feel his emotions through their link and his Bond-Brother wasn’t yet ready to feel for another female that way...Lynx wondered if he ever would be.

“We’re partially-Shifted,” he said, pushing the troubling thoughts to one side. “But we can de-Shift—go back to our Skin Forms completely—if you’d prefer it.”

Lynx fully expected her to agree that this was the best thing for them to do, but to his surprise, Mirabella shook her head.

“No,” she said, stroking the fur on his chest again. “No, I like this. It’s like...touching velvet.”

Then she did something even more surprising. Turning, she ran her fingers over Saxon’s short, dense, silvery coat as well.

“Yours is a little more coarse, but it still feels good,” she informed him.

“I’m so glad my fur meets with my Mistress’s approval,” Saxon rumbled dryly, but he was teasing and it was clear in his tone.

“Sorry. I didn’t mean—” Mirabella drew back her hand and Lynx thought she might be blushing.

“It’s all right.” Saxon captured her hand again and put it firmly on his bare chest. “I like the feel of your hands on me, little one. So touch me if you want to—it doesn’t bother me.”

“Oh...” Mirabella’s voice was slightly breathless and suddenly Lynx smelled her desire—a warm, rich, feminine scent that tickled his nose and made his cock swell even more.

But we’re not here to pleasure her—or let her pleasure us, he reminded himself. *We’re just here to protect her.*

“So you’ll sleep between us and let us cast the Aura of Protection over you then, my Lady?” he asked, drawing her attention gently away.

“Oh, uh, yes.” Mirabella had to draw her eyes away from Saxon’s—the two of them had been having quite a little staring contest as she caressed the fur on his chest. “Yes, as long as nothing...you know...sexual happens,” she finished, taking her hand away from the Lykan Shifter’s chest at last.

“You have our word on it, little Mistress,” Saxon rumbled.

“If it will make you feel better, we’ll both keep our trousers on,” Lynx added. “Though I do think we should take off our boots.”

“All right. That’s...I guess that will be all right.” Mirabella sounded slightly uncertain again, but not worried or unhappy, which was good, Lynx thought.

“Very well then, my Lady,” he told her. “Then if you’d like to lie down in the center of the bed, Saxon and I will take off our boots and lie on either side of you.”

“All right,” she murmured again. And then, keeping the sheet over her as much as possible, she scooted over to lay in the middle of the bed.

THIRTEEN

MIRABELLA

Miri couldn't believe she was doing this! Hadn't she sworn to herself that she *wouldn't* let the two big Monstrum warriors get her naked between them? Yet that was exactly what was about to happen and she had agreed to it without a fight—without so much as a murmur of disagreement!

It was the Aura of Comfort that had decided her—that had made her believe they weren't just “blowing smoke up her ass” as her father used to say. She'd actually *felt* the comforting energy pouring into her when the two of them held her between them.

It was the strangest sensation—and yet so lovely she didn't want it to end. It was like someone wrapping her in a warm quilt and giving her a hug and pouring healing salve on all her raw places—all at the same time. It made her feel soothed and safe in a way she hadn't for ages. Not since that horrible attack in Mistress Mapletaste's tower over a month ago.

She got herself situated in the center of the huge bed—at least it was big enough for three, she thought—and pulled the silky sheet up to her chin, trying to cover her naked body completely. The two Monstrum were taking off their boots but as promised, they left on their trousers. Both of them were bare chested and she could see the outline of their big, muscular bodies as they climbed into bed on either side of her.

“Now what?” she asked, when the two of them were settled, Lynx on her right and Saxon on her left.

“Now, I’m afraid *this* has to come down.” Lynx tugged gently on the sheet. “Only for a moment so we can cast the Aura of Protection,” he explained.

“But...I’m naked,” Miri protested. “And you promised you wouldn’t touch me.”

“Not gonna touch you, little Mistress,” Saxon growled and his deep, harsh voice was surprisingly gentle. “Just going to run our hands up and down above your body to cast the Aura.”

“We’ll be running our hands over you but *not* actually touching you,” Lynx explained. “Just a fraction above your skin—that helps build the energy needed for the Aura. All right?”

Miri bit her lip. In the dim room, she could see both their eyes glowing—golden and pale blue fire. She was pretty sure that meant they could see in the dark, which meant they’d be able to see her naked body.

She’d always been a bit self conscious about being nude—it was one reason she hated wearing Yonnite Mistress outfits. But earlier, Saxon had said she was gorgeous and they were promising not to actually touch her...

“We can’t cast the Aura any other way,” Lynx told her. “Will you trust us?”

In the darkness, his golden eyes were filled with sincerity.

“And...you won’t really touch me?” Miri asked.

She couldn’t believe she was considering this but somehow it seemed like she was. Maybe it was the way the two of them smelled so good when she was close to them. The sunlight and cedar and bonfire and fur scents mixed to form a deep, masculine musk that called to the deepest feminine core of her. Or maybe it was the velvety touch of their skin now that they were partially-Shifted. For whatever reason, she was really giving this serious consideration.

“We won’t actually touch you unless you want us to,” Saxon growled softly. “If you just lay there quietly, you won’t feel anything but the energy current moving over you as we set up the Aura.”

“Well...” Miri took a deep breath. “All right,” she said. “I’m going to trust the two of you. Mainly because you’re Kindred and I’ve always heard that the Kindred were trustworthy males.”

“You honor us with your trust,” Lynx said gravely. “Very well, my Lady—just lie still with your hands at your sides and let us attend to you.”

“All right,” Miri whispered. She bit her lip as they pulled the sheet back, leaving her completely naked and shivered as a cool breeze played over her exposed body. Oh Goddess...what was she doing? And what were *they* doing? For a moment it seemed as though the two of them were just *looking* at her.

“She’s cold, Brother—we need to start casting,” Lynx said.

“I know. She’s just...so fucking lovely,” Saxon growled. “But you’re right—let’s cast.”

The two of them propped themselves up on their elbows so they were leaning over her, making Miri feel completely surrounded by their big, muscular bodies. Then each of them held one big hand over her, palm-down, and began to slowly run them up and down her body.

At first, Miri felt nothing. But then a slight, ticklish sensation began. She thought it must be their fur—did they have fur on their palms and fingers as well when they were partially-Shifted like this? However, it wasn’t quite like any physical touch she’d ever experienced. It was lighter—a whisper of energy that barely teased her skin, making all the small hairs on her body stand up like static electricity.

It made her restless at first. As their big hands ran up and down her body, she had to fight the urge to move. But then, the feeling of it changed—it became the lightest possible caress—a silky touch that made her nipples tighten and the V between her legs throb with desire.

“Oh!” she gasped and lost the fight not to move. Arching her back, she thrust her breasts up just as Saxon’s hand was over the left one. And then she *did* feel the velvety brush of his silky-coarse fur rubbing teasingly over her tight nipple.

“Forgive me, little Mistress.” Saxon moved his hand but Miri reached for it. Just as he had taken her hand earlier and placed it on his chest, she took his and put it back on her breast.

In the dim room, she saw his pale blue eyes go half-lidded.

“What do you want me to do, little one?” he rumbled.

“Just touch me. Just stroke me—both of you,” Miri said breathlessly. Part of her brain was screaming that this was a bad idea—a *really* bad idea. But she couldn’t seem to stop herself. The throbbing energy that was building between the three of them was making her *crazy* and she hadn’t been with anyone in so *long*. She’d been lonely for what seemed like forever.

Just for tonight, she told herself. *Just once and then never again*.

“Just touch me,” she repeated. “But nothing else, all right?”

“It is our pleasure to do as our Lady commands,” Lynx purred and she was reminded of the rumbling of a big cat from Earth—a lion or a tiger—she’d seen vids of them when she was younger.

And then they were *really* touching her. Running big, warm hands that felt like they were wearing velvet gloves up and down her body very, very slowly. It was the most sensuous feeling Miri could imagine.

She moaned and arched her back as they stroked over her full breasts and aching hard nipples then down her trembling belly and over her upper thighs and down to the tips of her toes.

When their hands traveled up again, she found she had spread her legs. Quite wide, in fact, so that both of the big, warm, male hands that were touching her slid up the insides of her inner thighs and then both came to a stop right at the places where her tender pussy ached and throbbed with need.

“My Lady, how *deeply* do you wish us to stroke you?” Lynx purred in her ear.

“I...I don’t know,” Miri whispered breathlessly, but somehow she found she was spreading her legs even wider. As her thighs parted, she could feel her puffy outer pussy lips parting as well.

“Have you ever felt fur against your inner folds, little one?” Saxon growled softly in her ear.

Shouldn’t do this—shouldn’t let them do this, Miri told herself. And yet she couldn’t seem to stop.

“No,” she whispered. “But...but maybe I’d like to.”

“Then we’ll touch you, if you want us to, my Lady,” Lynx purred.

“I do—but only touching. Not...anything else,” Miri said quickly.

“It will be pleasure enough for us to bring pleasure to you,” the Felinus Shifter assured her.

“You should touch her, Brother,” Saxon murmured. “Your fur is softer than mine and your touch is gentler.”

“Spread her sweet pussy lips open for me then,” Lynx told him. “Open her so I can stroke her inner folds.”

“With pleasure,” Saxon growled.

And then Miri felt long fingers gently parting her outer lips, opening her pussy so that she was completely and totally exposed. Oh Goddess, was she really doing this or was it another dream—one as intensely erotic as the nightmare of the killer had been intensely terrifying?

But the gentle touch of one long, velvet finger invading her inner folds didn’t feel like a dream. It felt like the most sensuous feeling she’d ever experienced. She moaned softly as Lynx circled her aching button, stroking her lightly but firmly in a way that sent shivers of pure desire and pleasure through her entire body.

“Oh!” she moaned, bucking her hips as the huge Monstrum continued to caress her inner pussy. She never would have dreamed that such a big, muscular warrior could be so gentle—or so knowledgeable. The males she’d been

with before couldn't find her clit with two hands and a map! But Lynx seemed to know exactly how to touch her to make her writhe and moan with overwhelming pleasure.

“Does it feel good, my Lady?” he purred softly in her ear. “Do you like to have your soft little pussy stroked and petted like this?”

“I...I do,” Miri admitted, panting the words out. “I’ve never felt anything like this. Your fur...it’s like...like being stroked with velvet.”

“I’m glad you’re enjoying it, my Lady,” Lynx murmured. “Would you like me to make you come?”

Miri moaned and bucked her hips again. She shouldn't do this—shouldn't go so far, she told herself. But she was already laying naked between the two huge Monstrum, allowing them to finger her pussy—it didn't seem that much worse to let them make her come.

“Yes,” she decided in a breathless moan. “Yes, Lynx—make me come!”

“It will be a stronger release if you let Saxon help me,” the Felinus Shifter murmured. “Working together, we can give you pleasure like you’ve never felt before, my Lady.”

Miri nibbled her lower lip.

“Let him help *how*, exactly?” she asked.

“Have you ever been penetrated, little one?” Saxon growled softly in her ear. “Not with my cock, I’m talking about using my fingers,” he added.

“I...I’ve been with a man before,” Miri admitted. “Several, in fact. So yes, I’ve been, uh, penetrated.”

“I see. I know it’s not allowed in Opulex—for a Mistress to let a male penetrate her,” Saxon rumbled.

“That’s true. But it’s different...different on the other side of...of Yonnite Six, where I was raised,” Miri panted. “We allow penetration of females by males.”

“Then you wouldn’t mind if I filled your sweet little pussy channel with my fingers and fucked you while my Bond-Brother keeps petting your sweet little clit?” Saxon asked.

Hearing his hot, dirty words in that deep, growling voice was driving Miri nearly crazy with lust!

“No,” she panted. “No, I...I don’t mind!”

“Good—then spread your pussy nice and wide for me, little one. Going to fill you with my fingers now,” Saxon informed her.

Then his hand slid from her pussy mound, down to the entrance of her channel.

“Hmm, how many fingers should I use?” he mused, seemingly to himself.

“I guess that would depend on what our Lady is used to,” Lynx remarked. “Start with one and go from there.”

“One then,” Saxon growled and Miri felt one thick digit slide into her pussy. She was so wet by now that the big Monstrum had no problem penetrating her—a fact which Saxon seemed to appreciate.

“Gods, so fucking wet down here,” he growled. “I think our little Mistress is what the Blood Kindred call a ‘numalla,’ Brother.”

“What...what’s a ‘numalla?’” Miri asked breathlessly.

“A female that makes a lot of pussy honey,” Lynx purred softly. “Are you making a lot of honey for us, my Lady? Is your soft pussy all wet and hot from being teased and petted?”

“I...I don’t know,” Miri panted. “M-maybe...”

“Try a second finger in her, Brother,” Lynx advised. “Let’s see how open she can be.”

Miri bit back a moan as the first finger was withdrawn and then two thick digits took its place. She could feel her inner walls stretching but it felt good—how long had it been since she’d had anything inside her? *Too* long, she decided as she bucked her hips, trying to take Saxon’s fingers deeper. She

loved the way it felt when he touched bottom inside her. And all the while, Lynx was still circling her aching clit with one velvet fingertip, sending shivers and sparks of pure pleasure through her entire naked body.

“Oh!” she gasped, writhing between them. “Deeper... harder...*please!*” she moaned, unable to help herself.

“Mmm, I think our Lady wants to be finger-fucked a little harder, Saxon,” Lynx murmured. “Can you help her?”

“With pleasure.” The big Monstrum’s deep voice was thick with lust. “Gods, she’s such a responsive little female!”

“Which is why you need to fuck her thoroughly but not too harshly,” Lynx lectured. “Stretch her pussy out with your fingers and thrust deep inside to fill her, but be careful not to hurt her.”

“I’ll be careful,” Saxon growled and then he was thrusting harder and deeper, hitting bottom inside her every time and all the while, Lynx was still keeping up the maddening circling and slow stroking of her clit.

Suddenly, Miri was right there—right on the edge of orgasm. She just needed one more thing to push her over the edge...

Saxon leaned close.

“Come for me, little one,” he growled in her ear. “Let me feel you coming hard—all around my fingers while I *fuck* you!”

“Oh...Oh, *Goddess!*” Miri cried and suddenly the orgasm was there, rushing over her like a warm tide as her entire body seemed to tense with pleasure at the same time.

“Look at her come! Goddess, she’s gorgeous,” she heard Lynx murmur. And then she was moaning and crying and writhing between the two huge Monstrum, loving the feel of their big, warm, velvety hands on her and *in* her—caressing her body and filling her pussy at the same time.

“That’s right, my Lady—come for us—come, *hard,*” she heard Lynx’s deep purring voice saying in her ear as he

continued to tease her clit. And then a second orgasm—like the aftershock of an earthquake—hit her and she was moaning and crying again.

“Gods, she’s tight inside—about to squeeze my fucking fingers off—and so hot and wet!” Saxon growled.

“Multi-orgasmic too,” Lynx remarked, sounding impressed and aroused in equal measures. “I love that she can come more than once.”

Miri *almost* thought she was going to come a third time, but finally the intense pleasure started ebbing and she moaned softly and pushed Lynx’s hand away from her over-sensitive clit.

“Enough then, my Lady?” he murmured, his golden eyes glowing as he looked at her for confirmation.

Miri nodded.

“It’s...enough,” she panted.

“Very well then. Our Lady is finished, Saxon,” Lynx told his Bond-Brother. “You can withdraw.”

“All right.” The big Monstrum pulled his fingers out of Miri’s throbbing pussy and then did something which surprised her—he put them in his mouth, sucking to get her juices.

“You...you like that?” she asked, looking up at him uncertainly.

Saxon finished sucking and withdrew his fingers.

“The taste of your pussy honey? Yes—I fucking love it, little one. Fucking *delicious*,” he growled.

“My Lady Mirabella, I didn’t get nearly as much of your honey to taste,” Lynx purred in her ear. “Would you allow me to slide my fingers deep in your sweet pussy just once so that I can taste your flavor too?”

“Oh, er...” Miri felt herself blushing for some reason. “I... I guess so,” she whispered.

“Thank you—you honor me with your trust,” Lynx told her.

Then Miri felt two thick, velvety fingers sliding down to pierce her pussy mouth and fill her to the core.

She moaned and arched her back as Lynx reached bottom inside her—she couldn’t help it. It felt so *good* being opened this way—much better than she ever would have believed while enduring the inept fumbblings of the other lovers she’d had.

“Mmm...I think she likes being finger-fucked, Brother,” Saxon growled, his blue eyes glowing.

“Maybe it just feels good to have her little pussy filled. Is that right, Mirabella?” Lynx murmured in her ear. “You like to feel your inner walls stretch, to take something thick and hard deep inside you?”

“I...I don’t know. I *guess* so,” Miri panted. Goddess, if they kept on like this, she was going to get hot all over again! It felt as though her whole body was throbbing as the Felinus Shifter thrust two fingers deeply into her several times before slowly withdrawing.

Just as Saxon had done, Lynx sucked his fingers into his mouth, clearly savoring her juices.

“What did I tell you?” Saxon growled, watching him. “Tastes fucking amazing, right?”

“Mmm...” Lynx finally withdrew his fingers. “Delicious—so sweet and salty and *perfect*. My Lady,” he said to Miri, “Your pussy honey is beyond compare.”

“Oh, uh, thank you, I guess,” Miri whispered. She couldn’t quite believe they were having this conversation—still didn’t quite believe she’d let the two of them finger her to orgasm.

“No—thank *you* for letting us bring you pleasure and make you come,” Lynx told her.

“You’ve made the Aura of Protection even stronger,” Saxon rumbled.

“I did?” Miri asked, confused.

“Your pleasure did—the extra energy strengthened our casting,” Lynx told her. “Look up and you should be able to see it. Here, draw back, Brother,” he told Saxon.

The two huge Monstrum pulled away and Miri looked up and saw...a softly shimmering blue light suspended in the air above all three of their heads.

“Oh...” she whispered. “Is that it? The Aura of Protection?”

“It is—and we’ve never cast a stronger one, I don’t think.” Lynx sounded proud. “It should stay in place all night.”

“Nothing and no one is getting through that,” Saxon added with apparent satisfaction. “You can rest easy, little one.”

As though his words had cued her, Miri yawned.

“Oh, sorry...” She covered her mouth but she could feel her eyelids getting heavy.

“It’s all right, my Lady,” Lynx purred softly. “First the nightmare and then the pleasure—all the excitement has worn you out.”

“Why don’t you relax between Lynx and me?” Saxon told her. “Let us hold you between us all night and just rest.”

Suddenly, Miri wanted that more than anything in the world. Between her fear that the killer was still stalking her and the awful nightmares she had every night, she hadn’t felt safe enough to sleep well in over a month. The idea of being bracketed by the two huge male bodies and covered by the softly glowing Aura of Protection was immensely appealing.

“Yes,” she murmured and yawned again. “That would be nice. But I usually sleep on my side.”

“Turn over then.” Lynx was already getting settled on his back. He patted one velvety pec, indicating that Miri should pillow her head on his chest.

Miri snuggled up next to the big Monstrum, rubbing her naked body against his warm, velvety side. She loved the feeling of soft, dense fur covering solid muscle. Also, he was deliciously warm.

“Good,” Lynx purred. “Now you, Brother—protect our Lady’s back.”

“With pleasure,” Saxon growled. And Miri felt his warm muscular bulk blanketing her back and ass. The Lykan Shifter put an arm around her from behind, one hand casually cupping her breast.

Miri found she didn’t mind. In fact, she pressed a little closer, loving the feel of his silky-rough fur brushing against her naked nipple.

Lynx somehow managed to pull the sheet over all three of them, though he left the top coverlet at the bottom of the bed. They didn’t need it, even though it was a chilly night. The two Monstrum put out plenty of heat between them to keep everything toasty warm.

“Mmm, perfect,” Lynx murmured when he had the sheet situated. “Good night, Mirabella.”

“Good night, little Mistress,” Saxon rumbled.

“Good...” Miri yawned. “Good night,” she told them both. She meant to tell them they could just call her “Miri” if they wanted to, but before she could get anything else out, her eyes drifted closed and she fell into the first untroubled sleep she’d had in over a month.

FOURTEEN

SAXON

Saxon woke with someone's breast in his hand. It was full and firm and the nipple went tight when he stroked it idly with one fingertip. The warm feminine body sandwiched between him and his Bond-Brother stirred and he heard a soft moan of sleepy pleasure.

Kara, he thought, and teased the tight little tip some more. The mate he shared with Lynx had extra sensitive nipples which he loved to play with and suck. And Kara was always eager to let him do exactly that.

She even made a game of it. Pretending she wanted to reach something on the shelf behind him, she would climb in his lap, pushing her breasts into his face while acting like she didn't notice what she was doing.

Saxon would oblige her, sucking her sweet, ripe tips until she moaned and Lynx would laugh when he came in and saw them indulging in their favorite pastime. Then he would join them and the energy would begin to flow between the three of them and everything would be *perfect*.

Just like it flowed last night, he thought sleepily.

Kara would always end by begging the two of them to take her while they were bonded together. She loved it when they filled her tight little pussy with both their shafts at the same time and shot their seed deep in her womb...

But you shouldn't have done it, whispered a little voice in his head. *You should have waited...you filled her too soon...and then she died.*

The little voice and its dire message woke Saxon fully and he realized that the breast he was cupping didn't belong to his lost mate at all. No, he and Lynx were in bed with a stranger—or a female they'd only met the day before, which was as good as the same thing. And last night they had shared her. Or at least, they had pleased her at the same time, which was just as bad.

How could you? The voice in his head had turned reproachful. How could you forget Kara—how could you let yourself be with another female after what you did to your mate?

The girl beside him stirred and shifted.

“Uh...what?” She sounded confused—as confused as Saxon had been upon waking with her breast in his hand.

He pulled away now, as though her softness had stung him.

“Saxon?” The low, sleepy purr was Lynx—he was also opening his eyes. Probably he'd been roused by the strong feelings of guilt and shame Saxon was feeling.

Saxon sat up, feeling disgusted with himself.

“We shouldn't have done this,” he growled, getting off the bed. “What the fuck is wrong with us?”

“Saxon, it's been *years*,” Lynx protested. “Don't you think it's time to move on?”

“Move on?” Saxon glared down at his Bond-Brother. The girl they had shared—Mistress Mirabella—still had her head pillowed on his chest. She looked up at Saxon with sleepy, wondering eyes. Green eyes—unlike Kara's deep brown. “How can you fucking say that?” he demanded. “How can you *ever* move on after what we did to her?”

“Saxon—” Lynx started but Saxon had had enough.

“No—I don't fucking want to hear it,” he growled.

He slammed out of the bedroom, shame filling him and the memory of their lost mate like a stone in his heart.

FIFTEEN

MIRABELLA

“**W**hat was *that* all about?” Miri sat up, remembered she was naked, and pulled the sheet up to her chest. She wasn’t sure what Saxon was talking about but suddenly she remembered that she’d heard him and Lynx saying something about killing someone the night before. How could she have forgotten that and let the two huge Monstrum into her bed?

Lynx sighed.

“It was my Bond-Brother feeling guilty and angry that we shared you last night. He thinks we should never share a female again after...”

“After what?” Miri prompted. “Look, you *need* to tell me,” she went on, when Lynx didn’t answer. “I heard the two of you talking about killing a girl last night—does *that* have something to do with why Saxon is feeling guilty this morning?”

Lynx sighed deeply and ran a hand through his hair.

“It’s not what you think. Saxon and I didn’t kill some poor girl during a night of drunken passion or anything like that. He’s talking about our mate—Kara.”

He spoke the name in a low, sad voice, looking down at the tangled sheets and blankets as though he couldn’t bear to meet Miri’s eyes.

“So...you two Joined with the same girl?” she asked.

Lynx shrugged.

“That’s how it’s done when two Monstrum form a Brother-Bond,” he said simply. “As I told you, it feels *wrong* to be with a female without my Bond-Brother on the other side of her, helping me to please and pleasure her. So yes, we took the same mate and her name was Kara.”

“What happened to her—to Kara?” Miri asked. She was almost afraid to find out. After last night, she’d begun to think differently of the two Monstrum...she didn’t want to hear that the two of them had accidentally killed their wife.

“What happened was fate.” Lynx ran a hand through his long, golden-brown hair. He was still partially-Shifted and the morning sunlight slanting down from the high, slitted windows at the top of the wall made his entire body shimmer like gold because of the short, dense pelt that still covered his large form.

“Tell me,” Miri urged him. “I need to know—*please*.”

“I suppose you have a right, after what the three of us did last night. Very well...” Lynx sat up. “I’ll tell you, though it’s a painful story to tell...to relive,” he said in a low voice. “It started when Saxon and I first saw her at a Clan gathering. I was twenty-five cycles and he was twenty-seven. Kara was only eighteen—barely the age of consent,” he added.

“Well...that’s kind of a big age difference but at least you were all legal,” Miri murmured.

“That’s how it’s done with us—with Bonded Brothers,” Lynx explained earnestly. “The idea is that we will find the female that’s right for us before she’s ripe. That way, being near us and smelling our Bonding Scents will ripen her over a period of years until she’s ready to be bred.”

“So...you didn’t actually consummate your Joining right away?” This seemed like an odd way to do things, but Miri supposed different cultures and species had different customs.

“No, of course not.” Lynx shook his head. “We didn’t expect to be able to make love with Kara for at least three years—sometimes longer. It takes that long for a female of the

clans to ripen into sexual maturity. Only..." He sighed and ran a hand through his hair again. "Kara was...precocious."

"Meaning?" Miri raised her eyebrows at him.

"She ripened almost immediately," Lynx said in a low voice. "She was...*extremely* eager to be bred. And she was past the age of consent and we were legally Joined in the eyes of the Goddess, so...we didn't make her wait." He shook his head. "From the first she wanted to be with us both at the same time. I wasn't sure it was a good idea, but she was so sweet and persuasive and Saxon and I both wanted her so badly..."

"She, uh, was able to take you both at once?" Miri had a hard time believing that. She had seen Saxon's equipment and from what she had felt pressing against her thigh last night, Lynx was every bit as big and endowed.

"Our bodies make natural compounds that help a female open for us," Lynx explained. "Of course, there are so many ways that two males and a female can fit together. We tried at first to satisfy her by sharing her more traditionally—with one of us filling her pussy and the other filling her rosebud. Or one in her pussy and one in her mouth. But she would always complain that she wanted more—that she needed to feel us both at once in her pussy at once—filling her—*breeding* her. She was...very eager to be pregnant with our sons," he added.

"So the three of you were constantly, uh...breeding?" Miri didn't know what to think about this erotic mental image. "Is that how she died?" she asked.

"Oh no—you think we bred her to death?" Lynx's golden eyes widened. "No—it was the aftermath of the breeding that killed her. You see, she got pregnant before her body was quite ready to bear a child. At least, that's what Saxon believes," he added.

"And what do *you* think?" Miri asked.

"She was ready," Lynx said. "Yes, she was young—but her body was ripe enough. And she *wanted* so badly to be a mother," he added sadly. "She wanted babies to love and care for and Saxon and I wanted a family too. So..." He sighed.

“We indulged her. We bred her almost constantly—it was what she wanted. And sure enough, within barely a year of when we started breeding her, she was pregnant with both our sons.”

“You were sure the babies were male?” Miri asked, fascinated by the story.

Lynx nodded.

“Oh yes—all Kindred—of which the Monstrum are a kind—are 95% male. Almost all our children are sons.”

“So...what happened to her?” Miri asked. “To Kara?”

Lynx rubbed a hand over his face.

“She died in childbirth,” he said in a low voice. “Her little body simply couldn’t handle the birth. And our sons died with her.”

“Oh, Lynx...” Miri put a hand on his arm, feeling a rush of sadness for this terrible tale of loss. “I’m so sorry,” she said softly.

He shook his head.

“As am I. But it was years ago and Saxon still can’t move on. We both loved Kara with all our hearts, but he feels like we bear the blame for her death.”

“Why? Because you, uh, bred her too early?” Miri asked.

“Because he *convinced* me she was ready,” Lynx said. “She could always get him to do anything she wanted—had him wrapped around her sweet little finger. I wanted to wait before both of us filled her pussy with our cocks at the same time, but she begged him to reason with me.” He sighed again. “And in the end, I gave in.”

“No wonder he feels so guilty.” Miri shook her head. To tell the truth, she was feeling guilty herself. She hadn’t been raised to take on two males at once, the way she had the night before. True, they had only touched and fingered her, but she had still gone a lot farther than she would have imagined she was capable of going.

“He thinks Kara’s death is on his head and he doesn’t feel like the two of us deserve to ever share a female ever again,” Lynx said. “So what the three of us did last night...” He spread his hands in a, “well, see for yourself” gesture.

“Well, it’s not going to happen again,” Miri said firmly. “From now on, we’re all going to keep our distance, right?”

Lynx gave her a steady look from his golden eyes.

“Is that truly what you want, my Lady?” he asked softly.

“Well...I...I mean...” Miri stammered uncertainly.

Suddenly the door of the Master Suite flew open and Saxon was standing there.

“Get your things together,” he said to Lynx, his deep voice curt. “This mission is over—the killer’s been caught. We’re going home.”

SIXTEEN

LYNX

“**W**hat are you talking about?”

Lynx was off the bed in a second but Saxon had already left again, as though he couldn't bear to be too near the “scene of the crime.”

“What did you just say?” Lynx asked, following him out of the room, since his Bond-Brother hadn't answered earlier.

“I said, the killer's been caught,” Saxon threw over his shoulder. He was already going to the living area to pack the few things they'd brought in the Cary-all cube. “I had a communication from High Commander Rarev who spoke to Commander Sylvan at the other Kindred Mother Ship. The killer's been put away for life. Which means Mistress Mirabella is no longer in danger—which *further* fucking means we can go.”

Lynx stared at his Bond-Brother. He could feel a mixture of relief and regret coming from the Lykan Shifter and he knew that Saxon was struggling with the guilt of what they'd done the night before...and the desire to do it again.

“Why are you doing this?” he said in a low voice.

“Doing what?” Saxon kept packing, refusing to meet his eyes.

“You know what.” Lynx grabbed his Bond-Brother by the arms, forcing the other male to look at him. “There's something here,” he said softly. “Something we haven't felt in *years*—a chance for a new start. Are you really going to let the past spoil the future?”

“Are *you* really going to forget the past—forget Kara and what we did to her?” Saxon returned, his blue eyes flashing pale fire.

“Kara loved us—she would have wanted us to be happy,” Lynx argued. “And we didn’t do anything she didn’t want us to do—that she wasn’t *ready* for us to do.”

“Bullshit!” Saxon pulled out of his grip. “We never should have—”

Suddenly the large rectangular viewscreen in front of the couch began emitting a loud buzzing sound—like a giant insect that wanted attention.

“What in the Seven Frozen Hells?” Lynx muttered. He went to the screen and tapped it, trying to make the annoying sound stop.

But it seemed that his touch had activated it somehow. For the black screen flickered to life, showing a person who was dressed entirely in pink.

“Oh, hello! *Finally* someone answers!” she exclaimed, fluttering her long, pink lashes at them. Then she frowned. “But...*who* are the two of *you* and what are you doing in little Miri’s stronghold? Are you new bodyslaves she got somewhere?”

“Oh, uh...” Lynx began but just then Mirabella came into the living area. She was wearing the same green and silver dress she’d had on the day before. It looked freshly washed, if somewhat faded and wilted.

“Was that the viewscreen?” she asked them. “Whatever you do don’t answer it! I just—Oh...” she ended in a small voice as she saw the image on the screen.

“Mistress Mirabella! *There* you are!” the woman dressed all in pink exclaimed. “I’ve been trying to get hold of you for *ages*. Luckily those two new bodyslaves of yours had the good sense to answer this time.” She eyed Lynx and Saxon who were still partially-Shifted, her bright blue eyes flickering over them both. “They’re certainly *unique*, I’ll give you that. Are they some kind of beast-men or something?”

“They’re, uh, Monstrum Shifters.” Mirabella cleared her throat. “Look, Mistress Hottalot, I really can’t talk right now.”

“Oh no you don’t! Don’t you *dare* turn off your viewscreen!” the other Yonnite Mistress snapped. “I’ve heard that the killer who was stalking you has been captured—the news was sent from the Kindred Mother Ship and it’s been all over the Outernet today! So you have absolutely *no* excuse not to come to the Leadership Meeting tonight in my tower!”

“Oh, but Mistress Hottalot, I really don’t *want* to attend the Leadership Meeting,” Mirabella protested.

The pink Mistress glared at her.

“You *have* to come! As the last surviving member of the Sacred Seven, you’re the Ruling Member—the *only* one who can appoint new members to serve! We’ve been as patient as we can be, but all of Opulex is beginning to grind to a halt without leadership. You simply *must* attend.”

“But I never *wanted* to be one of the Sacred Seven in the first place!” Mirabella protested. “Let alone appoint anyone else to serve with me.”

“In that case, you can always appoint someone to take your place,” Mistress Hottalot informed her. “But you *must* come in person. And *do* bring those two strapping bodyslaves with you,” she added, nodding at Lynx and Saxon. “I’m so glad you finally got yourself some—now that you’re properly attended, the other Mistresses can finally take you *seriously*.”

“They’re not—” Mirabella began but she didn’t get a chance to finish.

“And wear a new dress,” Mistress Hottalot continued, giving Mirabella’s limp green and silver outfit a scathing look. “One that *properly* shows off your assets! You must have on the proper clothing when you’re introduced and your bodyslaves kiss your panties, you know!”

“But—” Mirabella began again, rather desperately, Lynx thought.

“I’ll see you tonight at my Tower. Eight sharp. Don’t be late.” She pointed a finger at Mirabella. “And if you don’t

attend, *I'm* coming to get you! You cannot let the fate of the entire planet twist in the wind because you don't like taking personal responsibility for the position you inherited!"

The viewscreen abruptly went blank—Mistress Hottalot had had her say and Lynx wasn't sure what was going to come of it. Though he did know one thing—he and Saxon couldn't leave Mirabella yet. She *needed* them.

SEVENTEEN

MIRABELLA

“Well...” Miri sank down on the green, overstuffed sofa and put her head in her hands. She wanted to swear but she couldn’t think of words bad enough to describe her situation.

“What is it, my Lady?” Lynx came and sat on her right side. “Do you not wish to attend tonight?”

“No—of course I don’t!” Miri exclaimed, looking up. “I’ve been to so many Yonnite High Society functions and they’re all the same—the other Mistresses are so *nasty*. They make fun of me for wearing the wrong clothes and for not having a bodyslave.”

“Why don’t you have a bodyslave since you’re a Yonnite Mistress?” Saxon rumbled.

Miri lifted her chin.

“I refuse to enslave another sentient being—it’s not right! Besides, my own father started out as a bodyslave and if he hadn’t been bought by my mother, his life would have been pure misery!”

“We respect your personal ethics,” Lynx said, nodding. “It’s not easy to go against the flow—especially in an extremely stressful social situation like the one you’ve been put in.”

“You mean with me being the ‘Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven?’” Miri made a face. “Ugh! And now I have to go face them all again—all those nasty Mistresses who think

it's so much fun to snub me and look down their noses because I'm not from Opulex and I don't dress the right way."

"They snub you?" Lynx asked, raising his eyebrows.

"Of course they do! They don't even talk behind your back—those bitches say awful things *right to your face!*" Miri ran a hand through her tangled curls. "I can't think of anything I'd rather do *less* than attend this stupid meeting. But..." She sighed. "I guess I have to. Now that the killer has been caught—and don't get me wrong, I'm *incredibly* relieved that he has—I don't have an excuse to hide anymore."

"You could just tell them all to go fuck themselves," Saxon growled. "Sounds like that's what they fucking deserve."

"She can't do that," Lynx argued. "Mistress Hottalot was right about one thing—a planet can't survive without leadership."

"I know that's true." Miri sighed again. "But I don't *want* to be the leader of that bunch of snooty bitches! What I *want* is to go back to practicing medicine." She looked at the two of them. "You don't know how good it felt to pull out my Med Kit and treat the two of you yesterday. I just want to *heal* people."

Lynx looked thoughtful.

"I can understand that—and believe me, we were very grateful for your treatment."

"Speaking of which, I should look the two of you over—make sure everything is healing right," Miri said.

"Not until we get this resolved." Lynx held up one finger. "You have to decide what to do about tonight."

"I'll have to go, I guess." Miri ran both hands through her hair this time. "But you don't know how much I'm dreading it! How would *you* like to go to a fancy party—because that's what all these meetings amount to—where everyone there looked down on you and whispered about you and said nasty things about your weight—"

“They said things about your curves?” Saxon interrupted. He looked incensed, his nostrils flaring and his pale blue eyes narrowed.

“Well, they can’t talk about *that* anymore, at least,” Miri said, comforting herself. “I’ve really lost a lot, living a whole month on protein bars and nutrient shakes. Though I’m sure the pepperoni pizza I had last night didn’t help my figure any,” she added, patting her full hips. She always gained in her hips first—then her breasts and then her thighs and ass.

“My Lady, you should *never* have to apologize for your curves,” Lynx said softly. “You’re clearly meant to be an Elite—a female the Goddess has created to be extra bountiful. That’s beautiful and nothing to be ashamed of.”

“Well...thank you.” Miri smiled at him. “I appreciate that. But they’re still going to be nasty to me when I walk in without a bodyslave.”

“Who said you’d be going without a bodyslave?” Saxon growled.

“I don’t have one—of course I’m going without,” Miri said, frowning up at him. Goddess, why did the two of them have to be so *tall*?

“You do now,” Saxon said. He came and sat on the other side of her and once more Miri felt that subtle electric energy flow between the three of them, since Lynx was on her other side.

“I do?” she asked, rather breathlessly.

“You do,” Lynx agreed. “Saxon and I will stay long enough to pose as your bodyslaves at the Leadership Meeting tonight—it’s the least we can do.”

“You can hand off your responsibilities to another Mistress in style with the two of us at your side,” Saxon agreed. “Then you can go back to your House of Healing and Lynx and I can go back to the Monstrum Mother Ship.”

Miri felt her heart drop at the idea of losing the two big Monstrum. Then she gave herself a mental shake. She hadn’t

even known them a full day and night cycle yet! Nobody was losing anybody—she barely *knew* them.

Only that didn't quite feel true, did it? After the way the two of them had "shared" her the night before, she definitely felt like she knew the two big Monstrum. And she wished she could keep them in her life.

But just having them with her at the Leadership Meeting tonight would be good enough, she told herself. Then a new thought occurred to her.

"Er, I really appreciate your offer," she said, looking back and forth between the two of them. "But, well, you heard what Mistress Hottalot said—you'll both have to, uh, kiss my panties when I'm introduced. Is that going to be a problem?"

Lynx's golden eyes went half-lidded at once.

"Not a problem for me, my Lady," he purred. "I'll gladly drop to my knees to kiss your sweet pussy."

"*Panties*—just my panties. I *will* be wearing undergarments, no matter what kind of ridiculous Mistress outfit I have to put on," Miri corrected him hastily, though she couldn't help feeling her stomach flutter at the way he was looking at her. She turned her attention to the Lykan Shifter. "Saxon? I know how you feel about, uh, what we did together last night..." She could feel her cheeks getting hot as she talked, but she forced herself to go on. "Will it be a problem for you? Kissing my panties, I mean?"

The dark Monstrum shook his head.

"Not a problem for me," he rumbled. "As long as we don't do anything else."

"Nothing else—not a thing," Miri promised quickly. She put her hand to her heart. "Oh, you two—I'm so grateful! It's going to be so nice to walk into an Opulex function and not feel like the poor country cousin for once!"

"We're very happy to serve in any way we can, my Lady," Lynx said courteously.

“Of course—we couldn’t leave you in need,” Saxon growled. He looked at Lynx. “Now let’s get ready to go—if we’re leaving this place the two of us are going to have to be on high alert to get our Mistress out of here safely.”

Lynx shot his Bond-Brother a look—Miri saw it.

“Yes,” he murmured. “We’ll have to be certain *our* Mistress is safe.”

Miri wasn’t sure what to think of that but she decided to worry about it later. For now, she was just glad to be getting out of the stronghold/panic room for the first time in over a month!

EIGHTEEN

MIRABELLA

“Keep between us, little one,” Saxon growled, giving Miri a stern look. “And whatever you do, don’t stray. I’m taking the lead and Lynx will be right behind you, protecting your back.”

Miri felt like her heart was in her throat. She was excited to be leaving, but it was hard to step outside, knowing there were roving bands of Cast-offs everywhere. And it was surprisingly hard to leave Beelie.

She knew the large golden automaton didn’t really have feelings, but he had kept her safe and protected her—having him near had saved her life. She actually had tears in her eyes when she bid him goodbye.

“You stay and guard this place,” she’d told him, patting his round, golden body. “I’ll bring you back to the main tower when I can, all right?”

“Beelie will guard,” the robot assured her in his hollow voice. “Beelie will be sure all is safe if Mistress Mirabella wishes to return.”

“Thank you, Beelie.” Impulsively, Miri had flung her arms as far as she could around him. She knew it was foolish to care so much about a robot, but Beelie had been her savior and her only companion for a long time—it was hard letting him go.

Now she was ready to leave though, so she nodded at Saxon, who was still partially-Shifted. She thought it was interesting that in this form both he and Lynx seemed to have fur everywhere but their faces. It made them both seem like

big, muscular teddy bears. They seemed to prefer to be partially in their animal forms and she rather liked the way they looked—and the way it felt when they brushed against her with their velvety fur.

“All right, my Lady—we’ll be moving fast,” Lynx murmured in her ear. “Just stay between us like Saxon told you. Hopefully we won’t have any trouble.”

Miri nodded again and the three of them stepped out of the door.

The alley was quiet...and littered with the corpses of the Cast-offs Saxon and Lynx had killed in their quest to get to her. Miri shivered as she stepped over a body with its head blown off.

“Don’t look, my Lady,” Lynx murmured from behind her. “Battle is an ugly thing, but necessary. All these males stood between you and us—we had to kill them to get to you.”

“I know. And I’ve seen worse,” Miri said, thinking of the horrible way the killer who had been stalking her had mutilated his victims. “It’s just...I don’t think I could ever get used to it.”

“We wouldn’t want you to have to—that’s our job,” Saxon growled from ahead of her. The Lykan Shifter had reached the mouth of the alley and was scanning in both directions. “Coast is clear,” he said to Lynx. “Let’s head out.”

They took a sharp left and hurried quickly down the dirty street lined with abandoned buildings and littered with trash. The reek of garbage left to rot made Miri’s nose wrinkle but at least they didn’t run into any Cast-offs.

“There it is—our ship!” Lynx said in her ear, pointing to an intersection up ahead.

Miri looked and saw a sleek golden spaceship gleaming in the weak sunlight.

“Oh—how did you dare to leave it out in the open like that?” she asked. “Weren’t you afraid the Cast-offs would strip it for parts?”

“Not with our security system,” Saxon said with grim satisfaction. “It’ll shock the fuck out of anyone who tries to even touch it—let alone strip it.”

But just before they were about to reach the golden ship, a group of males stepped out from an alley ahead of them, blocking their way.

Miri stopped short, her breath catching in her throat. The four males standing there were huge—even bigger than her two Monstrum. They had grotesquely bulging muscles with huge, purple veins popping out all over their skin. All four were wearing metal armor over their barrel chests and impossibly thick thighs and all of them had weapons in their hands.

“What the fuck?” Saxon growled, stopping short. Lynx came at once to stand beside his Bond-Brother, both of them shielding Miri with their big bodies.

“Who are you and what do you want?” Lynx had his own blaster out and pointed at the weirdly muscular soldiers. Their thighs were so swollen they must rub together with every step and their shoulders were so built up they hardly had any necks at all, Miri thought, staring out from between Lynx and Saxon. Also, their biceps were bigger than their heads which looked really odd.

“Now, now—there’s no need to be defensive.” One of the monstrous males lumbered forward, holding up his thick-fingered hands in a gesture of peace. “I am Furx, Captain of the Special Guard of Mistress Bloodmuch. I was sent by my Mistress to escort Mistress Mirabella to the Leadership Meeting tonight.”

“The hell you will!” Saxon suddenly Shifted, his human face elongating into a wolf’s muzzle as his ears became pointed and moved to the top of his head. His fur became thicker—turning into a shaggy black pelt tipped with silver and his lips pulled back in a snarl to show long, sharp fangs.

At the same time, Lynx was Shifting too, Miri saw. His own visage became that of a big cat—in fact, she thought he looked like his name—a lynx from Earth with tufted ears,

wide golden eyes, and long, sensitive whiskers. He too bared his fangs in warning.

“You will not take our Lady from us—you’ll die if you try!” he snarled.

“Whoa...hey...” The leader of the men sent to take Miri took a step back, his muddy brown eyes growing wide. “I had no idea Mistress Mirabella was being guarded by Beast-men!”

Miri pushed between her two Monstrum, her chin raised.

“I *am* being guarded by my two new Monstrum bodyslaves who are going to escort me to the Leadership Meeting tonight,” she said in a loud voice. Raising her chin imperiously, she did her best to imitate the unbearably stuck-up Yonnite Mistresses she’d been dealing with ever since she’d come to Opulex to take her Aunt’s place. “So please inform Mistress Bloodmuch that I have all the help I need. The four of you...” She waved a hand at them. “Are dismissed.”

The look in the leader’s face darkened.

“My Mistress isn’t accustomed to her orders being ignored. I was supposed to bring you to her so that she could help get you ready for the meeting tonight.”

Miri felt a cold fist clench in her stomach. Was it going to come down to a fight? *Not if I can help it!* she told herself grimly.

“How *dare* you contradict and threaten me!” she exclaimed, glaring at the huge leader. “And what right does Mistress Bloodmuch have to tell me where to go and who to go with? Have you forgotten that I am the Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven? If I wish, I can strip your Mistress of all her titles and land and have her cast out of Opulex! Is *that* what you want?”

“What? Oh, no...no, of course not!” Captain Furx exclaimed, his eyes going wide. “I never thought—”

“No, you didn’t think!” Miri snapped. “If you had, you would never have accosted me in this insulting and threatening manner. Go back to your Mistress at once and leave me and

my bodyslaves alone. If you bother me again, your Mistress will forfeit her title and all her possessions. Now go!”

The four men looked at each other uneasily and then began backing away, as though Miri was holding a bomb in her hand. As one, they all turned and began to lumber down the street, their huge bodies, swollen with muscle, moving in an ungainly way.

“*Well...*” Lynx turned to Miri. He was still half-Shifted but she could see the respect in his golden eyes even though he now had the face of an animal.

“Way to go, little Mistress—that took real courage,” Saxon growled. He didn’t seem to have any trouble speaking, despite the fact that he, too, still had the head of an animal—a large black wolf. “You really put those fuckers in their place,” he said.

“Who is Mistress Bloodmuch anyway?” Lynx asked, frowning—an odd expression on the face of a big cat.

“I don’t actually know her personally because I’ve done my best to stay away from her,” Miri said. “She’s this horrible woman who made a lot of her wealth by strip-mining some of Yonnie Six’s most beautiful natural habitats for Dream Gas.” She shivered. “She cares more about her personal wealth than anything else—I can’t *stand* her.”

“Well, it seems like she thought if she could get you under her thumb, she might be able to get some of your power,” Lynx said.

“Yeah. I doubt she wanted to bring you to her place just to help you pick the right fucking dress for the meeting tonight,” Saxon growled.

“You’re probably right.” Miri made a face. “But if she thinks she’s going to get onto the Sacred Seven, she’s dead wrong. I can’t think of anyone I’d rather work with *less*.”

“Well, let’s get you to your own place so you can find the right outfit to tell her to fuck off,” Saxon suggested.

Miri couldn’t help smiling. She liked the blunt way the Lykan Shifter put things.

“Yes, let’s get out of here,” she said. “I’ve had enough of this part of Opulex to last me a lifetime!”

“Come on then, my Lady.” Lynx made a courteous gesture towards the golden ship, which still sat waiting patiently for them. “Let’s go.”

Miri was happy to agree. Though she had to admit, she wasn’t looking forward to seeing Mistress Bloodmuch tonight at the Leadership Meeting.

NINETEEN

MIRABELLA

“No...no...no...” Miri combed through the rows and rows of dresses in her aunt’s enormous wardrobe area, shaking her head at each one.

Aunt Razmataz had been both taller and thinner than her, but she’d been hoping to find *something* that might work, now that she had lost a little weight. But all the clothes were hopelessly out of date and since Yonnite Fashions changed so often and so drastically, she knew she wouldn’t look right in any of the dresses hanging in the huge walk-in closet, which took up three whole rooms.

“What’s wrong, my Lady?” Lynx asked patiently, as he paced beside her, watching her search for the perfect outfit. He and Saxon had both shifted back to their more human-like visages, which meant that all their fur was gone and only the hair on their heads remained.

Miri wondered where the fur went when they Shifted back to human form? Did it all suck into their epidermis, waiting to sprout out again once they decided to Shift? Also, how did their faces morph so easily and quickly from human to animal? Was it scientific...or magical?

Not that she believed in magic—or religion. As a scientist she only believed the evidence of her own eyes. But it would be fascinating to find out the physical and physiological mechanisms behind the way they Shifted...though of course all that would have to wait until she could find the right dress to wear to this stupid meeting tonight.

“Do you not like any of the finery in the closet?” Lynx asked, since she hadn’t answered him before. “It all looks lovely to me.”

“Yes, but it’s out of date,” Miri explained. “I was hoping that Aunt Raz would have something more recent, but it looks like she gave up on buying herself new clothes some time ago.” She sighed sadly. “If I go to the Leadership Meeting in one of these, I’ll get laughed out of the building—even *with* you two as my bodyslaves.”

“Should we go shopping then?” Lynx suggested helpfully.

“I guess so...but I really hate to.” Miri made a face. “We’ll have to get the hovercoach out and fly to the Fashion District and then I’ll have to meet with the designers and pretend that I love the outlandish outfits they design and beg them to ‘dress’ me and...” She ran her hands through her curls. “And it’s just a whole big thing. Most Mistresses love it but I can’t stand all the groveling and flattery you have to go through just to get a single designer outfit that the other Mistresses won’t laugh at!”

“It sounds like a fucking shit-show,” Saxon growled. He was lounging on the pink, padded chaise in the center of the wardrobe area, eyeing Miri lazily as she paced up and down the racks of colorful clothing.

“Yes, but I guess I’ll have to go through it if I’m going to have anything decent to wear tonight,” Miri said mournfully.

“Couldn’t you get some of the designers to come here?” Lynx asked. “I mean, you *are* the Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven. Surely it would be an honor for one of them to ‘dress’ you.”

“You’d *think* so, wouldn’t you?” Miri paced the length of the wardrobe, frowning at all the out-of-style fashions. “But that probably wouldn’t work—I have a reputation for being *unfashionable*. I doubt any of the designers would want me to be seen in their gowns. They wouldn’t—”

Just then the door-gong sounded, making all three of them jump.

“Fucking Hell!” Saxon snarled, sitting up with a thump of his heavy black boots on the pink carpeted floor. “If it’s those goons from that Mistress Bloodmuch again I’m gonna rip their fucking heads off and piss down their necks!”

“Go see who it is, would you, Lynx?” Miri asked the Felinus Shifter.

Aunt Raz had let all her servants go, meaning that the three of them were all alone in the huge penthouse suite at the top of the tower Miri had inherited. She had a feeling that Lynx would be more diplomatic when it came to answering the door than his Bond-Brother.

“With pleasure, my Lady,” Lynx purred. Shooting Saxon a reproving look, he left the wardrobe area and headed for the front entrance.

Miri expected him to politely get rid of whoever it was, so she was surprised when he came back a few minutes later with several people in tow—one of them being Mistress Hottalot. As usual, the flamboyant Mistress was wearing all pink in varying shades—even her eyelashes and eyebrows were bright pink.

“Miri, *darling*—here you are! It’s so good to see you back where you belong!” she exclaimed, coming to take Miri by the shoulders and air-kiss her on each cheek.

“I don’t know if I’d say I *belong* here, but here I am,” Miri said, trying to sound cheerful.

“And still wearing that *awful* old dress from three seasons ago, I see!” Mistress Hottalot shook her head reprovingly as she looked at the bedraggled green and silver lace gown.

“I just got here less than a solar hour ago,” Miri protested. “I’ve been looking in Aunt Raz’s closet for something to wear tonight, but, well...” She gestured to the racks and racks of outdated clothing.

“My goodness, you can’t expect to find something in here!” Mistress Hottalot’s eyes widened in horror. “You know I loved your Aunt—she was my dearest friend. But she was

never what one could call a *fashionista* if you know what I mean.”

“But then what am I supposed to do?” Miri threw up her hands. “Go down to the Fashion District and beg one of the designers to dress me?” Which was exactly what she’d decided she would have to do—although she *really* didn’t want to.

But Mistress Hottalot surprised her.

“No need, my dear!” she said brightly. “For *I* have brought one of the brightest stars in the District to *you*. Meet Lord Fancipants and his brother, Mr. Jobus.”

The person who had been hidden behind Mistress Hottalot’s broad pink gown stepped forward and nodded at Miri—with *both* his heads.

Actually, there were two torsos as well, Miri saw, which each had its own set of arms. But they both connected to the same thick waist and monstrous, tree-trunk-like set of legs.

The two beings were identical with wide purple eyes, gray skin, and black hair but that was the end of their similarity.

The person on the left was dressed in a tightly fitted, bottle green waistcoat with a ruffled, snow-white cravat at his neck. His hair was worn in a long black ponytail and he also had on a beret-like cap tilted rakishly over one purple eye.

The person on the right was wearing a much less eye-catching outfit. His outer jacket was a plain navy blue with understated silver buttons and his black hair was cut in a short, no-nonsense style.

The trousers they were wearing on their thick legs mirrored their upper torsos, Miri saw. The right leg was navy blue and the left was bottle green. All in all, it was a bizarre look, but she did her best not to stare.

“Lord Fancipants is a famous designer,” Mistress Hottalot explained, nodding at the person on the left. “And of course, his brother, Mr. Jobus, is an award-winning architect.”

“Speaking of which, I have an appointment with a client this afternoon. I hope this nonsense isn’t going to make me late,” the person on the right said dryly.

“Hush, Jobus!” the one on the left exclaimed. “How often must I remind you of our agreement? I do not speak during meetings with *your* clients and *you* do not speak during meetings with *mine!*”

“Oh, very well, Torbux!” Jobus grumbled, crossing his arms over his narrow chest. “Only hurry, won’t you? How long can it possibly take to find *one* female a single dress to wear?”

“It will take as long as it takes,” his brother snapped. “And how many times must I tell you—I am Lord Fancipants—*not* Torbux.”

“Our mother named you Torbux and that’s what I’m calling you,” Jobus said firmly. “Now hadn’t you better attend to your client so we can get to mine in time?”

“They’re a Doubler, from Reej’ler Two,” Mistress Hottalot whispered to Miri while the two brothers fought with each other. “They don’t always get along but Lord Fancipants is a *visionary* when it comes to fashion, so it’s worth it. Why—he designed my all-pink look, did you know?”

She twirled in her pink gown, which fanned stiffly out at the sides, ensuring that she would have to turn sideways to get through any doorway, Miri thought.

“Oh, no, I didn’t know that,” she said, trying to smile. She just hoped that Lord Fancipants wouldn’t decide to make *her* wear all pink—she despised the color.

“Let me see now,” Lord Fancipants and his brother took a lumbering step forward, towards Miri—which made her wonder who controlled the legs. He was looking her up and down with his sharp, purple eyes while his brother appeared to be completely distracted with something on his personal communications device.

“Chin up!” Lord Fancipants barked. “Let me see your eyes, girl!”

Miri straightened her spine reflexively and lifted her chin. She felt like she was undergoing an inspection which she was failing miserably.

“Yes...yes, I see. Hmm...yes.” The left half of the Doubler nodded. “Green is your color, I think. All right—off with your clothing,” he added, making a motion with one hand.

“Er...what?” Miri asked, clutching nervously at the silver and green lace gown she’d been wearing for so long.

“I said off! We’re about to try on some new things. Lady Hottalot, *where* is that worthless assistant of yours? I *need* my clothing rack!”

“Here I am!” A short, rather rotund little man dressed as a bodyslave in tight black trousers with a pain collar around his neck came rushing into the room. He was pushing a floating clothing rack which seemed to have an alarming number of garments swaying from its silver bar.

“Oh, *there* you are, Little Choo!” Mistress Hottalot exclaimed. “Good—we were just about to strip Miri naked so we can get her to try on some new things.”

“Not in front of all these strange males you’re fucking not!” Saxon growled. He had been lounging on the pink chaise in the middle of the wardrobe area but now he was suddenly at Miri’s side, looking extremely threatening.

“My Bond-Brother is right—our Lady will not be getting undressed in front of strangers,” Lynx purred smoothly, coming to stand at her other side.

“Goodness but these new bodyslaves of yours are protective!” Mistress Hottalot exclaimed, looking at Miri. “Maybe a bit *too* protective.”

“I can’t work like this!” Lord Fancipants threw up his arms. “How am I going to fit the clothing to the person I’m dressing if I can’t *see* her?”

“Besides, neither Torbux or I would have any interest in your Mistress,” Jobus said, speaking up unexpectedly. “We can only mate with another Doubler. We have no interest in

freaks who have only *one* torso and head.” He made a face and went back to his communications device.

“And *I* would far rather watch your bodyslaves undress than you,” Little Choo piped up, giving Saxon a lascivious grin which was met with a flat stare.

“So hurry up and get undressed, Miri—we don’t have all day!” Mistress Hottalot exclaimed.

“Oh, well...” Miri said uncertainly. She’d always been nervous and insecure about her body, but she supposed there was nothing to do but strip. After all, only Saxon and Lynx had any interest in her and they had both seen her naked the night before. True, it had been mostly dark, which had made her feel much more comfortable, but there didn’t seem to be any point in being modest.

Slowly, she began removing the bedraggled green and silver dress. She hadn’t liked it when she’d first put it on over a month ago and she didn’t like it now, but at least it had offered some coverage. It felt odd to stand in the middle of the wardrobe area surrounded by so many people in nothing but her underpants. Shivering, she crossed her arms tightly over her bare breasts. She could feel Saxon and Lynx watching her with barely veiled lust, which made her feel hot and cold at the same time.

“Take off the underpants too,” Lord Fancipants demanded.

But here, Miri balked.

“Not until you give me something else to wear instead,” she said firmly. “I’m not going to stand here stark naked indefinitely—I want something to put on!”

“Oh, very well.” Lord Fancipants made a motion to Mistress Hottalot’s assistant, Lil’ Choo. “Give me the moss green gown with the bronze appliqués. At once, please! Oh, but first—the undergarments.”

Oh good—she was going to get some undergarments! Miri felt a deep relief which ended abruptly when she saw what the little assistant had handed her.

“What am I supposed to do with these?” she asked, waving the two pieces of clothing with her free hand—the one that wasn’t covering her breasts. They were made of some thin, stretchy material and didn’t seem to have any color at all. She was sure if she put them on, they would blend right in with her light brown skin tones making it look like she was still naked.

“Must I explain everything?” Lord Fancipants exclaimed. “Those are the under-girdles—they give you support and make the dress-windows work properly.”

“Dress windows?” Miri didn’t like the sound of that. “As in...windows in my dress?”

“Just put them on, girl.” Jobus gave a longsuffering sigh. “He won’t be satisfied until you do.”

“But...I’m not sure how.” Miri looked at the flimsy see-through garments in her hand.

“It’s perfectly easy—look, I’ll show you. These are the underpants...” Lady Hottalot snatched one of the garments and started to help her put it on. But Lynx plucked it smoothly out of her hands before she could do a thing.

“Respectfully, Mistress Hottalot,” he purred. “No one touches our Lady but Saxon and me.”

“Oh, well...all right.” Mistress Hottalot nodded. “Go on, then. Help her into them.”

Lynx knelt at Miri’s feet and she couldn’t help thinking how graceful he was for such a big male. First he slipped his long fingers into the sides of her underpants and looked up at her, raising his eyebrows.

“May I, my Lady?”

“Oh, uh, I guess so,” Miri murmured, her heart pounding. She bit her lip as he slid her underpants down so that she could step out of them, baring her pussy and the tiny strip of black curls on her mound.

“So beautiful,” Lynx murmured, eyeing her appreciatively. He held open the tiny garment and looked up at her. “If you would care to step into these, my Lady?”

“Oh, yes—thank you, Lynx.” Miri felt a little breathless—there was something in his golden eyes that made her unable to look away. She stepped into the leg holes with one arm still over her breasts, though she used the other to brace herself on the big Monstrum’s broad shoulder.

Lynx drew the stretchy garment up her legs slowly, as though he was savoring the brush of his skin against hers. Miri had the sudden wish that he was partially-Shifted again, so she could feel his dense, velvety, golden fur against her bare flesh. She couldn’t help remembering how good it had felt rubbing against her throbbing clit the night before.

Finally, he got the garment in the right place—at least Miri assumed it was right. It was scarcely bigger than a pair of bikini bottoms and—as she had assumed—the fabric was so transparent that it simply blended in with her skin, making her look like she was still naked.

In addition, there was a vertical slit running down the front of it which corresponded exactly with the slit of her pussy. Miri was afraid it would gape open, but actually, the sides of the slit seemed to have adhered to her outer pussy lips, so at least it wasn’t in danger of pulling open and exposing her.

Honestly, she didn’t see the point of the garment at all—it didn’t appear to do anything in the way of support and it certainly didn’t give her any coverage. But Lynx seemed to like it.

Even after he got the “invisible panties” as Miri was beginning to think of them in place, he remained kneeling at her feet.

“Thank you, Lynx,” she murmured, reaching out to cup his strong jaw in one hand. “But...you can get up now.”

“But I love kneeling at the feet of my Mistress,” the big Monstrum purred. His golden eyes were half-lidded with lust as he stared up at her. “May I have the honor of kissing your panties now that you have them on?”

“Oh...I...” Miri’s heart started hammering against her chest and she found that once again she couldn’t look away

from that golden gaze.

“Those *aren't* the main set of panties!” Lord Fancipants exclaimed, breaking the charged moment. “Though I assure you, bodyslave, that you and your *friend* there will have ample opportunity to kiss your Mistress’s panties once she actually has the entire get-up on. In fact, I think it’s wise that you both practice, considering the new fashion.”

“What new fashion?” Miri asked apprehensively.

But the famous designer was already gesturing angrily at her again.

“You’ll see—you’ll see!” he snapped. “But can’t we hurry this up? You need to put on the top foundation garment as well, you know.”

“Let me help you with that,” Saxon growled, surprising her.

“Oh, do...do you want to?” Miri looked up at the dark warrior uncertainly.

“Sure,” he said gruffly. “If Lynx gets to do the bottom, I get to do the top. Right, Brother?”

“Of course.” Lynx rose smoothly to his feet and stepped out of the way as Saxon took the second garment from Miri’s unresisting hand.

“Okay—looks like it goes like this,” he said, after looking at it for a moment. “Hands up, little one.”

Miri could feel herself blushing as she raised her arms over her head, baring her full, heavy breasts for the Lykan Shifter completely. She couldn’t help remembering him saying how much he liked her breasts the night before and how he found them extremely “suckable.”

From the look in his pale blue eyes, he still felt the same way.

“Such gorgeous, full tits,” he growled softly, as he pulled the stretchy garment down over Miri’s head and shoulders. Like the panties, it blended in with her skin tones but unlike them, it *did* seem to offer some support. She could feel it

lifting and cradling the bottoms of her heavy breasts, but this only had the effect of making her nipples more prominent. In fact, there were holes cut in the stretchy fabric which seemed to be put there for her tight peaks to poke out of.

Saxon noticed the holes at the same time she did.

“Hmm, let’s get you arranged right, little Mistress,” he growled. “Now I think it’s supposed to be like this...”

Gently but firmly, he tugged at her sensitive tips, making certain that her nipples and areolas were poking well out of the holes in the upper garment.

“There,” he murmured, looking down at her, holding her eyes with his own as he cupped her breasts and thumbed her exposed nipples gently. “Does that feel right to you, little one?”

“Oh!” Miri gasped softly as he teased her. “I...I think so,” she whispered, looking up at the Lykan Shifter.

“Such gorgeous tits,” he murmured again. “Nipples as dark and ripe as *loja* berries. Gods, I’d love to suck them!”

“I...I don’t think that would be appropriate,” Miri said, trying to use her best “stern Mistress” voice. Not that it had any effect on the big Monstrum.

“*Fuck* appropriate,” Saxon growled softly.

He was standing so close she could smell his bonfire and fur scent and his big body was blocking out everyone else, making Miri feel like they were the only two people in the room.

“You’re really sensitive here, aren’t you, little Mistress?” he murmured, holding her eyes with his own. “Tell me—are you one of those females who can come just from having their nipples sucked and tugged?” As he spoke, he tugged lightly on her exposed tips, making Miri bite back a moan.

She wasn’t sure what to say—it was true that her nipples *were* very sensitive but she’d never come just from having them played with before.

Maybe because you've never been with the right male, before, whispered a hot little voice in her head. Somehow she knew that Saxon would know just how to touch her to give her that kind of orgasm. He seemed to be what some of her girlfriends back home called a “breast man”—someone extremely attracted to large, heavy breasts like hers. And the way he cradled them in his big, warm hands and touched her nipples just the way she liked, told her he knew what he was doing.

“I...I don't know,” she whispered, looking up at him. “I...I never have before. Come just from...from letting someone, uh, do what you're doing,” she added, feeling her cheeks get warm.

“Tell me this, then,” Saxon murmured. “Is this making you hot? Is your soft little pussy getting wet and swollen for me while I play with your tits?”

Miri felt like her knees were going to buckle! His soft, intimate, growling tone and the way he was looking into her eyes while he asked such outrageous questions was doing things to her insides that ought to be illegal!

“I...I don't know,” she half-moaned again.

“Well *I* know.” Saxon gave her a lazy smirk. “Because I can smell your heat, little Mistress. You *are* getting hot and wet for me—I can tell.”

Miri had no idea what to say or do—her whole body felt like it was on fire with need. She had completely forgotten there was anyone else in the whole room. But as before, Lord Fancipants reminded her.

“Enough of this!” he snapped. “Now that she has the foundation garments on, it's time for the panties and the dress. Hurry—get them on her!”

Lynx got the panties—a triangle of creamy white lace which he slid up her thighs and positioned carefully over her pussy mound, making Miri bite her lip as he smoothed the fabric over her sensitive outer lips. At least there was no slit in these panties, she thought. Not one that she could see, anyway.

Then she was made to lift her arms again and a delicate moss green gown that seemed to be made out of spider webs slid over her body. It was a cool, silky, feather-light material that rubbed with delicious friction against her already stimulated nipples. But again, it didn't seem to have any openings to show her tight peaks—though they poked through the extremely thin fabric clearly.

“Now, then—at last! Everyone stand back and let me look,” Lord Fancipants demanded.

The crowd around Miri stepped back and she was left to turn slowly in front of the designer in the sleek, moss-green sheathe dress which hugged her curves lovingly. It was cut low in the chest and high in the skirt, the better to show her breasts and panties, but it didn't actually expose her most intimate parts, which made her feel almost modest by Yonnie Six standards.

To accent the moss green fabric, there was a bronze belt at her waist and bronze epaulets of curling leaves and vines at her shoulders. It was actually, quite beautiful, Miri thought.

“Now then, now then...” Lord Fancipants nodded, looking at her approvingly. “Yes—I was going to try some other dresses on her, but this one works so well, I don't think I'll bother. It brings out her green eyes *perfectly*. The only thing left is to activate the Smart-fabric.”

“Smart-fabric?” Miri asked, frowning.

“Oh yes, my dear—it's the latest trend from the Fashion District,” Mistress Hottalot cooed. “Invented by Lord Fancipants, of course.”

“Well...how do you activate it and what does it do when it's activated?” Miri asked, still feeling confused. She thought the dress looked just fine the way it was—why bother to do anything else to it?

“That it where your bodyslaves come in,” Lord Fancipants informed her. “They must kiss both your breasts and your panties to activate the fabric. And the wetter the kisses, the

more active, so don't be afraid to use your tongues, gentlemen," he informed Lynx and Saxon.

"Oh, we won't," Lynx purred.

"Do you want us to do it now?" Saxon asked, his pale blue eyes fixed on Miri's breasts.

"Yes, now is fine. In fact, please hurry up about it—my brother needs to get to his own appointment. Though architecture is *deadly* dull." Lord Fancipants sighed mournfully.

"You wouldn't find it dull if you'd at least *try* to understand it," Jobus countered.

"How can I understand something so boring it puts me to sleep immediately?" Fancipants demanded.

Miri could see that in a moment the two halves of the Doubler would be fighting, but she had other things to worry about...such as two muscular Monstrum who were more than eager to "activate" the Smart-fabric of her dress with their mouths.

"I...I supposed we should get started," she said breathlessly, though she was trying to retain her composure.

"As our Lady wishes," Lynx purred. "Should we start at the top?"

"I fucking hope so," Saxon growled. "Been wanting to suck her ripe tits from the minute we first laid eyes on her."

"Saxon—manners!" his Bond-Brother said—but it was clear he felt the same way the Lykan Shifter did. At least, if the way his golden eyes were hovering over her breasts were any indication. "Should we take turns...or pleasure our Lady together?" he added, giving the other Monstrum a side-long look.

"Together," Saxon growled. He seemed to have forgotten his reticence to touch or kiss Miri—or maybe he thought it was all right because he and Lynx were playing a part and they had to act like actual bodyslaves.

“Bring her to the chaise,” Lynx directed. “That way we can kneel before her and each take a breast—it will be much easier than bending down to reach her.”

“Good idea,” Saxon agreed. “Come on, little one,” he told Miri. “Let’s get you in the right position to get your nipples sucked.”

“Saxon!” she exclaimed breathlessly but she didn’t try to stop them when they led her to the padded pink chaise in the center of the wardrobe area.

They seated her on the edge of the chaise and both of them knelt in front of her. They were so big that the two Monstrum were still a little taller in this position, but Lynx was right—they wouldn’t have to bend nearly as far to get to her.

“Slowly now, my lady,” Lynx murmured, leaning in to cup her right breast. “And gently—at first, anyway,” he added pointedly to Saxon, who was cupping Miri’s left breast. He raised an eyebrow. “By the way—are you sure you won’t feel guilty after this?”

Saxon shook his head.

“There’s fabric between her nipple and my mouth—how can it be wrong when there’s a barrier between us?”

Miri wanted to point out that there had been no barrier earlier, when the big Monstrum had been cupping her breasts and teasing her naked nipples, but just then the two of them leaned forward and sucked her aching peaks into their hot mouths.

Miri could barely hold back the moan of pleasure that rose in her throat. Gods, it felt *incredible*—both hot mouths sucking and tugging at her sensitive nipples! She thought of how Saxon had asked if she could come just from having her breasts sucked and played with. It seemed like she was going to find out the answer to that pretty quickly if they kept this up.

But just as she was getting really hot and bothered, Lord Fancipants spoke up.

“All right, enough! That ought to activate the Smart-fabric. Draw off and let’s see if it worked.”

Both of the big Monstrum pulled back, letting Miri’s aching peaks slip from their hot mouths. She expected to see two wet spots on the moss green fabric when she looked down. Instead, what she saw made her gasp in alarm.

The dress appeared to have melted completely away! Her bare nipples were poking out in an obscene display that made Miri blush.

Saxon and Lynx frowned.

“What happened? Did the dress fucking melt?” Saxon asked, echoing her thoughts.

“No—certainly not.” Lord Fancipants shook his head. “It’s simply completely transparent. That’s the Smart-fabric at work. It protects the most sensitive areas while displaying them at the same time.”

“But...are the panties made of Smart-fabric too?” Miri asked apprehensively.

“They most certainly are.” Lord Fancipants nodded firmly. “You’ll see when your bodyslaves kiss them when you’re announced at the Meeting tonight. But for now, I really must go.”

“Oh, thank you so much for coming, Lord Fancipants. And thank you as well, Mr. Jobus,” Mistress Hottalot said quickly.

But the Doubler barely answered. It? He? They? was already lumbering out of the room with Mistress Hottalot’s assistant, Lil’ Choo, hurrying behind with the dressing rack.

“Well, I’d better go too—we came in my hovercoach and I know Lord Fancipants gets impatient,” Mistress Hottalot told Miri. “So good to see you again! Be certain you’re at the Leadership Meeting tonight at eight sharp! Ta-ta!”

And with a final wave of her pink-gloved hand, she disappeared out the front entryway.

TWENTY

LYNX

“Well,” Lynx murmured as he shut the vast double doors of the front entryway behind Mistress Hottalot. “I guess we’ve got a little time before the meeting tonight. What should we do?”

He knew what he *wanted* to do—he wanted to suck Mirabella’s ripe nipples some more and maybe kiss her panties as well. When he’d been licking her tight peak, he hadn’t felt any fabric at all between them—it was like sucking her bare nipple. Whatever the Smart-fabric was, it was whisper-thin.

However, he wasn’t sure how either Mirabella or Saxon would feel about that.

He had been able to sense the little female’s excitement and smell her heat earlier—especially when Saxon, who had always loved big breasts, had been tugging and teasing her nipples. But how much farther would she be willing to go with the two of them?

As for Saxon, Lynx wasn’t sensing much guilt for what they’d done earlier—maybe because there was technically a fabric barrier between his mouth and Mirabella’s tender peak. Or maybe because they were playing the part of her bodyslaves and so they *had* to pleasure her—it was part of the act. For whatever reason, it was good to see Saxon enjoying himself without the dark cloud of guilt hanging over his head.

Lynx wanted to bring his Bond-Brother and Mirabella even closer—if he could, maybe something would come of it and a relationship of a more permanent kind might form

between the three of them. That idea felt right to Lynx—*incredibly* right. Maybe Mirabella was the female they'd been waiting for—a second chance at happiness. But he didn't want his Bond-Brother to regret his actions later so he needed to tread carefully.

“So...should we practice acting like your bodyslaves, do you think?” he asked Mirabella, raising his eyebrows innocently. “That way we can be sure to get things right tonight.”

“Oh, well...” She bit her lush lower lip, which made Lynx wish he could kiss her. “Do you mean...you want to, uh, practice kissing my panties? Because I don't know if that's a good idea or not.”

“Why not?” Saxon growled. “Lynx and I have never performed at a high society Yonnite function before—we wouldn't want to embarrass you.”

“Yes, but speaking of embarrassing, this fabric goes completely transparent when it's wet,” Mirabella protested. “Maybe...maybe you two should wait to kiss my panties until we get to the meeting. I don't want to walk in with what looks like big holes in my clothes showing all my most, er, sensitive parts! That would let the other Mistresses know what we'd been doing!”

“Like they don't do the same fucking things with their own bodyslaves,” Saxon growled. “They probably have them between their thighs constantly, giving them pleasure with their tongues. Lucky bastards,” he added.

“Well, I don't know about *that*,” Mirabella began but Lynx interrupted her.

“Look!” he said, pointing to her nipples. “The Smart-fabric—it's coming back!”

“Must be drying,” Saxon speculated.

“Which means it should be safe to, er, practice a little before the meeting,” Lynx pointed out. He looked at Mirabella. “What do you say, my Lady?”

“Yeah...what about it?” Saxon raised an eyebrow and they both looked at their new “Mistress” to see what she would say.

TWENTY-ONE

MIRABELLA

They were both staring at her expectantly and Miri had no idea what to say. On one hand, she knew it wasn't strictly proper to let the two big Monstrum take turns between her legs, kissing her panties. Especially since there was apt to be more than just panty kissing involved.

But on the other hand, she *really* wanted to let them. Her whole body was throbbing with anticipation and desire. The way they had sucked her nipples at the same time had made her feel so hot and wet between her legs she couldn't help pressing her thighs together to try and ease the ache she felt there.

"I...I guess it would be all right to practice just a little," she said hesitantly. "Er, which of you, uh, wants to go first?"

"I will," Saxon growled. He looked at Lynx. "Unless you want to?"

"No, no—please. I want a chance to kiss our Lady's panties too, but I can wait my turn," Lynx said courteously.

"Good—because I can't fucking wait to taste her sweet pussy," Saxon's voice had dropped to a deep, lustful rumble.

"You're only supposed to be kissing my panties!" Miri reminded him quickly. But the Lykan Shifter was already kneeling between her legs and parting her thighs wide.

"Mmm..." he growled, as he nuzzled one rough cheek against the thin material of the black lace panties. "I can smell how hot you are, little one."

“I...uh...can’t help it,” Miri protested weakly. “I mean, the way you two were sucking my nipples...”

“There’s no need to feel ashamed, my Lady,” Lynx purred softly. He was on one side of her on the padded chaise and he reached out to cup one of her breasts and thumb the nipple—which was still visible, though the partially transparent fabric. “Stimulation brings pleasure, right?” he murmured.

“I...I guess so...” Miri panted. Between her legs, Saxon had stopped nuzzling and started kissing—deep, open-mouthed kisses up and down her tender pussy slit.

She could feel herself getting wetter and wetter and hotter and hotter...and then a strange new sensation came from between her legs.

“Oh!” she exclaimed, jumping as though she’d been stung.

“What is it, little one?” Saxon looked up, his pale blue eyes half-lidded with lust. “I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

“No, I just felt...it felt like...”

“Felt like what, my Lady?” Lynx asked.

Miri shook her head. “Never mind.”

She was too embarrassed to tell them the truth—that it felt almost like a pair of invisible fingers was parting her outer pussy lips to expose the tender bud of her clit.

Saxon went back to kissing her, only this time she could feel his hot, wet mouth pressing against her tight little pleasure button. She bit back a moan and shifted her hips as he bathed it with his tongue, which caused the Smart-fabric to become invisible.

“Well, would you look at that.” Saxon sat back, eyeing the place he’d been kissing. Lynx leaned down to look as well and Miri also looked—she couldn’t help it.

There, framed by the edges of the mostly invisible panties, was the tight, aching bud of her clit. Her outer pussy lips were pulled open—she hadn’t been imagining that—showing her inner folds clearly. Maybe this was the function of the undergarments with the slit in them, she speculated. To open

her when a bodyslave kissed her panties and put her clit on display through the transparent fabric.

“Fuck!” Saxon’s voice was hoarse with lust as he looked between her legs.

“It’s like you’re on display, my Lady,” Lynx purred in her ear. “Such a beautiful little Goddess pearl.”

“It...it isn’t usually that, uh, visible,” Miri panted, feeling a strange mixture of embarrassment and lust. On one hand, it felt so naughty to be so open in front of both of the big Monstrum. But on the other hand, the looks on their faces said they liked what they saw—which gave her a warm feeling in the pit of her stomach.

“It must be those damn garments they made you put on before the panties,” Saxon growled speculatively. “They’re opening your sweet pussy lips so we can see your clit.”

“The designer *did* say that the fabric covers and displays at the same time,” Lynx said thoughtfully.

“So they expect me to walk around the meeting tonight with my nipples and my...my clit on full display like this?” Miri could scarcely believe it.

Lynx shrugged.

“I suppose so—it must be the new fashion. If it’s any consolation, I’m sure you won’t be the only one, my Lady.”

“Though you’re certainly going to have the prettiest, most suckable nipples and clit of anyone there,” Saxon added. He frowned. “You know, I like that these under garments spread you open for me, but I *don’t* like that the panties are still in the way. I can’t taste your juices the way I want to—can’t put my tongue deep in your hot little hole and lap your pussy honey.”

Miri felt herself blushing again, her face getting even hotter.

“You’re...you’re not supposed to do that,” she protested breathlessly. “You’re just supposed to kiss my panties when I’m introduced tonight.”

“Fuck what I’m *supposed* to do,” Saxon growled, his blue eyes flashing. “I want to taste you—really *taste* you—and I can’t with you wearing these damn panties, little one!”

“Brother, that *isn’t* what we’re practicing,” Lynx reminded him gently. “I know it’s been a long time since either of us tasted a female’s honey straight from the source but we need to be respectful of our Lady’s wants and needs.”

The Felinus Shifter’s words seemed to have a quelling effect on his Bond-Brother.

“You’re right,” Saxon growled, looking away. “I shouldn’t be wanting to taste another female’s pussy. Forgive me, little Mistress,” he added, looking at Miri. “I’ll leave you alone now.”

“Oh, but...” Miri started and then stopped herself. What was she going to say—that she *wanted* him to kiss her under her panties? To taste her pussy more fully? She couldn’t admit to something like that, so she simply closed her legs, feeling her cheeks heat with a guilty blush.

You need to watch yourself—you’re getting too attached to both of them, she lectured herself. *Don’t forget that after the meeting tonight, they’re going to be leaving and you’ll be alone again.*

The thought of losing the two big Monstrum and being alone in her Aunt’s penthouse—without even Beelie for company—almost brought tears to her eyes. But there was no helping it—Lynx and Saxon had only been sent to guard her while the killer was stalking her. And now that she was safe, they really had no reason to stay. They were only going to the meeting with her to be nice and afterwards, they would be going back to their ship.

She was going to miss them both terribly.

TWENTY-TWO

SAXON

Saxon wondered why in the Seven Frozen Hells he couldn't get the little female out of his mind. Why he found her so damn tempting when he knew he shouldn't—when he was trying to be true to the memory of his dead mate.

I need to leave her alone and try to forget her. I don't deserve another mate—not after what Lynx and I did to Kara, he told himself roughly.

She'd been too young and immature to be bred—no matter that she was legally of age and her body was technically ripe. She wasn't ready to have both of their shafts in her pussy... and both of their babies in her belly. Her little body wasn't sturdy enough to carry Brother-Bonded twins but she'd wanted them so *badly*...

“A baby from each of you—no, I don't want to wait and do one at a time!” she'd insisted when Saxon had tried to reason with her. *“I want to carry them both at once—that way they'll both have a brother to keep them company right from the start!”*

And so they had given in and bred her at the same time. It was a special kind of breeding which required both of their shafts to merge and enter her pussy at once. The precum made at such a time by both of them coaxed her body to release two eggs, giving them both a way to impregnate her at the same time.

Saxon hadn't been sure but he had gone along with Kara's demands. She had begged so sweetly to have them both in her

pussy at once and though she was such a tiny little thing, she had taken them well—opening for both thick shafts and moaning her pleasure as they bred her together...

He sighed as he pushed the bitter-sweet memory away. There was no point in grieving over the past forever...though he *could* at least make sure that he and Lynx didn't repeat the same mistakes. Which meant that he needed to stop thinking of Mirabella...needed to stop *wanting* her so damn much!

Of course, that was easier said than done, especially since he and Lynx were standing behind her, waiting in the receiving line for her to be announced so they could suck her sweet nipples and kiss her panties. And all he could think of was pushing the damn panties aside so he could actually taste her soft little pussy and lick that ripe little clit...so he could thrust his tongue deep in her channel and taste her honey right from the source...

No! He pushed the thought away. They were going to do things by the book. He and Lynx were going to kiss her panties and then act the part of her bodyslaves for this one night only. After that, they were going back to the Monstrum Mother Ship and they would never see her again.

But why did that thought produce such heaviness and dread, like a lead ball in his solar plexus? Why did the idea of leaving the curvy little female make him ache inside?

To take his mind off the idea of leaving her, he scanned the crowd for possible threats. The Leadership Meeting was, as Mirabella had said, basically just a big, fancy party. There were rich, important Yonnite Mistresses mingling together with their bodyslaves on collars and leashes all over the huge, expensive hall with its marble columns and inlaid flooring.

Saxon and Lynx were wearing some of the old pain collars which no longer worked which they had found in Mirabella's Aunt's penthouse, just to keep up appearances. Mirabella had said they might not be allowed into the meeting without them because they were so "big and scary-looking." The other Mistresses, she explained, would want to know that she had a

way to control the two of them if they decided to “make trouble.”

Saxon didn't mind wearing a collar, though he drew the line at a leash. He watched the other bodyslaves and noticed that some wore leashes and some just had the collars. Apparently it was an individual choice—by the Mistress of course, not the bodyslave.

Aside from the collars, they had found other garments to help them fit in—tight black leather trousers with the crotch cut out. This allowed both of their hard shafts to be put on display.

“I'm sorry about this,” Mirabella had said apologetically as he and Lynx had stuffed themselves into the too-tight trousers. “But it's the Yonnite custom to display a bodyslave's shaft when you go out in public.”

“Don't worry about it, my Lady,” Lynx had purred reassuringly. “We're all just playing our parts here—we're not offended just because we have to wear a few silly costumes in order to stay near you.”

“Speak for yourself,” Saxon had growled, looking down at his own exposed double shaft. He was probably going to get some stares at the meeting, he thought. Most males only had a single shaft—Lynx only had a single one for that matter. Although he had other attributes with which to pleasure a female...

Speaking of which, he noticed Mirabella looking at them both from the corner of her eye.

“Is there a problem, little Mistress?” he'd asked, raising an eyebrow at her. “You've seen this part of my anatomy before—remember?”

“Oh, yes—I remember.” She lifted her chin, though he thought her light brown skin looked rather rosy—was she blushing? “In fact, I was just thinking that I need to check and see how well your, uh, wound is healing.”

“It's fine,” Saxon had growled. “That salve you put on me worked great.”

“Nevertheless, I should check.” She had come over to him, her tight, berry-dark nipples still poking through the green dress and a serious expression on her face.

“All right, sure. Why not?” Saxon had shrugged, trying not to betray the way his heart had started slamming against his ribs. What was it about her soft touch that aroused him so damn much?

Mirabella had taken him in her warm, soft hands and examined the place where he’d been grazed by the laser blast. As before, Saxon couldn’t help rising to her touch—both his primary and secondary shafts stood up for her, throbbing and tingling as she ran her soft fingers over his most delicate area.

After a moment, she looked up at him in surprise.

“You’re completely healed—I can’t even see where you were wounded!”

“Monstrum are fast healers,” Saxon had growled.

“And the pleasure we took with you last night probably helped,” Lynx, who had been watching quietly, put in.

“Oh? How is that?” Mirabella had looked up at the Felinus Shifter with a little frown on her face.

“The more we touch and pleasure and taste the female we are sharing, the more beneficial it is for both us and for her,” Lynx had explained. “We can cure each other of superficial wounds and injuries, just by raising pleasure energy. See?” He had opened the leather vest he still wore, showing that the wound on his broad chest was healed as well.

“Oh—that’s amazing!” With one hand still cupping Saxon’s shaft, Mirabella had reached out to touch Lynx’s chest. When she made contact with him—with them both at once—all three of them had felt it—the hot, sizzling sexual energy that ran between them like an electrical current.

“Oh!” Mirabella had exclaimed again, drawing her hands away from both of them. “I’ve felt that before when...when all three of us touch but that time it was really *strong*.”

“Because you were touching at least one of us sexually.” Lynx had nodded at Saxon’s still exposed shafts.

“I didn’t mean to!” Mirabella had protested. “I was just examining Saxon!”

“Yes, but he reacted sexually to your touch,” Lynx said.

“The fuck I did,” Saxon had denied, though he knew it was true. His body reacted to the curvy little female in a way it hadn’t reacted to any other since his lost mate.

“Well, anyway, I have to fit you both with shaft-bands to make sure you, uh, stay hard,” Mirabella had clearly been trying to move past the burst of sexual energy the three of them had felt. “Is that going to be a problem?” she asked.

Saxon had shrugged.

“Only if you don’t have a band big enough to fit me.” The base of his cock was extra thick, since he had both a primary and secondary shaft.

“I *think* I found something that will fit in Aunt Raz’s old bodyslave cabinet,” Miri had told him. “I just...just need to make sure you’re extra hard. Is that all right?”

Saxon had understood that she meant she needed to stroke him some more. He shouldn’t fucking let her, he thought...and yet he couldn’t wait to feel her soft hands on him.

“Go ahead,” he’d said roughly. “Just don’t jerk me all the way off—would be a shame to get my cum all over that pretty new dress of yours.”

Mirabella’s cheeks had gotten that rosy glow again, but she had taken both of his shafts in her small hands and worked them without a word, sliding her slim, soft fingers up and down both the primary and secondary shafts until a low groan was drawn from his lips. Goddess, her soft hands felt good on him!

Over her shoulder, Saxon could see his Bond-Brother watching with hooded eyes. Lynx had always enjoyed watching him with the female they shared. Touching a woman they were sharing alone felt wrong if they were separated from

each other, but when both of them were in the same room, it was pure pleasure to watch and the Felinus Shifter was something of a voyeur.

“You can wipe that little smile off your face, Brother,” Saxon had rasped, as Mirabella had wrapped the black leather shaft-band all the way around the base of his cock, ensuring both the primary and secondary shafts would remain hard. “It’s your turn next.”

“And I’m looking forward to it,” Lynx had said, as Mirabella finished with Saxon and turned to him. “Just be careful as you handle me, my Lady,” he added, looking down at the curvy little female who was reaching for his long shaft. “My pleasure spines will prick you if you grasp me the wrong way.”

“Pleasure spines?” Mirabella had asked, frowning. “What are those?”

“If you look closely you’ll see that—except for the head—my shaft is completely covered in tiny, short hairs no longer than a male’s whiskers after he shaves,” Lynx had explained. “Those are my pleasure spines.”

“Really?” Mirabella had looked down, squinting uncertainly at his Bond-Brother’s cock. “I can barely see them.”

“They’re not very visible but when a female touches me they are activated and may ‘prick’ her and release my pleasure serum.”

“Which will make you come just from jerking him off—if that’s what you want to do,” Saxon had supplied helpfully.

“Really?” Mirabella had looked down at the Felinus Shifter’s exposed cock with wide eyes.

“Give it a try,” Saxon suggested. “Circle him with your fingers and start stroking up and down—like you were doing for me.”

“May I?” Mirabella had asked, looking up at Lynx.

“My Lady, you may do anything you like with me,” he had purred softly. “I am *yours*.”

His sweet words in that deep, purring voice had obviously charmed Mirabella, which didn't surprise Saxon at all. His Bond-Brother always had been a silver-tongued son of a bitch. He had watched with interest as the little female had grasped Lynx's shaft and stroked it firmly up and down.

“Oh!” she gasped, stopping and freezing in place after that one stroke. “Oh my Goddess...”

“Is she coming?” Saxon had been quick to catch her when her knees buckled.

“I don't think so,” Lynx had frowned, also reaching out a hand to steady her. “Careful, my Lady. Are you all right?”

“I...I think my hand just had an orgasm—as strange as that sounds!” Mirabella had studied her hand and fingers, flexing them experimentally. “That felt really, *really* good,” she murmured in an unsteady voice. “Almost *scary* good.”

“Now you know why females don't mind letting him fuck their ass while I take the front most of the time,” Saxon had growled. “Most males, when they try to take a female's back passage, it's painful. But with Lynx, everything and anything that touches those fucking spines of his feels amazing—like pleasure fireworks in your tender little rosebud.”

“I don't know if I'd put it exactly like that, but it does help a female respond to me,” Lynx had said dryly. “My Lady, do you wish me to put on the shaft-band myself?” he had added. “If you're afraid of being stung again, I mean.”

But to Saxon's surprise, Mirabella had lifted her chin again.

“I can do it—I'm not afraid.”

And she had taken the second shaft-band and fastened it around the base of the Felinus Shifter's cock, not even flinching when Lynx's spines pricked her fingertips several times in the process.

After that, they had both been properly arrayed as bodyslaves and ready to go to the Leadership Meeting, where they were now.

And speaking of bodyslaves, there was that fucking Captain Furx—the enormous male who had accosted them in the name of Mistress Bloodmuch when they were trying to get to their ship.

Saxon watched through narrowed eyes as Furx moved among the guests, along with several of the other males he'd had with him that afternoon. All of them had muscles that were swollen to grotesque proportions. Was that normal for their species or were they all on some kind of weird medication to make them like that?

Saxon and Lynx were quite muscular—all Kindred and Monstrum were—but this was taking things to an extreme that looked neither attractive nor healthy. The web of purple veins bulging just under Captain Furx's skin was disfiguring—at least in Saxon's opinion.

Furx and his men seemed to be acting like waiters tonight. They were moving through the crowd of Mistresses with trays of drinks in their hands. But then Saxon saw Furx stop beside one Mistress and whisper in her ear in a confidential manner.

She was especially tall and exceedingly skinny with a thin, cruel mouth painted bright red and large, brilliant black eyes which sparkled like gemstones. Saxon couldn't place her age but she was older than Mirabella—of that he was sure. Also, she was dressed all in deep purple—she even had on a kind of crown made of long purple plumes that made her look even taller.

Looks like she's trying to be Queen of the whole fucking place, Saxon thought. She *must* be Mistress Bloodmuch—no one else would fit that name.

Just then, he heard the servant at the archway that led into the meeting hall call out,

“Mistress Mirabella! The Ruling and only Surviving Member of the Sacred Seven!”

And then Mirabella was stepping up onto the dais to one side of the entrance and it was show time.

Lynx was standing on her right and Saxon was on her left. At a glance from his Bond-Brother, Saxon leaned down to take her left nipple in his mouth.

Though he had sworn not to think of her anymore and to keep his heart pure for the memory of his lost mate, he couldn't help enjoying the little gasp of pleasure she gave when he sucked the tight little peak between his lips.

Mirabella had such dark, ripe nipples—they reminded him of berries. And the dress was so thin that he couldn't even feel it—it was like he was sucking her bare nipple. Except he missed the salty-sweet flavor of her skin, Saxon thought. The fabric she wore could give the impression of nudity but it still kept him out more than he liked.

By mutual agreement, it was Lynx who knelt to kiss her panties first. The Felinus Shifter nuzzled between her spread legs, giving her a long, hot, openmouthed kiss—making it clear he enjoyed what he was doing. Mirabella moaned softly and wove her fingers through Lynx's long, golden hair.

Saxon felt the familiar ache in his balls as he watched his Bond-Brother pleasure the female they had shared the night before. Well—*partially* shared, anyway. Outsiders never understood how they could watch each other with the female they both wanted and not be jealous but of course they didn't understand the Brother-Bond. Once bonded in the way he and Lynx were, there could be no jealousy—only mutual pleasure and satisfaction when they pleased the female they both claimed.

He felt no jealousy now as Lynx took his time, lapping and sucking at the sweet spot between Mirabella's legs and she moaned for him again. On the contrary, the sight only increased his own pleasure. His primary and secondary shafts—both sticking out of the tight black bodyslave trousers—were aching and throbbing and he could easily see that Lynx was in the same state.

Gods, if only we could take her someplace private, he found himself thinking. Someplace we could take our time sharing her.

He could just imagine taking turns with Lynx licking her pussy with no panties between them for a barrier. And then watching as she took his Bond-Brother's cock deep in her pussy and came from his pleasure spines pricking the insides of her sweet inner cunt channel while Saxon licked and sucked her ripe nipples...

"Now you, Brother," Lynx whispered in his ear and he realized that his Bond-Brother was finished kissing Mirabella's panties and it was his turn.

Keep hold of yourself, he warned himself as he knelt before her. Don't do anything crazy or stupid or...

But then he was kneeling before her and her soft, outer pussy lips were open to show the dark, swollen bud of her clit. She was slick with honey, but he couldn't get at it, Saxon saw with irritation. He wanted to taste her juices straight from the source...just once.

Without thinking about what he was doing, he reached up and grasped the top of the by now mostly invisible panties. Peeling them down, he pressed his face between Mirabella's legs and lapped deeply, drawing a low moan from her as he collected her honey on his tongue.

"Ohhh!" Mirabella moaned, and Saxon felt her weaving her soft fingers through his hair and holding on tight as he licked her again. Part of him wanted to do at least a half-Shift at this point—the Beast that lived inside him wanted to taste the curvy little female too and his tongue was much longer in his Fur Form. If she would only part her thighs a little bit, he could get it all the way inside her to lap her inner channel...

"That's enough, Brother—don't Shift!" he heard Lynx's voice in his ear. "People are already staring!"

"Don't fucking care!" Saxon was half drunk on the sweet-salty flavor of her honey. He just wanted to go on tasting the curvy little female until she came all over his face!

“You have to stop—there are others waiting to be announced!” Lynx tugged at his shoulder and Saxon reluctantly pulled away. He couldn’t remember ever feeling so aroused. He just wanted to lick her until she came and then fill her with his shafts—both of them! Or else fill her pussy with his Primary shaft while his secondary shaft teased and stimulated her Goddess pearl and Lynx took her from behind...

Finally, though, the voice of his Bond-Brother and the feeling of urgency he was sending through their bond got through to Saxon. Reluctantly, he pulled his face away from Mirabella’s soft, bare pussy.

Later...I’ll lick her more later, he thought, rising at last to his feet to tower over her again. He didn’t consider when “later” might be since he and Lynx were supposed to be leaving after the Leadership Meeting—he only knew that he had barely tasted Mirabella’s honey and he needed *more* of it *soon...*

TWENTY-THREE

MIRABELLA

Miri pulled up her panties with shaking fingers. Not that it did much good—her aching clit was fully on display through the invisible fabric, as were her nipples. Her only consolation was that most of the other Mistresses in the enormous marble hall were in similar states of display. Clearly the see-through-when-wet dresses and panties were all the rage right now.

“Well, my dear—that was *quite* a display!” Mistress Hottalot said, coming to take her arm as she moved off the dais with Lynx and Saxon right behind her. “Though I don’t know if it was exactly proper to let your bodyslave lick you *without* the panties in the way.”

“Oh, uh...he’s just...very enthusiastic.” Miri gave a shaky laugh. Her knees felt weak—just as they had after she’d been stung by Lynx’s pleasure spines when she was putting the shaft-bands on the two of them. What was it about the two big Monstrum that disarmed her so completely?

“Yes, well—now that you’re here, come and meet some people. I’ve been letting it get out that you’re not interested in being Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven and there are several Mistresses who would like to put themselves forward for your consideration.”

“All right.”

Miri nodded and allowed herself to be led into the crowd, trailed by Lynx and Saxon. Mistress Hottalot introduced her to a number of other Mistresses, all of whom wanted the job of

Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven and the power and prestige that came with it.

Previously in her time spent in Opulex, most of these women would barely even acknowledge her because of her “dowdy” way of dressing and her refusal to buy a proper bodyslave. But now that she had on the latest fashion and was attended by not one but *two* muscular Monstrum warriors, they were falling all over each other to make her acquaintance and tell her how fabulous she looked.

Mistress Labadoddle, Mistress Pink-R-stink, Mistress Jumbalia, Mistress Tootaloo, Mistress Fuzzypatch—they all ran together after a while and Miri was beginning to wonder how she could *possibly* pick one to take her place when she couldn’t even remember all their names properly!

And then they came to a tall, thin woman with bright red lips and sparkling black eyes. She was wearing a deep purple gown and a headdress of fluffy purple plumes that rose at least a meter in the air above her head and swished gracefully whenever she moved.

“And this is Mistress Bloodmuch,” Mistress Hottalot said, introducing the tall, thin woman. “She’s *particularly* interested in taking the Ruling Member spot because she has some exciting ideas regarding land development.”

“Land development?” Miri asked, frowning up at the tall, thin woman. Mistress Bloodmuch’s scarlet lips were twisted upward at the corners in the approximation of a smile which didn’t quite reach her glittering black eyes.

“My dear Mistress Mirabella, how very *lovely* to finally meet you in person at last,” she said smoothly. “And yes, I have some excellent ideas on how best to use the land of Yonnie Six and turn a handsome profit with it.”

“Do tell?” Miri said coldly but politely. She hadn’t forgotten how Mistress Bloodmuch had sent her goons and basically tried to kidnap her when she and Saxon and Lynx were trying to get to their ship.

“I’d be happy to. You see, while we’ve mined much of the Dream Gas from the area all around Opulex, my surveying team has found a vast new deposit.”

“Oh?” Miri raised an eyebrow.

“Yes—and this deposit is located on the other side of the world, just outside a little town called Veribox.”

“Veribox?” Miri felt the pit of her stomach go cold. “But... that’s *my* hometown!”

Mistress Bloodmuch’s cold smile widened.

“So much the better! Think of the industry and money and jobs such an operation could bring to your town!”

“Think of the noise and stink and pollution your operation would bring!” Miri snapped back. “My hometown might not be as rich as Opulex but it’s a lovely little place. You think I want to turn it into an open pit with Dream Gas vapors leaking into the air and mining sludge and residue polluting the water supply?”

The smile on Mistress Bloodmuch’s crimson lips slipped a notch.

“It’s extremely short-sighted of you to think of it that way. Why, that little town is sitting on a queen’s ransom of untapped Dream Gas!”

“And it’s going to *stay* that way,” Miri said firmly. “There’s no *way* I’d let my hometown be strip mined!”

“I’m so sorry you feel that way,” Mistress Bloodmuch said coolly. “Do have a drink and calm yourself. Maybe you’ll think differently later.”

As she spoke Captain Furx, her bodyslave with the enormously swollen muscles lined with thick purple veins, thrust a tray of drinks in front of Miri’s face. They all seemed to have something going on—one was bright green and had smoke floating out of it, another was a vivid purple with tiny blue balls floating in it. The third was pink and fizzy, making an audible crackling sound as it popped and fizzed to itself.

“Try the pink one,” Mistress Bloodmuch said smoothly. “It’s made of attar of *Frethian* roses—so delicious.”

Miri automatically picked up the stem of the fizzing pink drink and was about to take a sip of it when a huge hand seized her by the wrist and Saxon growled,

“Stop!”

“Oh—what is it?” Miri looked up at the big Monstrum with wide eyes.

“Let me smell it.”

Without ceremony, Saxon leaned down and sniffed the floral-scented drink, which *did* smell very strongly of the pink alien roses.

“What? What is it?” Miri asked.

The Lykan Shifter didn’t answer. Instead, he suddenly Shifted, his head becoming that of a huge wolf as his body sprouted a shaggy black and silver pelt.

“Oh!” Mistress Hottalot exclaimed.

Mistress Bloodmuch’s black eyes grew wide but she didn’t say anything. Captain Furx, who had seen both Saxon and Lynx shift before, was likewise silent.

Saxon thrust his long wolf’s muzzle into the glass, inhaling deeply. Then he lifted his head and growled,

“Poison. Or some other kind of substance—it’s drugged.”

“What? Preposterous!” Mistress Bloodmuch declared.

“Let me see.” Lynx, who had retained his humanoid form and face, removed something from a pocket of his tight black leather bodyslave trousers and waved it over the fizzing pink drink.

It was a slim silver wand with a long window embedded in its side, Miri saw. As he waved it over the drink, the tip of the wand went from green to yellow to an ominous orange.

Lynx turned the wand so he could see the small window on its side.

“It’s *belicane*,” he announced. “A mind-altering substance which makes the user extremely susceptible to suggestion.” He looked at Miri. “My Lady, if you had taken even a sip of that drink, you would have been helpless to resist anything anyone suggested to you.”

“Such as handing my spot as the Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven over to Mistress Bloodmuch?” Miri asked, raising an eyebrow angrily at the Mistress in question.

Mistress Bloodmuch put one thin hand to her chest.

“I really must protest! I have no idea who drugged that drink!”

“Right, and if you believe that, I’ve got some nice swampland on Ortha Four I’d like to sell you,” Saxon growled, still in his half-Shifted form.

Lynx was busy running his wand over all the drinks on the tray, though Captain Furx had done his best to withdraw it.

“These have all been drugged,” he announced. “And the green one is poisoned. Even a sip of it would be deadly.”

“So I guess you decided it was easier to drug me than to kill me, is that it?” Miri demanded, glaring at Mistress Bloodmuch.

“How *dare* you accuse me of such a vile thing?” The other Mistress drew herself up in outrage. “And why should *you* be the Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven? Just because you survived some paltry attack?”

“I was nearly killed!” Miri snapped. “Mistress Mapletaste and Mistress Seethree *were* killed—butchered right in front of me!”

“That still doesn’t mean you’re qualified to choose the rest of the Sacred Seven or to lead the entire planet,” Mistress Bloodmuch snarled, her eyes glittering.

“And *you* are, I suppose?” Miri demanded. “If *you* were in charge the entire planet would be an open wound—everything ruined and strip mined and polluted just so already

ridiculously wealthy people like you could have even *more* money!”

“And so what if that’s true?” Mistress Bloodmuch asked, arching one dark purple eyebrow at her. “If we plunder the planet in search of wealth, we still have our towers to retreat to and our spaceships to take us to other locations.”

“What about the poor and middle-class people—like the people who live in my hometown—who can’t afford a luxury tower to live in or a Space Yacht to take them to a new, unpolluted world?” Miri demanded. “What about *them*? It’s *their* lives and homes you’d be ruining.”

“Oh, *please*...” Mistress Bloodmuch gave a dismissive flick of her wrist. “They’re peasants. They mean *nothing*.”

“They’re good, decent people and just because they aren’t as rich as you doesn’t mean they deserve to be ground into the dirt!” Miri was so angry now she couldn’t keep her voice down any longer. She was aware that the other Mistresses had stopped their conversations and were staring at her and Mistress Bloodmuch, but she didn’t care anymore.

“Miri, dear, *do* keep your voice down!” begged Mistress Hottalot, who cared a great deal if people stared.

“No, I won’t,” Miri insisted. “Mistress Bloodmuch has put herself forward to take my place as the Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven and I have an answer for her.”

“Do tell?” Mistress Bloodmuch drawled coolly, both dark purple eyebrows arched. “But before you do, may I remind you that I *also* had a relative among the Sacred Seven—Mistress Bleedalittle was my fourth cousin twice removed—which means I *should* have a seat at the table!”

“That seems like a rather tenuous connection,” Mistress Hottalot observed.

“It’s as good as Mirabella having that old bag of bones Mistress Razmataz as her Aunt,” Mistress Bloodmuch snapped. “She inherited the old lady’s seat—she was meant to be a member in name *only*—and now she’s in charge of the whole planet! I tell you, it’s not right!”

“I don’t think—” Mistress Hottalot began.

“Listen to me—all of you!” Miri raised her voice to be heard and the entire room fell silent. “I might be a backwards girl from the other side of the planet, but I know what’s good for Yonnie Six, and that is *not* being strip-mined for Dream Gas!” she said. “Given that Mistress Bloodmuch specifically told me that’s *exactly* what she wants to do, I’m going to announce here and now that she will *never* take my place as the Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven. And furthermore, whoever I *do* choose to take my place will be prohibited from *ever* making her a member of the Sacred Seven.”

“What?” At last the cool, collected Mistress Bloodmuch seemed to have totally lost her temper. “You can’t do that! You can’t tell whoever takes your place not to appoint me to the Sacred Seven!” she screeched, her eyes narrowing in anger.

“I can and I will,” Miri snapped. “I’ll make it a condition of my transfer of leadership.” She looked around the room, at the other Yonnite Mistresses, all watching with wide eyes and whispering to each other. “Did you hear that? Don’t put yourself forward as my replacement *unless* you’re willing to swear you’ll ban Mistress Bloodmuch from holding power as a member of the Sacred Seven forever!”

The whispering increased to murmuring as the brightly dressed Mistresses took this in with wide eyes and open mouths.

As for Mistress Bloodmuch, her face had gone white with rage and the nostrils of her long, skinny beak of a nose were flared in fury.

“You’ll be sorry for this,” she said to Miri in a low, furious voice. “*Very* sorry indeed—I promise you that!”

Then she turned and swept away in a rustle of purple skirts with her over-muscled bodyslaves lumbering along after her.

“Oh, dear...” Mistress Hottalot surveyed the retreating Mistress Bloodmuch with a worried look on her face. “My dear,” she said to Miri. “I really don’t think you should have

done that! Mistress Bloodmuch is extremely rich and powerful—she has a *very* long reach.”

“I don’t care how rich and powerful she is,” Miri said stubbornly. “It doesn’t give her the right to ruin the planet for everyone else!”

She turned and made her way through the crowd, ignoring the stares and whispers of the other Mistresses as she went. She was sick to death of this scene and she needed some fresh air to clear her head!

TWENTY-FOUR

MIRABELLA

In the far corner of the vast marble hall was a set of floor to ceiling windows which opened onto a vast outdoor terrace on the side of the tower. Miri headed straight for them, longing to get free of the crowd of women, all buzzing about the very public fight she'd just had with Mistress Bloodmuch.

But before she could duck through the windows onto the terrace, Lynx stopped her with a hand on her shoulder.

“Wait, my Lady—before you go out there, let me or Saxon look it over first,” he murmured. “We’re eighty stories up here—if someone wished you harm they could hardly do better than to push you off the balcony.”

“Oh...” Miri pulled up short, her heart beating in her throat at the awful mental image his words formed in her head.

“Yeah—let Lynx make sure there aren’t any of Bloodmuch’s goons out there,” Saxon growled. He had shifted back to his humanoid form, but his pale blue eyes were still burning like they did when he was Shifted. “I’ll stay here and guard you. That way you’re protected either way.”

“All right.” Miri stood beside Saxon, waiting patiently until Lynx had swept the terrace, looking for any assassins. The Felinus Shifter finally gave them the all clear and the three of them stepped out to breathe the night air.

“Ahh...this is a relief,” Miri murmured, looking around at the lights of Opulex spread out around them. They were in the heart of the huge city and it was like being in the middle of an enormous jewelry box filled with sparkling diamonds. The

sight was beautiful...and yet she still missed the quiet darkness and the stars of the night sky around her hometown.

“Well, my Lady, you certainly gave them something to think about in there,” Lynx murmured diplomatically.

“Yeah, you basically told Bloodmuch to go fuck herself,” Saxon growled.

“Well she was going to strip mine my hometown!” Miri exclaimed. “And she doesn’t care what a mess she makes of the planet as long as she gets even richer! It’s disgusting!”

“I agree that her attitude is reprehensible,” Lynx purred, sounding worried. “But I’m not sure if you should have shamed her quite so publicly. I have a feeling we’re going to hear more from her before all is said and done.”

“What do you mean ‘we’?” Miri asked, her heart speeding up. “I thought the two of you were going to leave as soon as the meeting was over and go back to your ship?”

“I don’t see how we can, now,” Lynx said, frowning. “After all, we’re here to protect you and it seems to me you’re in as much danger as ever.”

“Lynx is fucking right,” Saxon growled. “You opened a whole can of worms in there, calling Bloodmuch out like that. She’s going to want revenge.”

“Well, she won’t get it,” Miri said, lifting her chin. “As soon as I find the right person to replace me, I’ll go back home and go back to practicing medicine.”

“You think she’ll forget you just because you’re not in Opulex anymore?” Lynx asked doubtfully. “My Lady, you publicly humiliated her! People—especially wealthy and powerful people—don’t forget such things. They hold grudges.”

“Which is why we’re going to stay and keep you safe—at least until you’ve finished the transfer of power and we see you settled someplace Mistress Bloodmuch can’t hurt you,” Saxon said.

Miri looked up at the two of them. On one hand, she was still upset by the confrontation she'd had with the awful Mistress Bloodmuch. But on the other hand, she was filled with joy that the two big Monstrum were going to stay a little longer.

“Oh, thank you!” she exclaimed, putting an arm around each of them and pulling them close—putting herself between them, which felt incredibly right. “Thank you for saying you’ll stay to protect me!”

“You’re welcome, little one,” Saxon rumbled gently, stroking her hair.

“Of course we would never leave you in danger,” Lynx purred, rubbing her back with his big, warm hand.

“Well, well...isn’t *this* a cozy picture! A Mistress cuddling with her bodyslaves!”

The three of them turned quickly and Miri was aware that they had foolishly put their backs to the windows they had come in by. Anyone at all could have snuck up behind them!

However, it was only old Mistress SpeaksLoud. She was a wizened old lady of about a hundred and four, if there was any truth to local rumor, but she was still walking on her own, with the help of a carved wooden cane almost as gnarled as she was.

“Oh, Mistress SpeaksLoud!” Miri put a hand to her chest. “You scared me!”

“You *should* be scared, Missy!” Mistress SpeaksLoud waved her cane at Miri. “I heard what you said in there to Mistress Bloodmuch—she’s a bad one, she is! And she won’t soon forget you called her out in front of all of Opulex society!”

“She tried to drug me! And before that, she tried to kidnap me!” Miri exclaimed.

“I’m sure she did—that sounds like her,” Mistress SpeaksLoud said. “But you still shouldn’t have called her out. She’ll go to the ends of the universe to get back at you, that one will. And what’s more, if you think making her exclusion

from the Sacred Seven a condition of passing on your power to someone else will work, you've got another think coming."

"What do you mean?" Miri asked.

"Why, any one of those females in there will betray you like *that!*" Mistress SpeaksLoud snapped her gnarled fingers. "Oh, they'll *tell* you that they'll keep Mistress Bloodmuch off the Sacred Seven, but the minute she dangles a bribe in front of them, they'll let her in, quick as a whip! And then she'll have the power to ruin you—no matter where you go!"

"But...what am I supposed to do? How do I know who to trust?" Miri asked. She was beginning to despair because though she didn't like to admit it, what the old woman was saying made a great deal of sense.

"Well first of all, don't ask *me*," Mistress SpeaksLoud said, squinting up at her. "I've seen power change hands in Opulex more times than I can count and all I can say is that it corrupts people. If you *really* want to know who you can trust, you need to ask someone who has no vested interest at all in Opulex or Yonnie Six. Someone or something completely impartial."

"Some *thing?*" Miri asked, frowning. "What are you talking about?"

"The Oracle in the Sacred Mountain of Delphi Prime, of course!" Mistress SpeaksLoud exclaimed, as though it ought to be obvious. "It has one hundred percent accuracy and for a price it will tell you anything you want to know."

"What price?" Saxon growled.

"Never you mind, you hairy beast! It changes from person to person," Mistress SpeaksLoud snapped, shaking her cane at him. She turned back to Miri. "But if you go, you ought to know one thing—they have very peculiar customs there."

"They do? How so?" Miri asked, frowning.

"They seem to have the idea that males are superior to females—can you imagine?" She widened her eyes, like bright little raisins sunken in webs of wrinkles. "So if you go, you'll have to pretend that *you* belong to your bodyslaves and not the

other way around. Do you trust these two big meatheads?" she demanded, waving her cane at Lynx and Saxon.

"I do," Miri said gravely. "I trust them with my life."

"Then you should be all right," Mistress SpeaksLoud declared. "Anyway, I've had enough excitement for tonight—I need to get to bed. My old heart can't take this foolishness."

She started to stomp away, but Miri tapped her on the shoulder and she turned back.

"Well? What is it now?"

"I just wondered...how do you know about the Oracle?" Miri asked.

"Went there myself, didn't I? I was a lot younger then—quite an adventure, it was." Mistress SpeaksLoud got a faraway look in her tiny eyes. "A lifetime ago, that was. I was just a girl."

"What did you ask to know and what price did the Oracle demand?" Lynx wanted to know.

"Now that's *private*—for me to know and you never to find out, fuzzbrain!" the old lady snapped. "But I'm still here, aren't I? Still kicking. So you know it's not deadly. Just... difficult. But *everything* comes for a price." She looked at Miri. "Is there anything else or will you let an old lady go to bed?"

"Nothing else. But...thank you for your advice." Impulsively, Miri leaned down and hugged her.

"Oh, go on with you!" Mistress SpeaksLoud said, but she looked pleased when Miri straightened up. "I just want to see the planet run by someone who cares about more than her own pocketbook, that's all."

Then she stomped away, muttering to herself about "innocent children running the planet" and left the terrace leaning heavily on her cane.

TWENTY-FIVE

LYNX

“Well, I’ve done the research and it seems like solid advice,” Lynx said, looking up from the monitor where he had been consulting the Outernet, which housed most of the information available in the known universe.

They were back on board their ship but still docked in the parking area where they had landed to attend the Leadership Meeting, which was now winding down. More Mistresses had wanted to speak to Mirabella, but she had been tired and had wanted to leave.

Lynx couldn’t say that he blamed her—the news that she would choose someone to take her place as the Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven had brought every opportunistic Mistress in Opulex running.

All of them were willing to swear to do their very best for the planet but it was clear almost none of them were trustworthy. The avarice in their eyes was plain to see. Indeed, some had outright offered to pay Mirabella huge sums of money if she would name them her successor.

This had made Mirabella—who was a very honest and forthright person—extremely angry. She had announced that anyone who attempted to bribe her would *never* get a place on the Sacred Seven—which made several of the richest and most powerful Mistresses almost as angry with her as Mistress Bloodmuch was.

As far as Lynx could see, getting off planet was an excellent idea—they needed to get Mirabella away from all the

powerful Mistresses she'd "pissed off" as the humans said. And consulting the Oracle on Delphi Prime also seemed to be a legitimate way of choosing Mirabella's successor as the Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven. According to all he had read, it was extremely accurate in its predictions and its advice was always good.

"So you really think we should go ask this...thing who our little Mistress should pick to take her place?" Saxon growled, raising an eyebrow.

"It gets impeccable reviews," Lynx told his Bond-Brother. "And it's free to consult the Oracle."

"What? But Mistress SpeaksLoud said it always charges a price," Mirabella pointed out.

"Yes, but the price isn't monetary, apparently," Lynx said. He pointed to the article about Delphi Prime he'd been reading on the screen. "It says here that the Oracle may ask something of you, but that money or credit never changes hands."

"In that case, maybe we should go ask it," Saxon rumbled. "Anything is better than sitting around here, waiting for one of those pissed-off Mistresses to try and take revenge," he added in a low voice.

Lynx nodded. It was clear he and his Bond-Brother were on the same wavelength. They needed to get Mirabella out of Opulex and off Yonnie Six until she was ready to make her announcement as to who would succeed her. After the disastrous Leadership Meeting, the whole planet had suddenly gotten a little too hot for her.

As though to underline that point, the viewscreen beeped with an incoming call and when Lynx hit the answer button, the worried face of Mistress Hottalot came on the screen.

"Oh, Miri—*there* you are!" she exclaimed, seeing that Miri was sitting between Lynx and Saxon in front of the viewscreen. "I've been so worried for you ever since you left the meeting. Whyever did you say all those awful things to everyone?"

“You mean why did I call out Mistress Bloodmuch for trying to drug me or tell people I wouldn’t accept bribes?” Mirabella looked incensed.

“Yes, all that!” Mistress Hottalot fluttered her gloved hands, like frightened pink doves. “You’ve got half of Opulex angry with you—and it happens to be the richest, most influential, and most powerful half!”

“I don’t care about that,” Mirabella said, lifting her chin. “I can’t be bought and they might as well know it.”

“You’d *better* care! Some of these Mistresses command private armies, you know!” Mistress Hottalot said. “In fact, I think it would be best if you’d get out of Opulex for a little while...just until things cool down, you know?”

“That’s fine,” Mirabella said. “In fact, I was just plotting a course to another solar system. I’m going to seek some outside wisdom to help me choose my successor.”

“Oh, well...that sounds fine, I suppose,” Mistress Hottalot said. “When will you return?”

“I hope to come back within a few days,” Miri told her. “I’m not sure how long this will take, but not longer than that, I don’t think.” She glanced at Lynx, who nodded. According to the Outernet, a visit with the Oracle was generally no longer than a few hours time.

“Well, have a safe journey,” Mistress Hottalot said. “I hope you’ll let me know when you get back into town. I can have it all arranged for you to make your announcement, transfer your power to your successor, and get away quickly so anyone who’s upset can’t come after you.”

“I’ll let you know,” Mirabella promised her. “Thank you, Mistress Hottalot.”

“Just be safe, my dear!” Mistress Hottalot blew her several pink kisses and the viewscreen went blank.

“Well...” Mirabella sighed. “I guess that settles it—we’re going to visit the Oracle.”

“Plotting a course for Delphi Prime now,” Saxon rumbled, punching coordinates into the Nav-com. “And I’m putting in a call to the Mother Ship to ask them to fold space for us.”

“Priming the ship,” Lynx said, working with the control panel. He gave Mirabella a sideways look. “But...are you sure, my Lady? According to the Outernet, males rule supreme on Delphi Prime. You will indeed have to pretend to belong to me and to Saxon if we go there, just as Mistress SpeaksLoud warned you.”

“Well, you two have been pretending to belong to me, haven’t you?” Mirabella said, looking up at both of them. “Don’t you think it’s fair for us to switch places?”

“You don’t understand, my Lady...” Lynx hesitated, trying to think of a delicate way to put it. Then he decided there was no way to break the news gently. “The males on Delphi Prime don’t just own the females—they own *sex slaves*. And the females on Delphi Prime are expected to act like sex slaves and dress like them too.”

“Oh, uh...what kind of dress would I wear? Would it look worse than this one?” she asked, nodding down at her clinging Mistress dress.

“Considerably worse, I’m afraid. Look...” Lynx pulled up some images of female sex slaves on Delphi Prime.

Saxon whistled.

“Damn! That’s fucking hot!”

“It’s extremely revealing, is what it is,” Lynx said severely. “Our Lady may not wish to display herself in such a manner.”

“Yes, I do,” Mirabella said, surprising him. “Or at least, I want an answer to my question and I don’t care if I have to dress like...like *that* to get one.” She pointed at the images. “I’ll do whatever it takes to find out who in this whole rotten city is trustworthy enough to leave the fate of the entire planet to.”

Privately, Lynx thought the answer to that question was “no one.” But maybe the Oracle could give them some insight.

“Very well,” he said to her. “And please know, that no matter how provocatively you have to dress to pass as our sex slave on Delphi Prime, Saxon and I will still protect you and keep anyone from taking advantage of you.”

“Damn right,” Saxon growled.

“Thank you—both of you.” Mirabella’s green eyes shimmered like emeralds as she looked up at them, her lovely face filled with gratitude.

“You’re very welcome, my Lady,” Lynx told her. “No matter what happens, we’ll keep you safe.”

“Remember—not a drop of your blood will be shed unless all of ours is spilled,” Saxon growled softly.

“Thank you.” Mirabella’s voice trembled as she thanked them again. “That makes me feel so safe. So...”

“Cherished? Protected? Cared for?” Lynx purred softly. “For you are all those things when you are with us, my Lady.”

He took a hand off the steering yoke and put it around her shoulders, only to find that Saxon had already encircled her waist. As the familiar electrical energy began to flow through the three of them, he wished that it would never end.

TWENTY-SIX

SAXON

Saxon felt guilty that they had decided to extend their mission yet again. Of course, they were only doing it to protect Mirabella, but he couldn't help feeling that the longer they stayed with her, the deeper the connection between the three of them was growing.

Shouldn't be connecting with her—shouldn't want to connect with any female at all, he thought. Not after Kara.

But as much as he tried to hold the memory of his lost mate sacred in his heart, he couldn't seem to help wanting to be closer to Mirabella. It wasn't just that she was beautiful and curvy, it was the fact that she was courageous and smart and fun to be with. He greatly admired the way she stood up to Mistress Bloodmuch and the corrupt Mistresses who had been trying to buy her power.

She's a force to be reckoned with, he thought, looking down at the little female affectionately. And she's not afraid of anything!

Saxon couldn't help admiring that quality in her—and he couldn't help wanting to be closer to her. Especially when she was sitting between himself and Lynx, touching both of them at once. That always made the energy start flowing between the three of them, making him want her more and more.

He knew Lynx wanted her too—he could feel the longing and desire pouring through their Brother-Bond whenever they were both touching the little female at once. If it was up to Lynx, they would be pursuing Mirabella much more

aggressively. They would be talking about Bonding her to them instead of just guarding her until her transfer of power was complete.

But Saxon just didn't feel right about it. It felt like disrespecting Kara's memory—like forgetting their beloved mate. He couldn't do that, no matter how tempting Mirabella was.

Although sometimes, like right now with his arm around her shoulders and Lynx's arm around her waist, he wished that he could let himself give in and love her...

"Saxon?" Mirabella's soft voice penetrated his thoughts and he looked down at her.

"Yes, little one?"

"I don't think I ever thanked you for stopping me from taking that drugged drink," she said, looking up at him. "So I want to now—thank you."

Saxon shrugged.

"Just part of my job, little one."

"Well, you're really good at it," Mirabella said appreciatively. "How did you ever smell the drug in it? All I could smell was attar of roses—it was so strong!"

"Probably because you're only smelling the top layer of scent," Lynx told her. "But there are many layers to every fragrance or odor—a Shifter can smell them all."

"Lynx is right." Saxon nodded. "They're obvious to us—the scent layers, I mean. Especially when we're in our Fur Form."

"Is that why you, uh, Shifted? Are your senses sharper in that form?" she asked curiously.

Saxon nodded.

"Yeah, helluvalot sharper."

"I see." Mirabella shifted in her seat between them. "I was wondering..." She trailed off.

“Go on—whatever it is, we won’t be upset,” Lynx urged gently.

“Well...I know you’re kind of touchy about the subject, but I’d like to know more about your, uh, Fur Forms,” she said tentatively, looking up at both of them. “I’ve seen you in several different levels, I guess is the best word. I mean, when you’re just barely Shifted, you look kind of like teddy bears because you’re all covered with fur except your faces.”

“Teddy bears?” Saxon frowned.

“A stuffed animal from Earth. I’m guessing your father brought you one when you were younger?” Lynx asked, lifting an eyebrow at her.

“Yes, he did.” Mirabella nodded. “What do you call it—when you’re in that, uh, teddy bear mode?”

“We call that a quarter-Shift,” Saxon growled. “It sharpens our senses and reflexes and let’s us draw on the animal knowledge of our Fur Form without causing us to lose our humanoid form and features.”

As he spoke, he Shifted for her, allowing the shaggy black pelt of his Fur Form to sprout all over his body. Lynx did the same.

“Oh!” Mirabella looked surprised at first, but then she put a hand on both of their arms, rubbing up and down appreciatively. “Like velvet,” she murmured. “So soft—I like this form.”

“We can stay in it if you like,” Lynx offered. “It’s not uncomfortable for us.”

“Better than being fully humanoid all the damn time,” Saxon growled. “That gets fucking tiring.”

“What about the other form? The one where you both have, uh, animal heads?” Mirabella asked hesitantly. “I hope I put that the right way and didn’t offend you,” she added quickly.

“Of course not, my Lady,” Lynx said courteously. “The form you’re referring to is a half-Shift. It puts us exactly in the

middle of our humanoid and Fur Forms.”

“Is there such a thing as a three-quarters Shift?” Mirabella asked curiously.

Saxon swore under his breath and Lynx looked grave.

“No, my Lady. The form after that is a full-Shift—all the way to our Fur or animal form. But we dare not do that.”

“Why not?” Mirabella asked. “If you don’t mind me asking.”

“We don’t mind,” Lynx assured her. “It’s just that without a mate to call us back, we have no way to exit our full Fur Form and get back to our humanoid form.”

“And it’s not just our body that changes—it’s our mind—we go completely feral,” Saxon told her.

“Which is why none but a Bonded mate can call us back from the animal side,” Lynx explained.

“What happens if you do a full-Shift and you *don’t* have a Bonded mate to call you back?” Mirabella asked.

She was getting near a very touchy subject, but Saxon understood she just wanted to know more about them. She didn’t understand fully what she was asking.

“It’s fucking bad,” he told her, deciding to leave the explaining to Lynx.

“We have a pact,” Lynx told her, clearly choosing his words delicately. “That if either of us should get caught as a mindless beast, the other will commit *Shai’ki’rai* for both of us.”

“*Shai’ki’rai*?” Mirabella frowned. “What’s that?”

“It means the one still in his right mind will shoot the other and then shoot himself,” Saxon growled.

“What?” Her lovely green eyes went wide. “So...it’s a *suicide* pact?”

“Essentially,” Lynx admitted. “But it’s necessary. You can’t imagine how big and destructive our Fur Forms are.”

“I’ve seen vids of wolves and lynxes from Earth,” Mirabella protested. “They’re scary but they’re not *that* big.”

“Take what you saw and multiply it by three,” Saxon growled. “My Fur Form—my Wolf—is as big as a fucking horse. A really *huge* horse.”

“My Lynx is the same,” Lynx acknowledged. “Both our Fur Forms can be utterly savage—they’re uncontrollable since we have no mate.”

“What if you had a mate...I mean, what if you found someone—” Mirabella began but Saxon cut her off.

“We *had* a mate,” he said harshly, withdrawing his arm from around her shoulders. “Had—*past fucking tense*. We’re never going to have another.”

Then he rose and went to the back of the ship, images of Kara filling his head as guilt swamped him. Because when Mirabella had talked about them taking another mate, he’d wanted—for a moment—to ask if *she* would be their mate.

It was something he knew he could never do.

TWENTY-SEVEN

MIRABELLA

“Names please?” The attendant waited, stylus poised above his light board.

“I’m Lynx and this is Saxon, my Bond-Brother,” Lynx said promptly. “We’re here to visit the Oracle,” he added.

“Yes, yes—everyone is,” the attendant muttered, gesturing to the crowded waiting area in the Delphi Prime Space Port as he wrote their names on his board. He had one bushy black eyebrow which went across his entire forehead but it didn’t look as strange as the fact that he had three purple eyes, all in a row, under it.

“Is there a long wait?” Saxon growled, eyeing the crowd of aliens milling around the Space Port suspiciously.

It seemed that there was some one from every known species in the galaxy, Miri thought—and there were some she didn’t know at all. Most were humanoid but there were a few strange ones—the pale blue blob creatures in the corner for instance. Who or what were they?

“Not a long wait at all—the Oracle has many facets and faces to communicate with,” the attendant said briskly. “And what is the name of your pet, please?”

“Our what?” Lynx looked almost as confused as Miri felt because the attendant was looking straight at *her* with all three of his eyes.

“Your pet—your sex pet!” he said impatiently. “Also, did you know that pets are not allowed to be dressed? Except for enhancement costuming, of course.”

“You’re calling our female a *pet*?” There was a dangerous growl in Saxon’s deep voice. For a moment, Miri thought he might Shift.

“Of course I am!” The attendant refused to be intimidated. “Because, by Delphi Prime law, all males entering our planet *must* have their own sex pet. That keeps them off our women, you know,” he added. “It’s a well-known fact that our females are well-nigh irresistible. Take my own mate for example.”

He flipped his light board around and showed them a picture of a statuesque female striking a provocative pose. Like her husband, she had three squinty eyes and a broad, bushy unibrow running along the top of them. Her lips were covered in purple lip-stain and pursed in a kiss. But the lip-stain wasn’t nearly as noticeable as the bushy mustache on the lip above it

“I know, I know—she’s hot, right?” the attendant said proudly, turning the light board this way and that so Lynx and Saxon could both fully appreciate the image. “You’re jealous, right? If she was here right now, I could barely keep you off her!”

“She certainly is a *distinctive* looking female,” Lynx said diplomatically. “That’s a very fine, er, mustache”

Saxon just made a face.

“So now you see why every male who comes to our planet *must* have their own sex pet,” the attendant said, flipping the board back around to continue working. “And is this little female yours?”

“She is,” Lynx said quickly. “Her name is Mirabella but we just call her, er...”

“Little Miri,” Saxon supplied.

“You share her?” The attendant lifted his eyebrow at them.

“Yes. We’re Bond-Brothers—we *must* share a female,” Lynx said firmly.

“All right. Kinky but it’s fine as long as you’re both sexually satisfied.” The attendant nodded and made another

mark on his board.

“Fully,” Lynx assured him.

“Good. Then you won’t come panting after any of *our* females,” the attendant said.

“We can fucking promise you that,” Saxon growled and Lynx gave him a warning nudge.

“Good.” The attendant nodded again. “Then you’ll be granted entry to the planet and the Oracle’s mountain as soon as you visit the pet washing area.”

“The what?” Saxon frowned.

“The pet washing area,” the attendant repeated. “It’s through those doors,” he added, nodding to a pair of sliding glass and metal doors behind them.

“And...this is a required step?” Lynx asked, raising his eyebrows.

“If you want to see the Oracle, it is,” the attendant snapped. “You must make certain your pet is clean and presentable and free of parasites. Oh, and you’ll need the proper accessories too. How many orifices does your pet have between her legs?”

“What the *fuck* did you just ask?” Saxon growled, glaring at the man.

“Two!” Miri said quickly, speaking up for the first time. She put a hand on Saxon’s arm—he was quivering with tension, as though he thought she’d been insulted. For someone who never wanted to take another mate since he’d lost his first one, he certainly was extremely protective of her, she thought.

“Pets don’t talk,” the attendant said, pointing at her sternly. “However, I’ll let it slide this once. Two,” he muttered, marking it on his light board. “Good, so I’ll put you down for a double-ended tail, some ears, a collar and leash, and some nipple decorations. She *does* have nipples, right?” he asked Lynx, since Saxon was still fuming.

“Yes, two,” Lynx said shortly.

“Only two?” The attendant shook his head. “See now, my mate has twenty seven—two on each breast and one between each of her toes.”

“Wait...what?” Saxon looked confused. “How many fucking toes does she have then?”

“The normal amount of course—twelve on her right foot and thirteen on her left,” the attendant told him. “Ah—now you’re *really* jealous, aren’t you?” he asked, leering at Saxon and Lynx. “It makes our foot-play *amazing*. Are you into that?”

“Uh, no. No, we’re not, uh, into ‘that,’” Lynx said, frowning—for which Miri was profoundly grateful. “Other than to massage my Lady—I mean my pet’s feet from time to time.”

“But nothing fucking sexual,” Saxon added.

“Ah, a pity—you don’t know what you’re missing.” The attendant shook his head. “But I guess if there are no inter-toe nipples to play with...”

“There aren’t,” Lynx assured him. “Are we finished here?”

“Yes.” The attendant wrote one more thing on his light board and nodded as he looked up. “Just go through those doors to the pet washing area. You’re number forty-seven but there are over a hundred stations. Just find the one with your number and start bathing your pet. An attendant will come over and bring you everything I’ve ordered for you.”

“Thank you,” Lynx said courteously. “Er, do we pay for all the, uh, pet accoutrements here or there?”

“Oh, no charge—no charge.” The attendant shook his head. “It’s all provided as a public service. Again, we figure if your own pet is beautified enough, you won’t go running after our females. So consider your new pet accessories a gift from Delphi Prime to you.”

“Thank you—that’s very kind.” Lynx nodded. “Come on, my La—er, I mean, Little Miri,” he said to Miri. “Let’s go get you bathed.”

“Okay.” Miri nodded gravely and followed after him with Saxon guarding her back.

She wasn’t sure what to think—she’d been resigned to being a sex slave. In fact, she’d secretly been looking forward to it—it was kind of hot, in a way, thinking of serving the two big Monstrum sexually. But she’d never thought of being their sex *pet*.

She had an idea that a whole different world was about to open to her and she wasn’t sure what she might find there.

TWENTY-EIGHT

MIRABELLA

The pet washing area was a vast, open room filled with a hundred individual bathing stations. Each had a waist-high metal table with a shallow tub at one end. The tubs had a faucet, and several taps as well as a spraying head connected to flexible metal tubing.

Everywhere she looked, Miri saw women of different species kneeling on hands and knees in the tubs while their men bathed them. Some of them looked happier about this than others and there was a lot of splashing going on.

“I wonder what happens if you want to consult the Oracle but you’re neither male nor female?” Lynx murmured. He was looking at the same pale blue blob-like creatures Miri had seen earlier.

“Or if you’re both,” Saxon rumbled. “There are plenty of species who are hermaphroditic. Or they switch sexes depending on their cycle or who they’re near at the time.”

“I guess they just choose who gets to play the ‘male’ and who gets to play the ‘female,’” Miri murmured, keeping her voice low since pets weren’t supposed to speak.

“Yeah, otherwise they wouldn’t allow them in for fear they’d go chasing after the Delphi females with their fucking nipples toes,” Saxon growled.

Miri tried to stifle a laugh.

“Oh my Goddess, I thought I was going to lose it when he said that!”

“Shhh!” Lynx cautioned her. “Here comes an attendant.”

Another male attendant—also with three eyes and a unibrow—came over to them.

“Number forty-seven?” he asked briskly, looking at his light board.

“Yes, Sir,” Lynx said, nodding. “Are you here to direct us to our bathing station?”

“Yes, and to give you your pet supplies. Right this way, please.”

The new attendant—who was wearing a long, water-proof smock, Miri noticed—led them over to a metal table with an imbedded, waist-high tub which had the number 47 floating in glowing yellow holo-numbers above it.

“Here you are,” he said. “You can strip your pet and put her directly into the tub. There’s padding on the bottom so she won’t bruise her hands and knees or any other appendages she might happen to have,” he added. “Well—go on. Let’s see you get her washed.”

“What—you’re going to stand here and watch?” Saxon demanded, frowning.

“Until I’m certain you’re doing it right, yes I am,” the attendant said firmly. “You wouldn’t believe how some people try to cut corners—they try to just splash a little water on their pet and call it done—which isn’t *nearly* good enough, of course. Proper pet hygiene *must* be observed.”

“What is the pet bathing protocol, then?” Lynx asked politely.

“You must get your pet completely naked, to start with,” the attendant said, frowning at Miri. “And then you must soap every bit of her—including and especially her sensitive areas and her orifices. Don’t worry about me watching,” he added to Saxon, who was openly glaring at him. “After I’m sure you’re doing it right, I’ll leave. I have no prurient sexual interest in watching your sex pet get bathed—I have a goddess of my own back home.”

And he turned his light board to show them a picture, just as the first attendant had. The female he showed them actually had *four* eyes, but she still had a bushy unibrow and a thick, luxuriant mustache, which must be considered a sexy feature here at Delphi Prime, Miri thought.

“Oh yeah—hot,” Saxon muttered sarcastically, still glaring.

“She is, isn’t she?” The attendant sighed happily. “And her toe-nipples—”

“I’m going to stop you right there,” Lynx said quickly. “Because we need to get on with the bathing so we can go see the Oracle.”

“Of course, of course.” The bathing attendant nodded. “Do go on—as soon as I’m sure you’re doing things correctly I’ll leave to attend the next group.”

“Well, little Miri...” Lynx turned to her. “I guess it’s time we got you undressed.” He leaned closer and murmured. “Sorry about this, my Lady.”

“It’s all right—we have to play our parts,” Miri murmured back.

She felt self-conscious as she turned her back to start undressing. She pulled the thin green dress with its brass accents off and then removed the panties and the thin, see-through undergarments as well. Quickly, she twisted her curls into a knot at the nape of her neck—she didn’t see any hair products here and she needed specific ones to keep her curls from getting frizzy.

“Now then—let’s get her into the tub,” the bathing attendant commanded.

“Come, little one. Up you get.” Saxon swung her into his muscular arms as though she weighed no more than a feather pillow and deposited her gently, on her hands and knees, into the shallow tub.

As the attendant had promised, there was a soft, spongy cushion lining the metal tub so it didn’t hurt Miri to kneel on

her hands and knees—though she *did* feel extremely odd being naked and surrounded by males.

“Very good—now get the water to your desired temperature—you can use the flexible spray nozzle,” the bathing attendant said, continuing to micro-manage her bath. “And the second button there dispenses the soap right into the water.”

“Is this good, my Lady?” Lynx murmured in her ear, spraying some warm water on her hands. He and Saxon were standing on either side of her, shielding her as much as possible from prying eyes, though Miri still felt desperately naked. She was acutely aware of her breasts hanging down like ripe fruit, her nipples tight in the cool air.

“A little warmer, please,” she murmured, shivering.

Lynx adjusted the water and sprayed her again. This time, she nodded.

“Yes, that’s better.”

“Good, get her all wet and then add the soap into the mix,” the bathing attendant ordered.

“Don’t worry, little one—we’re right here,” Saxon rumbled, as Lynx began to spray her body all over with the warm water. “We’ll keep you safe—and shield you from prying eyes,” he added, casting another look at the bathing attendant.

“Thank you,” Miri breathed. It wasn’t that she was afraid—more just embarrassed. But knowing that the two big Monstrum were on either side of her like two strong walls surrounding and protecting her made her feel better in this odd situation.

The water took on a foamy quality and a soft, floral note drifted to Miri’s nose. She was glad she’d put her hair up—the soap smelled nice but it would doubtless have dried out her curls and made them frizz horribly.

“All right—now wash her,” the bathing attendant commanded, once she was covered in pink foam. “Both of you

—and be sure not to neglect her sensitive areas, crevices, and orifices.”

“With your permission, my Lady,” Lynx murmured in her ear and she saw that Saxon was waiting also, though there was a hungry look in his pale blue eyes that said he might not wait for long.

“Okay,” she whispered, nodding. “Go ahead—wash me.”

And four big, strong, warm hands began caressing her body.

At first, she froze, feeling strange and exposed. But Saxon and Lynx were touching her gently but firmly, rubbing their hands all over her bare flesh as though she was a delicate artwork that might break if they scrubbed too hard. Miri felt herself melting as their big hands slid up and down her arms and legs and sides—they were being careful to avoid her private areas, she noted.

But this wasn’t good enough for the bathing attendant.

“No, no—didn’t I tell you not to neglect her crevices and orifices? And what about her breasts and nipples? You must bathe those as well!” he demanded.

Lynx bent down to catch Miri’s eye.

“My Lady?” he murmured in a low voice. Clearly he was asking for permission before they obeyed the bathing attendant’s demands.

Miri bit her lip for a moment. Well, she was already naked and the three of them had been intimate on several occasions. Also—and most importantly—she trusted the two big Monstrum.

“All right—go ahead,” she whispered. “Do...do what he’s telling you to do.”

“We’ll be gentle, my Lady,” Lynx purred softly. “I promise.”

Then he rose and palmed her heavy breasts. Scrubbing and rubbing them, he spent extra time tugging her tight nipples until Miri moaned and writhed under his expert touch.

At the same time, Saxon had moved around behind her and was washing her inner thighs, running his big hands up and down in slow, smooth strokes. Miri bit back another moan as she felt him reach her bare pussy and then cup her in one big, warm hand.

“Easy, little one,” he rumbled as he rubbed some of the sweet-smelling foam over her mound, cleaning the tiny patch of curls there. “Just let yourself be open for me and I promise not to hurt you.”

Miri tried to do as he said—she even spread her thighs a little wider, letting him know she understood. She could feel herself getting hotter and wetter all the time as Lynx continued to tug and tease her sensitive nipples.

And then two thick fingers were slipping into her inner folds, swirling around and around the aching button of her clit and then finding their ways deep into her channel.

At the same time another thick, soapy finger began circling her rosebud. Before she knew it, it had slipped inside her tight back entrance as well, washing her more thoroughly than she’d ever been washed before.

“Oh!” Miri gasped softly as Saxon fucked gently into her. She felt so exposed, kneeling naked on the table in this crowded room and yet it felt so good to let her men touch her and wash her and pleasure her like this! Because there was no doubt they had more than just getting her clean on their minds—the way Lynx was teasing her nipples and Saxon was circling her clit while he fucked gently into her pussy and ass proved that beyond the shadow of a doubt.

“Good, that’s very good,” the bathing attendant said.

Miri jumped—she’d completely forgotten he was there.

“Glad we’re giving our ‘pet’ a bath to your satisfaction,” Saxon growled. “Now can you kindly fuck off?”

“As soon as I show you your pet’s accessories,” the bathing attendant said cheerfully. “You might need me to explain the double tail and the nipple decorations.”

He laid out a lot of different things—a leash and collar, a set of pointed “ears” attached to a headband that Miri supposed she would wear, and some small golden bands with golden threads tipped in sparkling beads on the other end of the metal table.

Then he produced something extremely odd—a contraption which looked like a double headed phallus curved in the middle, with a long, silky tail made of long, golden metallic strands affixed to the back of it.

“What the actual fuck?” Saxon stared at the thing blankly.

“I believe that’s the double tail, Brother,” Lynx said.

“It is, indeed,” the bathing attendant assured them. “As you can see, it has two heads—one for each of your pet’s orifices. This end is thinner than the other,” he added, showing them how one phallus was smaller and slimmer. “Which head you put into which orifice is up to you. Oh, and there’s an automatic double-pumping action as well,” he added.

“And is this really necessary? Making our, uh, pet wear this tail?” Lynx asked, frowning.

“If you want to see the Oracle it is.” The bathing attendant nodded. “Believe me—your pet will be glad of it—it will get her ready to meet the Oracle.”

“Why would she need to wear something like that to meet the fucking Oracle?” Saxon demanded.

“I’m not allowed to say much of the mysteries awaiting those who seek the wisdom of the Oracle,” the bathing attendant said loftily. “Let’s just say that the price it asks is often ...*sexual* in nature.”

“What?” Miri exclaimed before she could stop herself. “I’m *not* going to get with some strange male just to hear what the Oracle has to say!”

The bathing attendant gave her a stern frown and she remembered that as a “pet” she wasn’t supposed to speak.

“No one said anything about having sexual relations with strangers,” he said stiffly, clearly addressing Lynx and Saxon

and *not* Miri. “But the three of you may be required to...”

“Required to what?” Lynx asked urgently, when he trailed off.

“Never mind.” He shook his head mysteriously. “Let’s just say the Oracle likes to watch. Now just rinse off your pet, pat her dry, and put on all of her accessories. As soon as you’re finished, take her through those doors.” He pointed to another set of sliding glass and metal doors at the end of the room. “As long as you’ve done everything properly, you should pass inspection and then you’ll be given access to the tunnels that lead to the Oracle’s mountain.”

Then he turned and left, his long waterproof smock flapping behind him.

“Well...” Lynx turned on the water again and began spraying Miri off.

“Is that all you can say? Fucking ‘well’?” Saxon demanded. “When he tells us we have to put that fucking thing inside our female?” He picked up the double-ended tail with its long golden tassels and shook it in Lynx’s face.

“Actually, it’s not that different from your own shaft, Brother” Lynx said mildly. “It has two appendages for our Lady’s pleasure.”

“I don’t mind the first one—the bigger one that’s supposed to go into my...in front,” Miri said, studying the thing in Saxon’s big hand. “But the second one...I’ve never had anything, uh...”

“You’ve never had your rosebud pierced, is that it, little one?” Saxon growled.

“Well, other than when you were just, uh, washing me just now, no,” Miri confessed, blushing. “And that other end looks a lot thicker than your finger.”

“She needs to be opened gently,” Lynx murmured. He went around behind Miri and directed the jet of warm water to her pussy and rosebud, which made her moan and squirm. “Feels good, my Lady?” he asked softly.

“Yes—*very* good,” Miri panted—it reminded her of the spray jet she had back in her bathroom at home, which she had often used to please herself. She couldn’t believe she was naked on the table with the two of them watching while Lynx teased her most private parts with the water nozzle but it felt too good to complain.

“Water is one thing, but that tail the attendant left is substantial,” Lynx remarked. He finished spraying Miri clean and began patting her dry with a big, fluffy white towel which he had found on a rack under the table. “Did the bathing attendant provide any lube?”

“There is some but I know what she *really* needs,” Saxon rumbled. “And it’s not just some fucking lube.”

He went around behind Miri again and she felt his big, warm hands on her bare ass cheeks.

“Saxon? What are you doing?” she asked, turning her head to see.

The big Monstrum didn’t answer. Instead, he parted her cheeks and ducked down. And then Miri felt the hot, wet, shocking sensation of a tongue caressing her pussy. First it circled her aching clit and then slipped into her channel, going surprisingly deep!

“Oh!” she exclaimed, wiggling involuntarily. “Oh, what are you doing?”

“Our saliva contains compounds which helps a female open for us,” Lynx explained. “Because we have extra-large shafts. I believe Saxon is just trying to help you be open enough when we insert the tail you must wear.”

“Oh, but he...does he have to do what he’s doing right here in public?” Miri exclaimed, looking around.

It was one thing to be naked and let the two big Monstrum bathe her—after all, every other female in the room was also being bathed by her male. But it was something else entirely to have her pussy licked and penetrated by Saxon’s tongue while anyone could be watching!

“Don’t fear, my Lady,” Lynx purred. As he spoke, he palmed her breasts again, cupping the heavy mounds in his big hands and teasing her nipples lightly. “Just let Saxon work on you with his tongue for a moment—it doesn’t take long for the compounds to work.”

“All right,” Miri moaned, shifting again. “I just—”

But just at that moment, Saxon’s warm, wet tongue left her pussy and slid upwards to begin circling the tight, tingling ring of her rosebud.

“Oh!” Miri gasped, jerking in surprise. She’d never had anyone touch her or play with her there. It felt dirty and wrong...and yet incredibly pleasurable at the same time.

“What’s he doing now?” Lynx murmured.

“He...he’s trying to put his tongue in my...in my back entrance,” Miri explained, nearly panting with the strangely enjoyable sensation.

“And why should he not?” Lynx asked, raising his eyebrows even as he tugged lightly at her nipples.

“Because!” Miri exclaimed. “It...it’s dirty!”

“Didn’t he just wash you there?” Lynx murmured. “And besides, no part of you is dirty or disreputable to us. We love every bit of your luscious, curvy body, my Lady. So why don’t you relax and let Saxon put his tongue inside you?”

As he spoke, Miri felt the tip of the big Monstrum’s tongue breach her rosebud and slip into her. It was such a strange sensation and yet, at the same time, he had reached between her legs and was circling her clit with one patient finger, sending fiery darts of sensation through her whole body.

“Oh!” she moaned. “Oh, Goddess...”

Just as she wasn’t sure she could take it anymore, Saxon finally withdrew his tongue. He gave her a soft kiss on each cheek and then rose to his full height.

“I think she’s ready now, Brother. You can insert the tail.”

“Thank you.” Lynx looked down at her. “Are you ready to be filled, my Lady?”

“I...I guess so.” Miri nodded.

Her heart was speeding but it began pounding even harder when Lynx came around behind her.

“Gently, my Lady,” he purred, laying one big, warm hand on the small of her back. “Just spread your legs nice and wide for me so I can fit this inside you.”

“All...all right,” Miri whispered.

She bit her lip as she felt the heads of the double-ended tail pressing against the entrance to both her pussy and her ass. She expected that the one positioned at her rosebud would certainly be a tight fit. But to her surprise, both of them glided inside her with no problem.

“Oh!” she gasped, as the larger head met the end of her pussy channel, bottoming out inside her and the smaller one filled her ass.

“All right, my Lady?” Lynx asked, rubbing her back again. “How do you feel?”

“Full—very full,” Miri admitted. “And it...oh—they’re moving! Both of them!”

She could feel the two heads moving inside her—actually pumping in and out in a way that could only be described as fucking.

“They’re fucking me—both of them are,” she told Lynx and Saxon. “I can feel them thrusting inside me!”

“Hmm, well the attendant *did* say something about ‘double-pumping action’ didn’t he?” Lynx asked thoughtfully.

“Is it bothering you or hurting you, little one?” Saxon growled. “Do you want us to pull it out?”

Miri bit her lip.

“No, I...no, it just felt strange at first,” she admitted, panting a little as she shifted her hips, trying to get used to the

erotic motion going on inside her. “I...I’ve never been filled like this before—with two, uh, shafts, I mean.”

“You’ve never been *shared* before,” Lynx purred. “I wish we could change that for you, my Lady.” He glanced at Saxon, who didn’t say anything, though the hunger was clear on his dark face.

“Come—we must put on the rest of your ‘pet regalia’,” Lynx murmured. “I think the nipple jewelry fastens around your nipples like so...”

He worked on Miri’s nipples for a moment, fastening the tiny gold bands around her sensitive peaks so that the golden tassels attached hung down. The bands also had some kind of motorized action, because Miri could feel them squeezing and releasing—teasing her tender buds just as the double-ended tail was fucking her ass and pussy.

“Oh...” she half-whispered/half moaned. “I just don’t know...don’t know how much of this I can stand!”

“Does it hurt?” Saxon asked anxiously.

“No, it feels *good*,” Miri admitted. “I’m just afraid I might, you know, *come* if it keeps on like this!”

“There’s no shame in giving yourself up to pleasure,” Lynx purred, stroking her cheek and looking into her eyes. “Let yourself go and come if you need to, my Lady. Saxon and I will guard you even in your most unguarded moments.”

“Thank you, Lynx,” Miri murmured. She had actually been more worried about the embarrassment of coming in public around a bunch of other people than being unguarded, but she appreciated the big Monstrum’s sweet words.

At least I’m not the only one in this condition, she thought, glancing around the room to see that other females were similarly arrayed. The girl on the table in front of them—number 46—was moaning and writhing in apparent ecstasy, which made the long silver tassels of the “tail” she was wearing shimmer and swish.

“Suppose we’d better get our little ‘pet’ to the inspection room,” Saxon growled. “Though the Goddess knows I don’t

fucking like the idea of any other male looking at her while she's looking so fucking hot.”

“We have to put on her ears and leash and collar first,” Lynx said.

He helped Miri on with the pointed, golden ears which matched her tail and then fastened the collar and leash around her neck.

“There,” he said, standing back at last. “I think you're all ready now, my Lady.”

“How do you feel?” Saxon asked her, a worried look in his pale blue eyes.

Miri shivered.

“Now I know how you two must have felt back on Yonnie Six—being made to parade around with your, uh, shafts sticking out, wearing collars.”

“It wasn't very fucking comfortable,” Saxon growled.

“But we would do it again—any time for you, my Lady,” Lynx purred. “Come now—it's time we got you inspected.”

Then he lifted Miri as easily as Saxon had earlier and set her on her feet.

She was a little wobbly at first—it still felt strange to have the double-ended tail fucking her, especially since she was in a new position and the heads seemed to reach even deeper inside her. But after a minute of leaning against Lynx, she steadied herself and nodded.

“All right—let's go.”

It was time for her inspection and then, hopefully, they would finally get to see the Oracle and she could find out who ought to be ruling Opulex and all of Yonnie Six.

TWENTY-NINE

SAXON

There was a line in the next room, of males with their “pets” waiting for inspection. Saxon kept a watchful eye on the other males, but they all seemed to be watching their own females.

To be honest, there was a lot to watch. Females everywhere were moaning and sighing and shifting and all of them were nude except for the pet regalia they all wore.

But the sight of so many naked females being sexually pleased and—in some cases actually coming—right in front of him did nothing for Saxon. The sight of Mirabella in the same position, however, was something else again.

Seeing all her smooth brown skin so bare with the golden accents of the nipples jewelry enclosing her tight, ripe nipples and hearing the soft little moans she made as the double-ended tail fucked her was making his shaft fucking hard as a rock!

To add to his torment, her sweet and spicy flavor was still on his lips. He’d been wanting to taste her more fully ever since he’d “kissed her panties” at the Yonnite Leadership Meeting. Having her on her knees with her thighs spread so that he could slip his tongue all the way inside her had been so fucking erotic he’d nearly come just from her scent and flavor!

Saxon shifted, trying not to look at her so much. But then Mirabella stumbled and nearly fell, probably because she was so damn distracted by the internal pleasure she could barely walk!

Saxon was closest to her and he turned and caught her in his arms without even thinking about it. All her warm, willing, bare flesh was suddenly pressed against him and she was looking up at him with those gorgeous green eyes.

“Watch where you’re going!” he growled, but he held her gently against him, reluctant to let her go.

“Our Lady is just distracted by the pleasure she’s receiving from the pet devices,” Lynx said smoothly, though he made no move to take her from Saxon’s arms.

“Sorry but Lynx is right—I am, uh, kind of distracted,” Mirabella murmured, still looking up at him. “I guess it’s a good thing they didn’t make me wear anything to stimulate my—you know—my clit. If they had...” She trailed off, her light brown skin taking a rosy hue and he knew she was blushing.

“If they had, you’d be fucking coming right now, wouldn’t you?” Saxon asked roughly.

Biting her lip in that distractingly erotic way she had, Mirabella nodded.

“I’m so close...right on the edge. But I can’t quite—”

“Number forty-seven?” a loud voice called and Saxon looked up to see that they had reached the front of the line somehow. The attendant standing there had the standard three eyes and unibrow and was holding a light board in one hand.

“Put your pet on the table please, so I can be certain she’s properly arrayed for her visit to the Oracle,” he said briskly. “Come along, let’s hurry so we can move the line along please.”

Reluctantly, Saxon deposited Mirabella on the metal table—though there was at least a thin pad for her hands and knees, as there had been in the bathing tub.

“Don’t you fucking touch her!” he growled at the attendant, who was standing on the other side of the table, staring at her.

“My Bond-Brother is correct—you may look but do not touch,” Lynx agreed, narrowing his golden eyes.

“Relax, gentlemen—I see a thousand naked females a day and not one of them is as desirable as my own beautiful mate,” the attendant told them.

“I swear to the Goddess if you start talking about her nipple-toes or toe-nipples or whatever the fuck they are—” Saxon started.

“Which I see *your* little female lacks—more’s the pity,” the attendant murmured, looking at Mirabella’s bare feet. Lynx had bundled up her clothes and shoes and added them to the pack he was carrying. They had brought a few supplies, not knowing how long they would be in the Oracle’s mountain.

“We’re perfectly happy with our Lady—I mean, our ‘pet’—just as she is,” Lynx said firmly. “Could you continue with the inspection please?”

“Yes, of course. Well...she seems to have the correct tail and it appears to be working.” The attendant made some marks on his board. “And I see the nipple jewelry...the collar...the leash...but no knee pads,” he added, frowning.

“Knee pads?” Saxon growled. “What the fuck does she need those for?”

“Oh, well a pet isn’t permitted to walk upright, you know,” the attendant said reprovingly. “She’s meant to be on her hands and knees, walking on the leash.”

“Our Lady has already put up with enough denigration,” Lynx said, his golden eyes flashing angrily.

“She’s not going to fucking crawl on the floor like an actual *animal*,” Saxon ended, glaring at the male.

“Well she cannot appear before the Oracle standing upright—it simply isn’t done!” the attendant said huffily.

“It’s all right, boys.” Mirabella’s voice was soft, for their ears only. “I mean—look at how I’m dressed. Or rather *not* dressed. You think it really matters if I’m walking or crawling?”

“It matters to *us*, my Lady,” Lynx said earnestly.

“Here.” The attendant reached under the metal table and pulled out a pair of stretchy black pads. “Slide these onto your pet’s legs with the padded part over her knees,” he commanded, pushing them across the table.

Saxon wouldn’t take them but Mirabella reached for them herself and pulled them on. Then she nodded at the attendant, a silent acknowledgement that she was ready to go.

“Very good.” The attendant made a final mark on his light board and nodded in apparent satisfaction.

“Beyond the doors you’ll find the moving walkway that will take you deep into the Oracle’s mountain,” he told them. “There is also an elevated moving walkway for your pet to ride to one side. Do not step off the walkway and don’t pay attention to things you may see in the mist along the way. The walkway will come to a stop when you get to the interface the Oracle has planned for you.”

“The interface the Oracle has *planned* for us?” Saxon frowned. “How the fuck can it plan for us? It’s not like we decided to come here a long time ago—this was a last-minute trip!”

“Ahh, but the Oracle knows your ways and your hearts better than you yourselves do,” the attendant said mysteriously. “She will tell you what you need to know...for a price. And before you ask, I cannot say what that price might be—only that you must pay it to learn the answers you seek.”

“But—” Lynx began.

“Now please move through the next set of double doors and onto the moving walkway,” the attendant finished in a bored voice that made Saxon stare at him. Was the whole mysterious Oracle speech just a spiel he said to everyone who came to visit the Oracle? Did he say it or something like it to all the seekers who came to Delphi Prime?

Before any of his questions could be answered, Lynx was sweeping Mirabella off the table and into his arms.

“Come on, Brother,” he said to Saxon. “Let’s go.”

THIRTY

LYNX

The next set of double doors slid open, revealing a kind of tunnel. It went straight for a few hundred yards and then curved, Lynx saw, leading into an unknown area. The walls were rough-hewn stone—clearly they were going to be traveling into the mountain.

As the last attendant had promised, there was a moving walkway of the same kind that humans had at some of their airports. Right beside it, moving at the same rate, was another, raised walkway which would be about waist-level for him and Saxon.

“I suppose you’re meant to ride up there, my Lady,” he said to Mirabella. “On your, uh, hands and knees,” he added apologetically.

She nodded.

“All right. Actually, being on my hands and knees will probably be more comfortable than standing or walking with this, uh, tail in me.”

“Is it bothering you, little one?” Saxon asked her and Lynx could feel his concern for their female through the Brother-Bond.

She shook her head.

“No, it’s just...stimulating. It keeps getting me *almost* to the edge but then I can’t quite...you know, get there.”

“Your sweet little Goddess pearl needs attention,” Lynx murmured. “Most females can’t come just from penetration

alone.”

Mirabella gave a surprised-sounding laugh.

“It’s amazing you know that—*most* men certainly don’t.”

“It’s common sense,” Saxon growled. “You need your clit stimulated to come.” He stepped closer to her and cupped her cheek in one big hand. “Want me to bathe it with my tongue, little Mistress?” he growled softly, looking into her eyes. “Just spread your thighs for me—I can have you coming nice and hard, just let me lap that sweet little Goddess pearl.”

Lynx felt a rush of desire go through him, watching his Bond-Brother offer to pleasure the female they both desired. Because Saxon could deny it all he wanted but there was no doubt that he longed for Mirabella as much as Lynx did.

Lynx wanted so badly for them to share her—to bring her pleasure at the same time...to Bond her and Breed her and make her theirs forever.

But he sensed that Saxon wasn’t there yet—might never get there. The memory of Kara and the guilt the Lykan Shifter felt for their lost mate was still too strong for him to think of Bonding another female. However, his willingness to be intimate with Mirabella was definitely a step in the right direction.

Speaking of Mirabella, she was blushing at the frank way Saxon had offered to lick her clit.

“Not now, Saxon—thank you,” she said, looking up at him. “I...I think we should just get onto the walkways and go see the Oracle. The sooner we see it, the sooner we can find out who really ought to be ruling Yonnie Six as head of the Sacred Seven in my place.”

Saxon nodded.

“Fair enough, but the offer stands. Fucking love the taste of your sweet pussy, little one.”

“Er...thank you.” Mirabella blushed again. “Um, could one of you help me onto the moving pet walkway?”

“Certainly, my Lady.”

Lynx lifted her into his arms and placed her gently on the waist-high walkway. Then he and Saxon stepped onto the lower walkway themselves, making certain they stayed even with her so that all three of them were gliding smoothly into the mountain at the same rate of speed—which wasn't very fast.

“Can we speed this thing up any?” Saxon grumbled.

“I don't see how,” Lynx said. “I think we're stuck at whatever pace the walkway wants to go.”

“All right, I just wonder how long this is going to take.” Saxon sighed.

“You have someplace better to be?” Mirabella, who was riding along beside them on her hands and knees inquired. “Maybe you want to go back to Yonnie Six and be treated like a bodyslave again with your shaft sticking out of your trousers?”

“Hey, you liked it when we both had our shafts out,” Saxon growled, his pale blue eyes flashing. “Hell, you fucking *loved* it.”

Mirabella looked like she was about to answer, but they never got to hear what she might have said. For at that moment, the moving walkway turned the curve and headed towards the mountain...and into a whole different world.

THIRTY-ONE

MIRABELLA

“O *hhhh*,” Miri breathed as she looked at where they were headed. The walls had narrowed to a dark, mysterious tunnel and now she understood what the attendant had meant when he said “pay no attention to the things you see in the mist” because the mouth of the tunnel was filled with white vapor.

Like a gaping mouth filled with smoke, Miri thought. The temperature had risen some, which was nice—she’d been feeling quite chilly now that she was basically naked. Except for her “pet accoutrements” that was.

“And we’re going into *that*?” Saxon growled. There was a scowl on his dark face. “I don’t like it.”

“Everyone must go in this way and I didn’t read any accounts of anyone being harmed,” Lynx protested.

“It doesn’t look right,” Saxon grumbled, but he didn’t recommend that they leave, which was good—no matter how scary the mouth of the tunnel that led into the mountain was, Miri knew they had to go in. There was no other way to get the answer she was looking for.

“We’ll be fine,” she said, trying to sound brave. “Er...just stay close, all right?” she added, casting a glance to her left side, where the two big Monstrum were standing on the lower moving walkway.

“We’ll be with you the whole time, my Lady,” Lynx assured her in his deep, purring voice which she found so soothing.

“Not a fucking thing will touch you that doesn’t go through us first,” Saxon promised.

Both of them moved closer and Miri was glad when Lynx put a big, warm hand between her shoulder blades and Saxon rested his hand on her lower back.

It seemed exceptionally odd to be riding into the mountain this way, naked and being fucked by the double-ended tail with the two Monstrum she’d come to know and love beside her. But she felt better when the three of them were touching—the current of energy they seemed to generate together made her feel safe and protected.

Finally they reached the misty mouth and then plunged inside into the steamy darkness. At first Miri could still see fairly well and then the walkways took another curve and they were suddenly in complete blackness.

“Don’t like this,” Saxon growled and Miri could feel him stiffen in the darkness beside her.

“I don’t either but we’re together,” Lynx murmured reassuringly. “Let’s just see what the Oracle has planned for us.”

“I don’t fucking like the idea of it having plans for us at *all*,” Saxon said. “I don’t like—”

But he stopped talking abruptly as a light appeared to their left. The light resolved itself into a figure walking through the mist. No, Miri corrected herself—a figure being *projected onto* the mist. Because it was wispy and clearly not solid. As she watched, it coalesced into the image of a boy—a boy with golden hair and golden eyes.

“Hey—that’s you, Lynx,” Saxon growled, sounding surprised. “You when I first met you, all those years ago at the Clan gathering.”

“And that’s you,” Lynx responded, pointing to another figure in the mist. It was an older boy with dark hair and pale blue eyes.

The two boys—Miri thought they couldn’t be older than ten and twelve—came towards each other and looked each

other up and down. Then the dark one said, in a higher version of Saxon's baritone growl, "So it's you, is it?"

The golden-haired younger boy nodded mutely.

"All right. Come on, then." The darker boy jerked his head and started off. Without hesitation, the lighter boy followed him and soon the two figures had disappeared, melting into the mist.

"That was the moment of our first meeting," Lynx murmured, sounding awed.

"Why would the mist show us that?" Saxon asked, sounding like he was frowning.

"How did the two of you know each other? I mean, how did you know you were supposed to be together?" Miri asked.

"Oh, we dreamed of each other," Lynx explained. "Many other kinds of Kindred dream of their mates before they find them—they call it 'Dream Sharing.' But Monstrum who are called to form a Brother-Bond dream of each other. I knew Saxon the minute I set eyes on him," he added, sounding fondly reminiscent. "I knew he was trouble but I also knew he would be my brother through thick and thin for the rest of our lives."

"Same," Saxon rumbled. "We both knew it was meant to be. We took the Brother-Bond that night at the Bonding Ceremony."

As he spoke, the mist showed them another image—the two boys they had seen earlier were standing in front of a roaring bonfire and clasping hands. They were chanting together:

"Together forever and never apart. My brother, my kin, my friend without end. The Goddess has willed we two shall be one. Together forever under moon, stars and sun."

Then the scene faded as they left it behind, the moving walkway taking them deeper into the mountain.

"That's beautiful," Miri murmured, looking at her guys. "And you just knew you were supposed to be together?"

“We knew.” Lynx nodded.

“No doubt in our minds,” Saxon growled. “We knew we were meant to complete each other...and find a mate together,” he added in a lower tone.

As he spoke, new figures coalesced out of the mist. It was Saxon and Lynx as they looked now—only somewhat younger, Miri thought. And the expressions on their faces were terribly unhappy.

“She’s gone!” Lynx’s voice cracked, his golden eyes welling with tears. “Gods, Saxon—I can’t believe she’s gone! Our Kara...”

He broke down and wept but Saxon just stood there, a stoic look on his face, his eyes dry.

“It was our fault,” he said roughly. “We never should have —”

“Don’t talk about the guilt now,” Lynx begged, his voice broken with anguish. “Just grieve with me. I need you now, Brother—you’re all I have left! And I’m all *you* have left.”

Saxon put one long, muscular arm around his Bond-Brother. But while Lynx grieved, letting out the terrible pain inside, Saxon said nothing and never shed a tear. He just stood there with a grim look on his face, his wintry eyes completely dry.

Keeping it all bottled up inside, Miri thought, as she watched the scene play out.

She cast a sidelong glance at the two big Monstrum and saw the same grim look on Saxon’s face as the version of him in the mist. Lynx looked sad but more accepting. He had grieved through the death of their mate, Miri thought, but Saxon never had. He had never let himself get over the festering pain and guilt. It was probably why he was so closed up inside.

“Why the fuck is the mist showing us this?” he growled, glaring as the images faded. “It’s ancient history.”

“Maybe it’s history I needed to see,” Miri murmured, looking at both of them. “I’m so sorry for your loss, Saxon.”

The big Monstrum shook his head.

“What’s done is done. It was a long time ago.”

“But you’re still hanging onto the pain,” Miri pointed out.

“Our Lady is right,” Lynx purred gently. “You never let go of the hurt and guilt you felt for our mate’s death.”

“Some things shouldn’t be let go of,” Saxon growled. “I just want to know why the mist is showing everything about the two of us and nothing about Mirabella.”

As he spoke, it seemed like the mist listened. Because a moment later, a new image began to form—it was Miri when she was younger and her mother was there too. Her mother’s lovely green eyes—eyes Miri had inherited—were filled with tears.

“Your father...” she whispered as the younger Miri looked at her uncertainly.

“Where is he? Where’s Papa?” she demanded. “Why isn’t he home from his trading trip yet?”

“His ship...” Her mother was clearly trying to control herself. “It was attacked...taken.”

“So he was captured? But we can still get him back, can’t we? We can go find him and buy him—the way you did when you first saw him at the auction—right, Momma?” the younger Miri demanded.

But her mother shook her head.

“I’m sorry, sweetheart but his ship was taken by the Skulls.”

Even at that age, Miri had known what that meant.

Miri watched as her younger self’s eyes filled with tears. She and her mother hugged each other, sobbing, knowing that her father was never, ever coming home...

“My Lady, are you all right?”

Lynx's hand on her back was gentle and he leaned down to look into her eyes anxiously.

Miri realized she was crying. She sat up from her hands and knees position and swiped at her eyes, trying to stop the tears.

"I'm sorry. It's just...that's a hard moment in my life to relive."

"I don't know why this fucking mist is showing us this shit," Saxon growled angrily. "It doesn't do anybody any good to relive the fucking past!"

"The attendant *did* say we shouldn't pay attention to anything it showed us," Lynx said doubtfully.

"Well, it's pretty hard to ignore when what it's showing is the most devastating and awful experiences of your life!" Miri said, swiping at her eyes again. "I mean, what's it going to show next? The way I lost my virginity to Odex Chambling?"

To her horror, it was as though the mist was listening to her. Because the next moment, new figures appeared—it was Miri laying on the bed with a young man a few years older than her on top of her. He had blond, curly hair and an intense look on his face.

The two of them were covered by blankets but it was clear what they were up to.

"Ung...ung!" Mist-Odex was grunting and puffing. Mist-Miri was just lying under him with a look of discomfort.

"Oh, no!" Miri moaned, putting her hands to her burning cheeks. "Oh my Goddess, no! I didn't mean for it to really show us that!"

"Look—I think he's about to say something," Saxon rumbled, pointing to the mist figures.

Indeed, Mist-Odex was finally finishing, his face screwed up into an expression of almost comical intensity. His mouth contorted and he howled,

"Yes-yes-yes-yes-yes-fucking *YES!*"

Then, with a final thrust and grunt, he rolled off Miri and lay there, panting and looking pleased with himself. After a moment, he rolled up on one elbow and looked down at her.

“Well, babe—was it good for you?” he asked. It was clear he thought the answer must be “yes” because he had a self-satisfied look on his handsome face as though he’d just given Miri a wonderful present. “It was the fucking *best*, wasn’t it?” he demanded.

“Oh, uh, yeah.” Mist-Miri gave him a weak smile. “Sure Odex, it was great.”

“It was not!” Saxon exclaimed indignantly. “We could tell by your face—that must have been terrible fucking sex!”

“It *was* pretty bad,” Miri admitted. “It hurt because he didn’t, uh, do anything to get me ready and I never felt any pleasure. Just him panting and humping on top of me chanting ‘yes-yes-yes’ like an idiot.”

“A male who doesn’t know how to properly pleasure his female doesn’t deserve to have a female to pleasure,” Lynx said gravely. “I’m so sorry your first sexual experience was sub-par my Lady. But...that look on his face...”

“And the way he was almost fucking *howling*,” Saxon added.

“You mean when he was, uh, finishing?” Miri couldn’t help smiling. “Yeah, it *was* pretty ridiculous.”

“Fucking self-absorbed asshole,” Saxon growled, but then he rumbled with laughter. “How did you not start laughing when he was on top of you making that face and yelling like that?”

Miri giggled.

“I don’t know! He really *did* look ridiculous.”

And somehow the three of them were laughing instead of crying which was good, she thought. A relief after the heavier scenes of grief they’d just witnessed.

“If it was up to us, your first time would have been different,” Lynx assured her, as they finally stopped laughing.

“Lynx is right—we would have gotten you ready, little one,” Saxon rumbled. “We would have licked your sweet little pussy and sucked your tight nipples until you were moaning to be entered...to be taken and fucked...”

Miri could feel herself blushing but once again, it seemed the mist was listening to them. Because Odex and her past self disappeared and suddenly she saw three new figures emerging. It was her and Lynx and Saxon, she saw, and the three of them were doing...extremely intimate things together. She was lying on her back and the two big Monstrum were bending over her.

She bit her lip as she watched Lynx suck and tug her nipples. At the same time, Saxon was between her legs, with her thighs over his broad shoulders.

“That’s right, Brother,” he was growling to Lynx. “Suck her sweet nipples—make her pussy wet for me so I can lap up all her honey.”

And then he bent his head and took a long, hot taste, laving Miri’s pussy with his tongue as she moaned and writhed between them...

“Well, well,” Lynx purred as the three of them watched. “That’s certainly the most interesting picture the mist has shown us yet.”

“If I would have known it would show us anything we wanted, I would have started asking for things earlier,” Saxon agreed.

“Like what?” Lynx countered. “Do you want to watch the two of us Bonding Mirabella to us?”

“No!” Saxon growled, sounding irritated. “Not that—that’s...too much. But maybe I wouldn’t mind watching the two of us sharing her another way.”

The picture in the mist changed again. This time Miri saw herself sandwiched between the two big Monstrum with Saxon in front of her and Lynx behind her. The three of them were clearly intimately joined because she could see their shafts thrusting into her as she moaned and moved between them.

“Oh my Goddess,” she whispered, feeling her heart rate speed up. Suddenly the double-ended tail, which she’d somehow almost forgotten about, began to work even harder inside her. She bit back a moan as she watched the Mist-Miri getting fucked and filled by both Mist-Monstrum while at the same time the tail was filling her ass and pussy and pumping inside her...

“Gods, I’d love to share her with you,” Lynx purred, looking at Saxon.

“We shouldn’t,” Saxon growled. “But I guess if she wanted it and we weren’t actually Bonding...”

“She wants it, don’t you, my Lady.” Lynx looked down at Miri. “I can smell your desire,” he murmured.

“Oh...I don’t...I’m not sure,” she whispered, but she couldn’t drag her eyes away from the erotic scene the mist was showing them.

“Yes you are,” Saxon growled. “You’d let us share you and you’d enjoy it—having my shaft in your pussy and Lynx’s in your ass. You might as well admit it, little one—the scent of your desire fucking gives you away.”

“It...*might* feel good,” Miri admitted, feeling her cheeks get even hotter. “But it’s not like we’re actually going to *do* anything like that. We...oh, where are we going?”

For the path they were on suddenly forked up ahead and it seemed they were going to the left as the main walkway continued to the right.

“I don’t fucking like this,” Saxon growled, as they went further into the darkness. “I want you between us, little Miri.”

“An excellent idea,” Lynx agreed.

He plucked Miri off the “pet” walkway and placed her on her feet, between the two of them.

“But I thought I wasn’t supposed to stand,” Miri protested.

“Never mind—it’s only for a moment,” Lynx assured her.

“We have to be sure you’re safe,” Saxon rumbled. He slipped an arm around her waist and Lynx put one around her shoulders.

As they waited to see where the offshoot of the walkway would lead them, Miri thought that at least she felt safe. Even in the depths of the Oracle’s mountain, she knew her Monstrum wouldn’t leave her.

And then they turned another corner and came to a stop.

THIRTY-TWO

MIRABELLA

The moving walkway stopped in front of a huge, silver mirror—larger than any mirror Miri had ever seen in her life. It rose many stories over their heads and seemed to stretch forever on either side, like a vast, silver lake that had somehow been made vertical.

The light was still dim in this new chamber—the chamber of the mirror—but it was multiplied by the vast, silvery expanse making it easy to see the three of them standing there, reflected in its surface.

And then a face appeared in the mirror. Not a humanoid face, Miri thought—it seemed to be a face made from the mirror itself. It was silver and shiny and though it had regular features, there was no color to it but the color of the mirror—the colors reflected in it. It pushed out of the mirror in a kind of 3-D effect and it was huge—as big as a hovercoach. It also looked slightly female—at least to Miri.

“What the fuck!” Saxon muttered, pushing Miri behind him. Lynx closed ranks with him, standing shoulder-to-shoulder with his Bond-Brother to protect her. Miri found the only way she could see was to peer between their muscular arms.

The enormous silver mirror face waited silently, watching the three of them.

“Who are you and what do you want?” Lynx asked, frowning up at it.

“I am she who sees beyond and afar. I saw you come from a distant star.”

The voice had a shimmering echo, as though a thousand shards of glass were tinkling against each other. It was feminine too and Miri remembered that one of the attendants had called the Oracle “she.”

“You came from afar to seek advice, why do you look at me in such surprise?” the Oracle continued.

“We’re not surprised,” Miri said, stepping out from behind the wall of muscle her two Monstrum had made to protect her. “We’re just a little...uncertain. You’re, uh, much bigger than we expected.”

“I can be small, if you wish it at all.” Suddenly the mirror face began to shrink. It went from the size of a hovercoach to the size of Miri’s own face in mere seconds. “Is this fine? What you had in mind?” the Oracle asked.

“It’s certainly less intimidating,” Lynx remarked.

Saxon only growled.

“Yes, it’s much better,” Miri said firmly. “Thank you. Um...we’re here to ask you—”

“Who should be the Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven and govern Yonnie Six,” the Oracle finished for her promptly, failing to rhyme for the first time since they had encountered her.

“Oh, well...yes.” Miri nodded. “Er...how did you know that?”

“I am the Oracle,” the mirror face said simply. “I know all. Here and there, near and far, even on a distant star.”

“Good, then can you answer our fucking question so we can get the Seven Hells out of this creepy place?” Saxon growled.

“I can,” the Oracle said gravely. “However, I will not do as you ask me to...until you three give me something new.”

Here we go, Miri thought. Let the bargaining begin.

“What do you want from us?” she asked the mirror face.

The face smirked.

“Here in my mountain, things are dull. I watch fortunes rise and fortunes fall. But what I like the best to see, is passion and pleasure and love running free.”

“All right,” Lynx said. “So what do you want us to do?”

“I wish to see the two of you, giving pleasure which to her is new.” The Oracle nodded at Miri. “But do it in your beastly form—that for her cannot be the norm.”

“What?” Miri exclaimed and Lynx and Saxon exchanged a look.

“We cannot do what our Lady doesn’t wish,” Lynx told the Oracle. “And I do not think she would wish us to take her in our Fur Forms.”

“And we can’t Shift all the way, anyway,” Saxon pointed out in a low growl. “We wouldn’t fucking be able to come back from that.”

“This I know, I tell you so,” the Oracle informed them. “But you can at least, be partial beasts.”

“Oh—like a quarter-Shift,” Saxon muttered. He and Lynx looked at Miri.

“My Lady?” Lynx asked, making it a question.

Miri bit her lip. She had no problem with the two huge Monstrum going into a quarter-Shift or their “teddy bear” phase, as she called it in her head. It was the same phase they’d been in the first time they “shared” her by touching her pussy. And she loved the feeling of their silky fur rubbing against her bare skin.

“I...don’t see a problem with that,” she said at last. “Though I guess it depends on what the Oracle wants to see us do together.”

“First strip to the skin, then Shift to begin,” the Oracle commanded the two Monstrum.

Miri wondered exactly how far this was going to go, but she watched as the two Monstrum silently removed their boots, vests, and trousers and then did a quarter-Shift, so fast it was difficult for her to see it. One moment their skin was smooth and the next moment they were covered in fur—a dense, shiny, golden fur in Lynx’s case and a thick shaggy black pelt tipped with silver in the case of Saxon.

But since they were naked, she could see that, besides their faces, which remained clear and humanoid, there was another part of them which didn’t get covered in fur. Both of their shafts, which were thrusting up from between their thighs, also remained free of fur. Well, except for the tiny, short hairs or ‘pleasure spines’ that covered the thick shaft of Lynx’s cock, that was. Those were probably always there, she speculated.

“Very good, just as you should,” the Oracle remarked, the silver face watching them with avid interest. “Now she who is the question’s host must give oral pleasure to you both.”

“What?” Miri frowned at the mirror face. “How can I possibly do that? I can’t fit even one of them in my mouth, let alone two at once!”

“Bring them close and lick them so—but on your knees, you first must go,” the Oracle commanded.

“Do you make *all* the people who visit you put on sex shows?” Saxon growled, frowning at the mirror face. “Is that how you get off?”

If he was hoping to shame the silvery entity, he failed.

“I cannot ‘get off’—not in the way you mean. But I *can* observe the sexual behavior of sentient beings—which I greatly enjoy,” the Oracle said frankly, not rhyming for the second time. “You see, I like to watch private acts which are normally hidden. And in the case of you three, I know how badly you wish to be together. I am simply giving you an excuse to indulge your own desires. It is for your own pleasure that I ask this treasure,” she added, finally reverting to rhyme.

“That seems like a convenient explanation,” Lynx murmured as Miri got to her knees between the two Monstrum

—she was glad she was still wearing the black knee-pads!

The silver mirror around the face rippled, which Miri interpreted as a shrug.

“Think what you like but do as I ask. No answer will I give lest you complete this task.”

“I think we’d better...better do what she wants,” Miri said. She looked up at both of them. “Could you please come here? Both of you?” she asked.

The two big Monstrum exchanged an unreadable look and then the two of them came closer—Saxon on her left and Lynx on her right.

“Thank you.” Miri reached up and took them both in her hands—not that she could reach her fingers all the way around either thick shaft. She caressed Saxon’s primary shaft as well as the smaller secondary one on top and bit her lip as the pleasure spines on Lynx’s shaft gave her palm and fingers a pleasurable little sting, like many bright little shocks all at once.

“You’re sure you don’t mind doing this, my lady?” Lynx murmured, reaching down to stroke her cheek. “It’s very demeaning for you.”

“Why?” Miri asked. “Just because I’m kneeling and the two of you are standing? You both knelt before me to, er, kiss my panties. I don’t see why I shouldn’t return the favor.”

And leaning forward, she ran the tip of her tongue around the broad, mushroom-shaped head of Lynx’s cock.

There were no pleasure spines on the head, but she liked the sensation of tasting the big Monstrum anyway. He groaned softly as she used the tip of her tongue to explore the tiny slit which yielded a droplet of salty-sweet precum that had notes of vanilla—at least Miri thought it did, anyway.

And then it was Saxon’s turn.

Miri turned to the big Monstrum and brought the broad crown of his primary shaft to her mouth. Ovaling her lips, she

sucked it in—he was so big just the head filled her mouth—and lapped him gently with her tongue.

“Gods, little one—you’re fucking good at that!” Saxon groaned. His pale eyes were blazing as he reached down to cup her face. “That’s right—suck me, sweetheart,” he muttered. “Let me feel that hot little mouth all around my cock.”

Miri loved his dirty talk. She sucked harder, letting herself enjoy the act of giving pleasure to the males she had come to care for so much in such a short period of time. Saxon’s precum flowed across her seeking tongue and this time the flavor that reached her was dark chocolate—her favorite kind from Earth.

“*Mmmm*,” Miri moaned, as she sucked harder, trying to get more of it. In response, Saxon groaned again and pumped very gently into her mouth. But just as she was really enjoying herself, the Oracle spoke again.

“A very good start to taste them apart,” the mirror face said, breaking her concentration. “Now lick both as one to double the fun.”

Miri released the head of Saxon’s primary shaft and looked up at the two Monstrum uncertainly. In her experience, most straight males didn’t care for the idea of their shafts touching, yet that would have to happen for her to lick them both at once.

“Guys?” she asked. “Are you, uh, good with this?”

“Sure.” Saxon shrugged.

“If you’re worried about our shafts touching, don’t be,” Lynx told her. “They have touched in the past—when we merged in order to Bond and Breed a female. So it doesn’t bother us.”

Oh. Well, that made sense, Miri supposed.

She had both of the huge warriors step closer so that the broad crowns of their cocks were pressed together. Then she leaned forward again and ran her tongue over both of them at once, as she grasped their thick shafts in her hands.

Sucking both of them separately had been a deeply sensual experience, but Miri found she liked this even more. Their flavors and scents merged, Saxon's darker scent and chocolate flavor melding with the lighter scent and vanilla essence of Lynx. Both their precums were flowing freely and she had as much to lap up as she wanted.

"Gods, little one, you look so hot when you do that," Saxon growled, looking down at her.

"Love to watch you lick us both at once—love to share you, my Lady," Lynx purred.

Miri thought she had never felt so blatantly sexual...so free. The vast silver mirror in front of her showed a girl on her knees between two enormous warriors pleasuring them both at once with her tongue. It was a hot sight—a forbidden sight. She wondered if this would satisfy the Oracle, watching her on her knees before the two huge Monstrum, sucking and licking both of them at once. But just then the silvery voice rang out again.

"A new scene I will show you now—a place to play your part. A naughty pet has broken a vase—that's where you'll get your start."

Suddenly there was a cushioned armchair with a small table beside it. On the floor next to the table was an expensive looking china vase broken into several large, sharp pieces. There was a small puddle of water and a spray of long-stemmed deep blue flowers on the floor beside it.

Miri stared at the scene with a frown for a moment.

"Okay so...I guess we play like I'm the naughty pet and the two of you have to punish me?"

"I can do that," Saxon growled, his eyes glowing. He sat in the chair and pointed at the broken vase. "Do you see that, my naughty little pet?" he growled, glaring at Miri. "Did you do that? Have you been bad?"

Miri bit her lip, suddenly reluctant. What exactly was the "punishment" going to entail?

"I *guess* so," she whispered.

“Come here.” Saxon patted his knees. “I mean it, little one—over my knee—*now*.”

Still biting her lip, Miri crawled towards him. She could scarcely believe they were doing this. Was Saxon really going to punish her? Was he going to *spank* her?

“Come here, I said!” Apparently she wasn’t moving fast enough because Saxon scooped her up and before she knew it, she was face-down over his lap. And then...*Smack!* A stinging blow fell on her left ass cheek. *Smack!* Another one quickly followed on her right cheek. And then thick and fast the stinging blows rained down, bringing spontaneous tears of pain and humiliation to Miri’s eyes.

“Hey! Hey, don’t *really* spank me!” she exclaimed, writhing in the big Monstrum’s lap. The double-ended tail inside her was going crazy and the spanking was adding to the intense stimulation.

“Have to punish you for being a bad pet,” Saxon growled. “Hold still and take it like a good girl...or do I have to punish you with my *cock*?”

At his dirty words, spoken in that deep, growling voice, Miri felt a rush of pure desire run through her.

“Punish me with...with your cock?” she moaned, wiggling in his lap. “I don’t understand. What do you mean by that, Sir?”

“Maybe I ought to show you,” Saxon growled. “Lynx? Come and help me with our naughty pet. I think she needs to be taught a lesson.”

“With pleasure, Brother,” Lynx purred, coming forward. He helped Miri off Saxon’s lap and cupped her cheek. “Have you been a naughty pet, sweetheart?” he purred, wiping the tears from her flushed cheeks. “Have you disobeyed?”

Mutely, Miri nodded. She wasn’t sure what was coming next, she only knew her whole body felt hot and throbbing and ready for whatever it was. Who knew that getting spanked would turn her on this much? She’d been raised on Yonnie Six where women were either the superior or, in her part of the

planet, the equal of men. She'd never dreamed that having a man spank her like a naughty child or in this case a "naughty pet" would make her hot and bothered but if her wet pussy and throbbing nipples were any indication, it certainly did.

Suddenly, the scene changed again. Instead of the chair and side table and broken vase, a big white bed appeared. It was quite large enough for three—even if two of them were Monstrum warriors—and there were lots of fluffy pillows on it—as well as one which was oddly shaped with a kind of curve in the middle and one end which was much higher than the other.

"Put her on the bed," Saxon growled, his pale eyes burning. "And get her into position—I'm going to have to fuck her to teach her a lesson."

"Oh!" Miri exclaimed, but Lynx was already lifting her easily and placing her on the bed. He draped her face-down over the strange pillow and Miri found that the lower end cushioned her arms and face and the higher end elevated her bare ass.

"Good. Now take that fucking tail out," Saxon commanded. "I need to get into her nice and deep to punish her for being so fucking naughty."

Miri moaned softly as Lynx did what his Bond-Brother commanded. As he slid the double-ended tail from her body, he looked down and cupped her cheek with the other hand.

"Are you all right, my Lady?" he murmured in a low voice. "You're not frightened, are you?"

Miri appreciated him breaking character for a moment to check on her.

"I...I'm okay," she said, hoping it was true. "The only thing that worries me is I'm not...well, I'm not on birth control."

Lynx shook his head.

"Please don't worry, my Lady. There's no way that Saxon can get you pregnant—the only way to swell your belly with

our seed is if our shafts are merged and we are entering you at the same time to Bond and Breed you.”

“Lynx is right,” Saxon growled, coming into view. He must have overheard their whispered conversation. “I can’t plant a baby in your belly without his help,” he told Miri. “Not that I would want to,” he added, with a dark look and Miri knew he must be remembering the results of the last pregnancy he and Lynx had caused.

Nothing like that was going to happen to her, though, she tried to reassure herself. Because neither Monstrum alone could make her pregnant—it would take two of them for that.

Gods, she was glad they weren’t trying to get her pregnant! Just the thought of Saxon’s thick double shafts inside her was scary enough without the idea of taking Lynx’s shaft at the same time.

“All right, my naughty little pet,” Saxon growled, getting back into character as he stared sternly into Miri’s eyes. “This is what’s going to happen. You’re going to spread your thighs nice and wide and take my shafts deep in your pussy and ass like a good girl. And at the same time, you’re going to suck Lynx’s cock and make him feel nice. Do you understand?”

Miri nodded, her eyes huge. This situation had certainly escalated quickly! Apparently they were really going to put on a show for the Oracle—though she was pretty sure that was just an excuse. Saxon had probably been wanting to fuck her from the moment they first met...only he couldn’t admit it to himself because of his guilt from the past. Now that he had a reason to do what he wanted, he was definitely not holding back.

“Yes, Sir,” she murmured. “I...I’ll try to be a good girl and take your shafts deep inside me. Only...” She nibbled her lip.

“Only what, my Lady?” Lynx murmured softly.

“Only he’s so big—so much bigger than the tail,” Miri said. She was trying not to be frightened but it was difficult.

“Look at me, sweetheart,” Lynx purred, cupping her cheek. “Do you remember how easily that double-headed tail slid

inside you?”

“Yes.” Miri nodded.

“Well, it’s going to be the same thing here,” Lynx promised. “Those compounds in our saliva are in our precum and cum too. And I know that Saxon will take his time sliding into you—he would never be rough with you, my Lady—you’re far too precious to both of us for that.”

“Lynx is right,” Saxon assured her. “I’m going to take my time sliding deep in your sweet little pussy and ass, my pet. All you have to do is open up and take me deep like a good girl so I can shoot my cum inside you.”

Miri looked at him with wide eyes. So he really was going to fuck her—fuck her until he came in her. It was a good thing that just one of them alone couldn’t make her pregnant!

“That’s right,” Saxon growled, correctly interpreting her look. “I’m going to fuck you nice and deep and give you a creamy pussy and ass tonight, little Miri. And you’re going to be a good girl and let me. Can you do that? Can you open up and let me in to fuck you and cum inside you?”

Miri wet lips that had suddenly gone dry. All this dirty talk in Saxon’s growling voice as he looked into her eyes was almost enough to make her come on the spot.

“Yes, Sir,” she whispered at last. “I...I can be a good girl and let you take me.”

“Good,” Saxon growled and got into position behind her. “Then spread wide, my naughty little pet and get ready to let me fill you.”

The bed dipped beneath his weight and at the same time, Lynx got into position in front of her. His thick cock was at the right level for her mouth, but he didn’t try to get her to suck it yet. Instead, he cupped Miri’s face in his big, warm hands and looked into her eyes.

“It’s all right, my Lady,” he murmured reassuringly, even as Miri felt the head of Saxon’s primary cock rubbing between her pussy lips. “Just relax and be open—you’ve still got plenty

of stretching-compounds in you from the way Saxon licked you after your bath.”

The bath in the strange pet bathing area seemed like a million years ago now. Miri moaned softly and kept her eyes on Lynx as she felt the primary shaft begin its slow slide into her wet, open pussy. It felt incredibly thick and at first she wasn't sure she could take it, but then she felt her inner walls opening easily—almost eagerly to take the big Monstrum's thickness.

“Oh,” she whispered, looking up at Lynx. “I can feel him in me—he's so thick but...but it doesn't hurt.”

“That's because you're being a good girl and opening your pussy nice and wide for me,” Saxon growled from behind her. His big hands were bracketing her hips, holding her in place as he slowly entered her. “But now it's time you took my secondary shaft as well.”

As he spoke, Miri felt something blunt and slippery nudging her rosebud. She gave a little cry and tried to close her cheeks involuntarily.

“No, my Lady,” Lynx said sternly, shaking his head. “No, Mirabella—you must be open to my Bond-Brother. Let him fill you all the way.”

“All...all right. I'll try,” Miri whispered in a tight voice. Of course, she'd just had the double tail inside her, but her back entrance still felt tender and fragile. Still, she did her best to be open and not tense up as she felt Saxon's secondary shaft slipping past the tight ring of muscle and into her nether entrance.

“That's right...that's good,” Lynx murmured, stroking her cheek again. “You're doing it—you're letting him in. Keep going—he's almost all the way in.”

“Almost there, little one,” Saxon growled, agreeing with Lynx. “Just let yourself be open...*there*.”

As he spoke, Miri felt the broad head of his primary shaft bottom out inside her pussy channel. At the same time, the secondary shaft seemed to have completely filled her back

entrance as well. This was it—she was completely filled by the Lykan Shifter and he couldn't get any deeper inside her.

“That's it, my Lady—Saxon is all the way inside your sweet pussy and ass,” Lynx assured her. “How does it feel to be so completely filled?”

“I...I'm not sure,” Miri whispered, wiggling to try and get used to having two such thick shafts deep inside her. Saxon's equipment made the double-tail she'd been wearing up until now feel like a little, insubstantial toy. What she had inside her now was the real thing. “Feels good, I *think*,” she said at last.

“And you're such a good girl to take it all—to take Saxon so deep in your pussy and ass,” Lynx purred, looking into her eyes. “Do you know that, little Miri? Do you know what a good girl you are?”

Miri could feel herself blushing with pleasure. She didn't know why the soft praise delivered in Lynx's deep, purring voice should affect her so much but it truly did.

“I try to be good...Sir,” she said, still playing the part of the naughty pet. “Is...is he going to fuck me now?” she asked.

“Do you feel ready to be fucked?” Lynx asked her seriously. “I think he's waiting for his precum and his pleasure fluid to work on you a little more before he starts.”

“Pleasure fluid?” Miri asked, frowning.

“It's a liquid my secondary shaft makes,” Saxon growled from behind her, answering her question. “It fills you up and makes you feel tingly and warm and good inside. I'm pumping it into you now—coming in your ass. Can you feel it, little one?”

As he spoke, Miri did indeed feel something hot and wet spurting in her rosebud. She gasped as the warm, tingling sensation spread through her, making her feel even more sensitive and, incredibly, even hotter than she had been before. In fact, she was *so* hot she couldn't help moving—couldn't help pulling off the two thick shafts just a little and then fucking herself on them again with a short thrust backwards.

“Hmmm, I think our naughty little pet is getting eager for her punishment, Brother,” Lynx purred. “Look how she’s already working herself on your shafts!”

“Hmm, I think you’re right, Brother,” Saxon growled. He gripped Miri more firmly by the hips to keep her from moving. “Hold still, little one. You need to hold still and take your fucking like a good girl.”

“I...I’ll try,” Miri panted, completely into the scenario by now. “I’ll try to be a good girl and let you fuck me, Sir!”

“And suck Lynx at the same time,” Saxon growled. “His shaft needs some love too.”

“You don’t have to if you’re not ready, my Lady,” Lynx murmured, even though his shaft was out and hard.

“I...I want to. Come here,” Miri moaned. She gestured for him and, as Saxon withdrew halfway from her pussy and ass and thrust in forcefully, she took the other Monstrum’s shaft in her hand and began to suck.

“Gods, her little pussy and ass are so tight!” Saxon groaned, continuing to move inside her. Miri felt a flash of pleasure every time he hit bottom inside her with the head of his primary shaft. And the secondary one continued to fill her with the pleasure fluid, making her moan and squirm with desire.

But at the same time, she tried not to lose focus on sucking Lynx’s shaft. She could feel the little pleasure spines pricking her palms and fingers, digging into her skin and injecting her with his own version of pleasure fluid. The salty-sweet, faintly vanilla flavor of his precum was delicious and thanks to the pillow supporting her, she didn’t have any trouble holding steady to suck him even as Saxon was pounding inside her.

“Gently, Brother,” Lynx panted, frowning at Saxon. “You’re being too rough with our Lady!”

“Mmm-mmm.” Miri tried to shake her head in negation but had to slip his cock out of her mouth first. “No,” she moaned at last. “Don’t tell him to stop. I *love* it!”

Indeed, she had never been fucked like this—the other two lovers she'd had in the past were nothing in comparison. It was like being fucked by a feather as opposed to being plowed by a bull! And to her surprise, she found she was loving every minute of it, even if she was certain she was going to be sore the next day.

Also, she could sense that Saxon needed this. The big Monstrum had a lot of pent up rage and hurt and need and desire all mixed up inside him—he needed to get it out and she was sure she was the first woman he'd been with since he'd lost his mate. If he needed to take some of his feelings out by fucking her hard and deep, Miri was all right with that.

“Well, I stand corrected,” Lynx murmured, his golden eyes going half-lidded as Miri took the broad head of his cock into her mouth again. “It appears our Lady likes it a bit rough at times.”

“Mmmm,” Miri moaned in acknowledgment, her mouth full again. “Mmm-hmm!”

“Then that's what she's going to get,” Saxon growled, pounding into her. His hands tightened on her hips as he fucked her even harder.

Miri was sure she was going to come at any moment. Part of it was because she had never been taken so roughly and deeply before and she found she *really* liked it. But part of it was also that there seemed to be a special part of the pillow—a little bit that stuck up in just the right way to rub her aching clit. It was slick with her juices and sliding against the tender little button in just the right way.

She could feel her orgasm rising towards her like a mountain she had to climb and she was more than willing to climb it. Then she happened to glance to the side for a moment and saw the vast mirror—which she had completely forgotten in the heat of their playacting.

The three of them were reflected in the shiny, silver surface. Miri was surprised at the sight of herself laying naked on the pillow with Saxon furiously thrusting between her thighs as Lynx thrust much more gently between her lips. Both

of them were covered in fur, making the scene both bestial and erotic.

Goddess, is that really me? she wondered dimly. *Am I really the one doing that—taking on two males at once like that?*

The sight made her hot—hotter than she'd ever been. Suddenly she reached the mountain that had been racing towards her...and realized she was flying right over it.

“Mmmm!” she moaned as pleasure speared through her and her orgasm exploded.

“Gods!” Saxon growled hoarsely. “I can feel her—feel her coming all around me! Her sweet little pussy and ass are fucking milking my shafts!”

“I'm close as well, Brother,” Lynx purred. “Shall we fill our Lady as one? Fill her pussy and ass and mouth all at the same time?”

“Fuck, yes!” Saxon rumbled. “Can't hold back any longer.” He gripped Miri's hips even tighter. “Coming now, little one. Be a good girl now and take it—take my cum and my cream deep in your little pussy and ass.”

Miri wanted to assure him that she would, but her mouth was still full. And, as she felt both of Saxon's shafts grow even thicker and harder in her pussy and ass, she could also feel Lynx's shaft swelling in her hand.

I'd better be ready—they're going to come a lot, she had time to think. And then hot, wet spurts were filling her pussy, ass, and mouth all at the same time.

Miri moaned and did her best to be open—both above and below. She could feel herself filling up with Saxon's cum even as she struggled to swallow Lynx's copious load of seed. It tasted like melted sweet cream—utterly delicious—so she didn't mind having the big Monstrum shoot down her throat.

It seemed to go on for a long time—Miri thought that she'd never known any kind of male who came as much or as long as the Monstrum did as they filled her. But at last, it seemed to be over.

She took a last swallow of Lynx's cream and then he withdrew his shaft from her mouth. At the same time, she felt Saxon pulling slowly out of her ass and pussy. It was over... really over.

Miri took a gasping breath and collapsed, exhausted against the pillow.

THIRTY-THREE

SAXON

“Did we hurt her? Is she all right?” Saxon felt a flash of guilt rush through him. He’d fucked her too hard—too long. She was too small and fragile—she couldn’t take it.

“I think she’s all right—just worn out.” Lynx stroked Mirabella’s flushed cheek gently. “My Lady? Are you well?”

Mirabella’s lovely green eyes fluttered open, much to Saxon’s relief.

“M okay,” she mumbled tiredly. “Just...a lot. Never come that hard before.”

“And you’ve never been shared like that before either, have you my Lady?” Lynx purred tenderly. “Come, Saxon—help me turn her over so I can clean her up,” he ordered.

“Of course. Do you want me to look for a washcloth? Something to help clean her? I left her kind of, er, messy,” Saxon growled doubtfully. For when they turned Mirabella gently over, her soft little pussy and ass were overflowing with his cream.

Lynx shook his head.

“Have you forgotten the many times I cleaned up after you, Bond-Brother?” he purred. “I became quite fond of the flavor of your cream mixed with our lady’s pussy honey.”

“Oh...that’s right.” It had been so long that Saxon had forgotten. But it was true, often after they had shared Kara, Lynx had volunteered to do “cleanup duty” which he genuinely seemed to enjoy.

“Just caress her cheeks and cradle her head and let her know she’s loved,” Lynx told him now. “Let our Lady know how much she means to both of us.”

This wasn’t a hard task for Saxon. Because it was true, he admitted to himself—he *did* care deeply for Mirabella. Even though the three of them had known each other such a short time, there was an undeniable connection between them.

“Little one?” he murmured, as he switched places with Lynx. “Are you okay?”

“I think so.” Mirabella looked up at him with those lovely green eyes. “Feel so empty now.”

“Do you miss my cocks in you, baby?” Saxon growled. Leaning down, he nuzzled her smooth, soft cheek with his own rough one. “Do you miss being filled and fucked?” he rumbled in her ear.

“I don’t know...I guess so. Oh!” Mirabella moaned, looking down between her legs where Lynx had begun licking her clean. “What...what is he doing?”

“Cleaning you up, little one,” Saxon told her. “He’s going to lick my cream out of your pussy. Does that bother you?”

“No... no, I guess not,” she whispered. “If...if your cream tastes as good as his does, I can understand.”

“It’s like the chocolate we brought you from Earth,” Lynx purred, raising his head from between her thighs. “Not bad at all.” He smiled at Mirabella. “Just relax, my Lady, and let me clean you.”

“All right.” She nodded and spread her thighs a little wider. “Go ahead, Lynx—clean me up.”

“Good girl,” Saxon growled approvingly. “You’re being a very good girl, Mirabella—opening yourself and letting Lynx lick out your sweet little pussy.” He leaned down and nuzzled her cheek again. “Just relax,” he murmured in her ear. “And maybe let him make you come again.”

Mirabella moaned and shifted as he spoke and he knew that his Bond-Brother was paying special attention to her tight

little Goddess Pearl. He could feel Lynx's pleasure through their link as he licked away Saxon's cream and circled the little button with the tip of his tongue. He was going to clean Mirabella properly...which meant until she came several more times while Saxon stroked and pinched her nipples and murmured dirty words in her ear.

It had been so long since they'd shared a female...it was going to be a long time before they were through with her.

THIRTY-FOUR

MIRI

Miri lost track of how many times she came on Lynx's tongue. The orgasms weren't as deep or soul-wracking as the one she'd experienced while Saxon was filling her so completely, but they were still intense.

Occasionally, she would turn her head to the side and watch in the silvery surface of the mirror as the naked girl with smooth brown skin and big green eyes writhed between the two huge Monstrum. Then Lynx would make her come again or Saxon would twist her nipples and whisper something deliciously dirty into her ear and she would lose her concentration and moan as she gave herself up to the pleasure of being touched by both of them.

At last, however, just as she was feeling she really *couldn't* come any more, Lynx raised his head and licked his lips.

"Delicious," he murmured, placing a chaste kiss on the top of Miri's mound. "I think you're all clean now, my Lady."

"Does...does that mean we're finished?" Miri felt a bit disappointed. True, she was all worn out, but she'd never had a sexual experience like the one she'd had with the two big Monstrum. Lynx had been right when he'd said she had never been "shared" before. And she found that she liked it—liked it a *lot*.

"You have done your best...and now to rest." The silvery, tinkling voice surprised Miri and she saw that the mirror face of the Oracle, which had disappeared for a while, was now back.

“You want us to rest?” Saxon growled, immediately on guard again. “We did what you asked—now answer the fucking question.”

“Tomorrow I will, for now be still,” the Oracle commanded.

Then the mirror face smoothed out, becoming part of the vast mirror wall which rose above them again.

“Well...” Lynx looked at the bed—which was worse the wear from the three of them having sex on it. “It *has* been a long time since we slept. I think we can spare a few hours for rest, as the Oracle suggests.”

“Do you think it’s safe to sleep here?” Miri asked, looking around the dim, cavernous room which was dominated by the mirror.

“It’s safe as long as we’re on either side of you, my Lady,” Lynx assured her. He looked at Saxon. “What do you say, Brother? I don’t know about you but I’m tired.”

“Well...” Saxon sighed. “I suppose we could rest just a few hours.”

“Good.” Lynx was already sliding under the covers. He gestured for Miri and Saxon to join him. “Come on—the sheets feel like *Midlothian* silk.”

Miri slid in beside him and found he was right—the sheets were cool and silky and incredibly soft. Saxon followed her and pulled the white coverlet and sheets up over all of them.

It took a moment of shifting to get comfortable, but then Miri found just the right spot, lying on her side with Lynx behind her and Saxon in front of her. The Lykan Shifter was on his back and his broad chest made an excellent pillow.

Miri sighed in contentment as Lynx draped an arm over her waist and she rubbed her cheek against Saxon’s warm pelt. She wished she could sleep like this every night—she had never felt so warm and safe and comfortable in her life.

“Good night, my Lady,” Lynx purred drowsily.

“Good night, Lynx,” she replied. “Good night, Saxon.”

“Night,” was the rumbling reply and then the deep, rhythmic movement of his chest under her cheek let Miri know the big Monstrum was already fast asleep.

With a contented sigh, she let herself drift off as well. She had no idea what lay in store for her. If she had, she might have tried to stay awake...

THIRTY-FIVE

MIRI

In the middle of the night, Miri opened her eyes and found herself staring at the huge, silvery surface of the mirror.

And staring back at her was her mother.

“Mirabella, my darling.” Her mother’s face was just as Miri remembered it, slightly lined but incredibly beautiful just the same. She had long, golden hair and pale skin. She also had a curvy figure which Miri had inherited along with her green eyes.

“Momma!” Miri wanted to hug her but how can you hug a reflection? Which was all her mother appeared to be—just a reflection in the vast, silver mirror. “How did you get here?” she asked instead. “What are you doing here?”

“I’ve been permitted to come for only a short time—I have a warning for you.” Her mother leaned closer to the mirror, her green eyes staring into Miri’s. “Beware the Skulls,” she whispered, her voice low and filled with dread. “Be careful, Mirabella—very careful. I’m afraid you’re very close to the same fate that ended your father’s life.”

“What?” Miri drew back in shock. “The Skulls? What are you talking about? They’re not anywhere near this part of space! Are they?”

But her mother was already fading from the mirror.

“Beware, my darling girl,” she whispered, her voice growing fainter and fainter. “Beware the Skulls...”

And then she was gone, before Miri could ask her anything else or even tell her how much she loved and missed her.

“Wait!” she cried, pounding on the surface of the mirror. “Wait—I love you! Please, Momma—don’t go! Wait, please! Please, I—”

“My Lady? Mirabella? Wake up...wake.”

A big, warm hand was shaking her gently and a deep, purring voice was urging her to wake up.

Miri blinked and opened her eyes to find that she was back in the large white bed between Saxon and Lynx. It was Lynx who was shaking her—Saxon was snoring softly with his back turned to both of them.

“What was it?” Lynx asked, when Miri turned to face him. “A bad dream?”

“Not exactly...” Now that she was awake—though barely—Miri found the dream was fading rapidly. “It was my mother,” she said, trying to capture the images with words before they faded. She sat up, rubbing her temples, trying desperately to remember. “She came to warn me about... about...”

“About what?” Lynx asked softly.

“I don’t know.” Miri shook her head in frustration. “Something about my father, I think. I had it so *clearly* just a moment ago but now...it’s gone.”

“Maybe it will come to you later,” Lynx murmured soothingly.

“Maybe,” Miri said doubtfully. She had a bad feeling that the dream had been important—that she was forgetting something that might save her life if only she could remember it.

“Come back to sleep, my Lady.” Lynx tugged gently at her arm. “Maybe you’ll dream it again if you drift off.”

Reluctantly, Miri let him tuck her back into bed between himself and Saxon. This time she pillowed her head on Lynx’s

broad chest, loving the feeling of his warm, golden fur rubbing her cheek.

The big Monstrum made a deep purring sound that seemed designed to lull her back to sleep and before she knew it, her eyelids were drifting closed.

But the dream didn't come back and by the time she woke again the next morning, Miri had completely forgotten about it.

THIRTY-SIX

LYNX

Lynx lay awake for some time, cradling the little female against his chest. She felt so delicate in his arms—so precious. He knew by now that he was hopelessly in love with Mirabella. And he further knew that Saxon felt the same—especially after the night of passion the three of them had shared.

But he knew something else too—something he had felt through their bond. Though Saxon loved the little female as much as he did, the Lykan Shifter was dead set against Claiming her as a mate and Bonding her to them.

There must be a way to change his mind, Lynx told himself as he stroked Mirabella's curls and purred her to sleep. *There must be a way to convince him to try again.*

But he knew how stubborn his Bond-Brother could be. He just hoped that Saxon wasn't dead set on throwing away their hope of future happiness. Mirabella was what they needed—both of them—she was kind and sweet and courageous and beautiful and curvy and just *everything* they wanted in a mate.

How could he convince Saxon to reach out his hand and take the second chance that had been offered to them both? What could he say to make his Bond-Brother see that the Goddess herself had sent Mirabella their way?

Musing on the problem, Lynx at last fell asleep.

THIRTY-SEVEN

SAXON

Saxon woke up in an unexpectedly full bed—a welcome relief since the spot between himself and Lynx was usually empty.

He had his arm draped over a soft, yielding waist and he could feel the three-fold energy that always flowed between himself and his Bond-Brother and the female they were sharing.

But we haven't shared a female since Kara, he thought drowsily. *What's going on?*

Memories of taking a warm, willing female from behind, filling her with both shafts while she sucked and licked Lynx flooded his mind.

Mirabella, whispered a little voice in his head. *The Oracle wanted to see you share her and so you did...*

Saxon still felt guilt at the memory but it seemed that something had shifted inside him after the sharing last night. The guilt felt old now, not as sharp, and the mate he had shared with Lynx was gone—had been gone for many years. Maybe it *was* time to move on. He cared for Mirabella—was beginning to fall in love with her, he admitted to himself. And he knew from the emotions coming from Lynx through their link that his Bond-Brother felt the same.

Maybe it really was time to consider taking another mate.

What, so you can do to Mirabella what you did to Kara? demanded an angry voice in his head. *So you can Bond her*

and Breed her and watch her die in childbirth, the same ways Kara did?

The terrible thought brought Saxon completely awake and he sat up in bed, rubbing his temples. What was wrong with him, thinking of taking another mate? How could he even consider such a thing when it was perfectly clear that any female he and Lynx Bonded might wind up the same way Kara had—*dead*.

“What are you thinking, Brother?” a low voice murmured.

Saxon turned his head and saw that Lynx was still lying there. Mirabella was cuddled against him, her cheek pillowed on his chest, sleeping the sleep of the very young or the very trusting.

She’s both, Saxon thought. Too young and too trusting for us—she doesn’t know the pain and death and destruction loving us can bring! I never should have shared her with Lynx last night—never!

“What is it you’re thinking?” Lynx asked again. “I can feel your turmoil through our Bond.”

“Thinking we shouldn’t have done what we did last night,” Saxon growled. “We went too fucking far.”

“We did what the Oracle wanted—we paid the price so Mirabella could get the answer to her question,” Lynx pointed out.

“Bullshit,” Saxon said roughly. “We shouldn’t have—”

“I’m in love with her,” Lynx interrupted. His voice was low and intense and he cradled Mirabella to his chest possessively. “And I know you are too, Brother.”

Saxon glared at the Felinus Shifter.

“So what if I am?” he demanded. “We still can’t have her—can’t Bond her.”

“Why not?” Lynx asked earnestly. “I can tell how much you want her—even more than I do and the Goddess knows I want her a hell of a lot! And I think Mirabella is in love with us too.”

Saxon shook his head.

“You’re just saying that to tempt me.”

“Tempt you to what? Reach out your hand for the happiness that’s been offered to us? She *does* love us, Saxon! Look at the way she gave herself to us last night—without reservation!”

“She was just doing what the Oracle wanted,” Saxon said, throwing his Bond-Brother’s words back at him. “Just paying the price.”

“And didn’t you hear what the Oracle said? She was giving us an excuse to do what we all really *wanted*—which was to be together the way we were last night,” Lynx argued. “Saxon, I *know* you love her,” he said earnestly. “So do I—we love her.”

“And it’s because we love her that we’re going to leave her the Seven Hells alone,” Saxon growled. “Or do you want to see her end up the same way Kara did?”

“There’s no guarantee that would happen—in fact, I’m sure it wouldn’t,” Lynx argued. “We could stay aboard the Mother Ship this time—hell, we could all three sleep in the Med Center for the entire pregnancy if you want. And that’s only *if* she happened to get pregnant when we Bonded her to us.”

“You know we can’t Bond without Breeding,” Saxon growled. “There’s no guarantee she won’t get pregnant with both our sons the moment we take her and make her ours. And if that happens...”

“She’ll have a happy and healthy pregnancy,” Lynx finished for him. “I’m sure of it.”

“No.” Saxon shook his head. “No, I won’t risk it—I won’t risk *her*. Because you’re right—I fucking love her. Love her too much to risk her life.”

“Females carry twins to term and have healthy pregnancies and deliveries all the time,” Lynx argued. “And Mirabella isn’t Kara! She’s—”

“She’s waking up,” Saxon growled, nodding at the little female who was stirring uneasily against Lynx’s side. “Better be careful what you say, Brother.”

Lynx subsided but Saxon could feel the frustration coming from him loud and clear through their Brother-Bond. Well, that was just too bad, he told himself. Because he *did* love Mirabella—and he wasn’t going to risk her life.

No matter how badly he wanted her or how deeply he was falling in love with her, he wasn’t going to join with Lynx to Bond her to them. It was just too damn risky.

THIRTY-EIGHT

MIRI

Miri woke with the feeling that she'd forgotten something important—something she ought to know. There was something soft and warm under her cheek and male voices were speaking in low, intense tones. That was what had woken her, she realized.

She opened her eyes and saw that Saxon was sitting up in bed on her left and Lynx was lying on her right. She was cuddled up to the Felinus Shifter and it felt wonderful...but something was lacking.

“Saxon,” she murmured sleepily. “Why are you all the way up there? Come back to bed.”

“Can't, little one. It's time to get up,” he growled, getting out of bed. “You need to get the answer we paid for last night from the Oracle.” He scanned the enormous mirror, which still reminded Miri of a lake turned on its side. “Wherever the fuck she is.”

“Here the fuck I am,” the Oracle's pleasant, low feminine voice answered and the mirror face appeared in the silvery surface.

“Oh!” Miri sat up and began scrambling for her clothes... before realizing she didn't have any to wear.

“Is there a problem, my Lady?” Lynx asked, seeing her looking around.

“I was going to get dressed and then I realized I don't have anything to wear. Except, well...” She looked at the discarded

double-ended tail. “You don’t think I have to, uh, put *that* in again, do you?”

“Hopefully not,” Lynx said comfortingly. “Here.” He looked in the pack he’d brought and frowned. “Where is it? I’m sorry, my Lady, but your dress seems to have disappeared.”

“It has?” Miri felt her heart sink. The thin green dress hadn’t been much better than being naked, but at least it had covered her.

“I have an idea,” Lynx said, looking thoughtful. “Let’s try this, shall we?”

He helped her wrap up in the white sheet they had all slept under. It was considerably too big, but Lynx twisted it around her several times and then tucked it securely over her left shoulder, toga-fashion.

“Thank you,” Miri said gratefully. She’d had enough of being a naked pet to last her for some time—it felt good to have something covering her again.

“The answer you seek I am ready to speak,” the mirror face said to her.

“Perfect—thank you.” Miri left the bed and walked over to the enormous vertical mirror. The Oracle’s face was exactly on level with her own, she noted. “I would like to know who I should choose to be the Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven, the governing council which rules Yonnie Six,” she said clearly, restating her question just in case the Oracle had forgotten.

“Come very near to see it clear,” the mirror face replied.

Miri stepped up so that she was only a foot from the vast, shimmering surface. She was looking right into the Oracle’s eyes now—which were silvery and clear, the same color as the rest of the mirror face.

The face disappeared and a ripple took its place—small at first but then it spread out, becoming larger and larger until it covered the entire surface of the mirror. It was like someone had dropped an immense boulder in the middle of a vast lake,

Miri thought. She watched carefully, waiting to see what the Oracle would show her.

But when the rippling finally ended and the surface of the mirror was clear again, Miri frowned as she stared at what was reflected back at her.

“Wait—where’s the answer?” she demanded at last.

The mirror face appeared again, pushing out from the silvery surface.

“You have seen it,” the Oracle said simply.

“But...you didn’t show me anything!” Miri exclaimed. “I don’t see anything in the mirror but *me*—my own reflection. Where’s the face of the woman who ought to be the Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven and lead Opulex and Yonnie Six?”

“The vision before you is clear and true,” the mirror face insisted. “The answer was given and truth will ensue.”

“But—” Miri began.

“Your time here is done, though barely begun,” the Oracle intoned. “You three must go, and please do not be slow.”

There was a thump and a startled cry behind Miri and she saw in the mirror that the enormous white-draped bed she had shared with the two Monstrum had abruptly disappeared and Lynx—who had still been lounging in it—had been suddenly deposited on the hard stone floor.

“Ouch!” he remarked, rubbing his backside, a look of feline irritation on his face.

“Oh, are you all right?” Miri turned to him but Saxon had already offered a hand and was helping his Bond-Brother up.

“Nothing wounded by my dignity, my Lady,” Lynx remarked. “But I’d say that was a fairly strong hint that we ought to be leaving.”

“I’d say so too,” Saxon growled.

“But...I didn’t get an answer!” Miri exclaimed. “We paid for an answer and never got one!”

“The answer received must first be believed,” the Oracle intoned from the giant mirror. “Come another day if you’re willing to pay.”

Then the enormous silver surface went dark, leaving them all in semi-gloom. At the same time, Miri heard a soft humming sound. Looking to her right, she saw the moving walkways which had brought them into the Oracle’s mountain were running again.

“I think we need to go,” Saxon growled. “Unless you want to go through the whole fucking process again?” he asked, raising his eyebrows.

“The Goddess alone knows what the Oracle would ask in payment the second time,” Lynx remarked.

Miri bit her lip. She still felt cheated—the Oracle’s mirror had showed her nothing but her own reflection. But the thought of going through the whole procedure again was *exhausting*. Better to just go home and try to sort things out herself, she decided.

“No...no, I guess we’d better go,” she told the two Monstrum. “Come on. But I’m riding on the regular walkway—not the pet walkway,” she added. “I’ve had enough of being paraded around naked to last me a lifetime.”

“That’s too fucking bad,” Saxon rumbled, giving her a look filled with lazy lust. “Because you made an *excellent* sex pet, little one.”

Miri felt her heart start beating faster. They really hadn’t talked about what had happened between the three of them the night before. She’d been too busy dealing with the Oracle to think of it much until now, but Goddess, Saxon had really given it to her *good*. She’d never had a male take her so hard and deep before and she could still taste Lynx’s cream at the back of her tongue, sweet and rich and delicious. And afterwards the way the Felinus Shifter had “cleaned her up” with his tongue while the Lykan had whispered dirty things in her ear and played with her nipples until she came again and again...

The two Monstrum had “shared” her and it had been amazing.

“Oh, I...thank you, I guess,” she answered, feeling herself blush at the erotic memories that kept surfacing in her mind. “And you two made excellent, er, ‘Masters’ to my ‘pet’ I guess,” she added.

“We did our best to take care of our sweet little pet,” Lynx purred as the three of them stepped onto the moving walkway together.

They had taken care of her, all right. Miri became aware that she was still kind of sticky between her thighs. She’d have to see about getting a shower when the three of them got back to the ship. And something to eat—her stomach was rumbling. But after she got those needs taken care of, they had to talk, she told herself—because there was more to this than just a one-night stand—there *had* to be.

She was falling in love with the big Monstrum—both of them—and she had the feeling that if she didn’t speak up and make her intentions clear, she’d lose them.

THIRTY-NINE

MIRI

The trip back through the mountain was uneventful. No one even said anything when Miri emerged wearing the sheet wrapped around her instead of dressed in “proper pet accoutrements.” They made it back to the ship and had a shower—which somehow turned into a three-way bathing process. Miri mentioned having a shower first and then Lynx had purred,

“Why don’t we join you? We can all scrub each other’s backs.”

As it happened, they scrubbed much more than that. Miri moaned with pleasure as four large, warm, soapy hands scrubbed and caressed every inch of her body, cupping her breasts, teasing her nipples, and sliding between her thighs. And she was happy to return the favor, scrubbing each of her Monstrum in turn, paying special attention to their broad chests, thick shafts, and the heavy balls that hung below.

By the time they finished washing each other, all of them had come several times—it turned out that Monstrum males were multi-orgasmic. And it further turned out that Miri herself was too—a fact she hadn’t previously confirmed, though she had strongly suspected it while Lynx was “cleaning” her with his tongue the night before.

At last the water started running cold and they had to get out and dry each other off. Lynx and Saxon had de-Shifted? Un-Shifted? Miri wasn’t sure of the right term for it, but anyway, they were completely humanoid again, which was

probably a good thing. All that fur would have taken a long time to dry.

They got dressed—Miri had nothing to wear since her slinky green Mistress dress had disappeared, but Lynx gave her one of his long-sleeved uniform shirts to put on. It was only for dress occasions he explained, since most Monstrum simply wore trousers and sometimes the short leather vests he and Saxon had been wearing when she first met them.

The shirt was more like a dress on her but it was deep green which went with her eyes and Saxon found her a short length of rope to belt it with. Miri rolled up her sleeves and they all went to the food prep area for a much-needed meal.

“What do you say to an Earth First Meal today?” Lynx asked her. He held up some food cubes. “I have pancakes and bacon and also scrambled eggs and sausage. Which sounds good?”

“Both,” Miri said, putting a hand to her stomach. “I’m so hungry I could eat an orox!”

“That might be a problem since an orox has four sets of horns and three sets of hooves, but I know what you mean,” Lynx purred. “I’m hungry too.”

“Hungry? I’m fucking starving!” Saxon growled. “Put *all* the damn food cubes in the rehydrator, Brother—let’s have a feast!”

Which they proceeded to do. The round table in the corner of the food prep area was loaded with savory and sweet dishes—some of which Miri’s father had made for her when she was little and some which were from the Monstrums’ home world. She tried food from both of their clans and enjoyed everything—even the sour marrow bone stew from Saxon’s clan.

When they were all full and sighing with contentment but before anyone got up to clear the table, Miri felt it was the perfect opportunity to talk. She wanted to say something about the way they’d spent the night together. It wasn’t an easy subject to talk about, but luckily they were all relaxed and in a

good mood. And after the shower they'd shared, she was less embarrassed than she had been earlier.

"Lynx...Saxon..." she began. "About last night and just now in the shower—"

"We don't have to speak of it if it makes you uncomfortable," Lynx purred soothingly.

"We were just paying the Oracle's price last night," Saxon rumbled. "And the shower...well, we had to get clean, didn't we?" He shrugged.

"Yes, but I just wanted to say I don't usually—well, I never have—done anything like that before," Miri said, stumbling over the words. "But, well...it was *amazing*. I've never felt so...so *free*. It just felt right—the three of us together. Do you know what I mean?"

"It felt right for us, too, my Lady," Lynx murmured.

Saxon said nothing but Miri could see him watching her, his pale, wintry eyes guarded.

"I just wonder if...if we could make it some kind of permanent arrangement," she said awkwardly.

"So you want to keep us on as your bodyslaves—is that it?" Saxon growled.

"No! That's demeaning," Miri said quickly. "And I don't want to stay in Opulex anyway, so I don't have to have bodyslaves."

"What about what the mirror of the Oracle showed you, my Lady?" Lynx asked softly.

"It didn't show me anything—it just showed my reflection, like any other mirror would," Miri protested.

"But do you think that might have meaning?" Lynx purred. "Perhaps it was telling you that *you* are the best person for the job of Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven after all."

"I don't think so," Miri said, but inside she had an uneasy feeling. What if Lynx was right? What if the Oracle had been telling her she had no right to abdicate the position she'd

inherited and the responsibilities that went with it? “I’d make a terrible leader,” she said, trying to refute the idea. “I mean, I hate Opulex and everything about it!”

“It’s not just Opulex we’re talking about,” Saxon growled. “It’s the whole rest of the planet. You said yourself that if someone like Mistress Bloodmuch gets power, she’ll strip-mine the whole fucking thing—your hometown included.”

Miri held up her hands.

“Look—I’m not talking about that right now. I’m trying to talk about *us*—the *three* of us,” she said.

“Yeah? And what is it you want to say?” Saxon growled, giving her an unreadable look.

“Just that...I feel like we fit together, somehow. It’s like... there’s an energy that flows between us when we’re all touching.”

Reaching out, Miri put a hand on each of their arms to illustrate. There was a low tingle...an almost electric hum of low-level pleasure when she touched them both at once. She had almost gotten used to it by now but at the same time, she knew she would never stop loving it—never stop enjoying the pleasurable buzz of connection when she touched both her Monstrum at the same time.

“We feel it too, my Lady,” Lynx assured her, his golden eyes half-lidded.

“Then...why can’t we make it last?” Miri looked back and forth between the two of them. As usual, Saxon was on her left and Lynx was on her right. “Why can’t we stay together? I know your mission was just to keep me safe for a little while, but I want more than that now...and I think you two do as well.”

For a moment, no one spoke. Lynx and Saxon exchanged a look and Miri would have sworn there was some silent communication flying between the two of them that she couldn’t quite pick up.

“Well?” she asked. “Am I crazy? I’m not the only one who feels this way, am I?”

But oh Goddess, what if she *was*? What if the two big Monstrum had just been having fun and didn't want anything serious or long-term? What if she was making a fool of herself?

Abruptly, she withdrew her hands from their arms.

"I guess—"

"No, you're not crazy, little one." Saxon spoke at last, his deep voice rough. "And yes, Lynx and I feel it too. But we can't act on it."

"What? Why not? Is it because you have to go back to the Monstrum Mother Ship? Because I'd be willing to go with you—more than willing," Miri said quickly. "Oh Goddess, that makes me sound so *desperate*," she added, under her breath.

"We're desperate too, my Lady," Lynx said quickly. "And we *want* to be with you—to Bond you to us...but..."

"But what?" Miri asked. She looked at Saxon earnestly. "Is it because you still feel guilty about what happened to your mate? Because that wasn't your fault. You have to stop taking blame that isn't yours, Saxon!"

"It wasn't my fault?" He scowled. "Yeah, I suppose you could say that. I didn't know how things were going to end—never dreamed such a fucking nightmare could come our way. That our mate would die from what we did to her."

"What we did was *love* her," Lynx said earnestly. "The way a Bonded-Brother pair is *supposed* to love their mate."

"She was too little to carry our babies and yet we bred her anyway," Saxon growled. "And look at little Miri..." He pointed at Miri. "She's no bigger than Kara was! If we Bond her, we breed her and if we breed her, there's a good chance she'll conceive. And then it will all start all over again—and end the same way."

"I don't understand." Miri shook her head. "Can't you, uh, Bond me to you without breeding me?"

Lynx shook his head.

“Unfortunately, in order to Bond you to us, Saxon and I must merge our shafts and enter you at the same time. And we must both fill you with our seed—which often stimulates a female’s body to release two eggs, one for each of us to fertilize.”

“Wow...both of you at once? In my...in the same hole?” Miri bit her lip. Saxon’s double shafts had been big enough to take—certainly bigger than anything she’d ever had in her before. But the idea of *both* of them in her pussy at the same time...

“We would, of course, prepare you. Just as we did yesterday,” Lynx reminded her. “There would be no pain—only pleasure, my Lady.”

“Pleasure until we lost her the same way we lost Kara, you mean,” Saxon growled. He shook his head. “No—I won’t do it. I won’t risk it again!”

“Brother, please! Mirabella is offering us her heart—are you really going to turn it down even though I know you love her as much as I do?” Lynx sounded really distressed.

“It’s *because* I care for her that I’m saying no. I’m sorry, little one.” Saxon reached out to cup Miri’s cheek briefly. “But I can’t watch another female I care for die.”

“You’re just *assuming* I’d meet the same fate as Kara,” Miri protested. “But that’s not true! Just look at my hips.” She stood up from the stool she’d been sitting on and planted her hands firmly on the body parts in question. “These are what my Momma used to call ‘child-bearing hips’. And no woman in my family has ever died in childbirth!”

For a moment, she thought Saxon was swayed. His pale blue eyes scanned her body, considering her curves as though they were an insurance policy against death and grief. But at last, he shook his head.

“Sorry—I can’t fucking do it,” he growled. “You go on if you want to, Brother,” he added, looking at Lynx.

Lynx shot back an angry look, his golden eyes narrowing.

“You *know* it doesn’t work like that! I can’t take a mate without you. And I wouldn’t want to, even if I could! You’re my other half—you complete me, Saxon—you’d complete *us* if you’d just rethink what Mirabella is offering!”

But the dark Monstrum only shook his head.

“Sorry. Can’t,” he said shortly.

“But—” Miri began, feeling as frustrated as Lynx looked. The three of them belonged together—couldn’t the big Monstrum see that? Why was he being so damn stubborn?

Just then, however, a beeping sound could be heard from the front of the ship where the instrument panel and steering yoke were located.

Lynx frowned.

“That sounds like the proximity alert. What could be getting close to us out here?”

They were in a deep orbit around Yonnie Six—a position Saxon had requested earlier when asking the Mother Ship to fold space for them. The reason being that they didn’t want to run into anyone who Miri knew until they were ready. Since Yonnie Five and Yonnie Seven were at different ends of their orbits and nowhere near her home world, she had to wonder what in the world was setting off the proximity alert. They were basically out in the middle of nowhere out here.

“I’ll check it out,” Saxon said, getting up from the table quickly.

“I’m coming too—you don’t get to end this conversation that easily,” Lynx said, also pushing back from the table.

“I agree,” Miri said. Since she was already up, she followed the two Monstrum to the front of the ship and watched as Saxon slid into the pilot’s chair.

“Up on the viewscreen now—it looks like a Yonnite vessel,” he said as he rapidly worked the controls.

Lynx gave a low whistle as the vessel appeared on the viewscreen.

“Not just a vessel, Brother—that’s a Space Yacht!”

It was, Miri saw—the kind of ship that only the very wealthiest Mistresses could afford. It gleamed with precious metals—the entire outer hull seemed to be made of platinum edged in purest gold with mother-of-pearl inlays. It was the kind of ship you only dared to park in a guarded Space Port—otherwise it would be stripped for parts at once.

“That’s a rich ship, all right. But what’s it doing out here?” Miri asked. “They usually stay close to their private Space Ports and just go out for ‘joy rides’ in low orbit.”

“I don’t know but it seems to be adrift. Look—there’s a beacon.” Saxon pointed. “They’re sending out a distress signal.”

“Can you put it on screen?” Miri asked. “I wonder if it’s someone I know.”

“On screen now.” Saxon manipulated the controls and a thin, pretty, feminine face filled the viewscreen.

“If anyone can hear this, please help us!” she exclaimed. “It’s just me and my maidservant, Tati out here. My pilot had some kind of attack and I think...I think he might be dead!” Tears filled her big blue eyes and she began to sob. “I don’t know how to fly and we don’t have much air left. Please—if anyone can hear us, I’ll give you anything you want! I have money, gold, credit—anything. Only please, just help us!”

The message began to repeat at that point and Saxon cut it off.

“Well, what do you think?” he asked, looking at Lynx and Miri. “Do you know her, little one?”

Miri shook her head.

“No, but that’s not surprising. I haven’t been in Opulex that long and there are still Mistresses I haven’t met yet.”

“She seems to be in real trouble—and she’s in a bad position,” Lynx said, frowning. “If any pirates happen by...”

“She’s lucky they haven’t yet,” Saxon pointed out. “If they had, the whole damn ship would be stripped already and she

and her maid would be taken as slaves—or worse,” he added darkly.

“We should help her,” Miri said. “She’ll never get home alone. And besides—she looks nice.”

“Anyone can look nice when they’re in trouble,” Saxon growled, but he got up from the pilot’s chair. “Well, what are we waiting for? Come on—I’ve set the coupler to form a bridge between our ship and hers.”

“I just hope we get to her in time,” Miri murmured as she followed the Monstrum towards the hatch that led to the bridge between the two ships.

None of them had any idea what they were walking into.

FORTY

SAXON

Saxon sniffed the air suspiciously as they opened the rich platinum hatch and entered the Space Yacht. Wealth—especially extreme wealth—had a scent to it. A distinctive aroma that was rich and complex—a mixture of the premium materials used to make a dwelling or ship and the ultra expensive objects which had been curated inside it.

He was also smelling for the scent of the female they'd seen on the screen. She would also smell of wealth—with a feminine undertone. But as yet, he wasn't catching any of that.

His mind was still more than half on the conversation they'd been having before the proximity alert had gone off. He could feel Lynx's determination through their Bond that he would change his mind and accept Mirabella as their new mate, but he wasn't going to do it. Wasn't going to risk losing another mate that he loved—and he *did* love Mirabella. She'd found her way into his heart and the thought of watching her die the way he'd watched Kara slip away was too fucking much to bear...

“What's this? Where is everybody?” Lynx asked, sounding bewildered. “Hello!” he called. “Is anyone there? We're here to help!”

But there was no answer.

They had reached the living area of the ship by now but there was nothing in it but two metal chairs.

Chairs with thick iron manacles on both the arms and the legs—as though they were used for chaining someone in

place, Saxon saw. He was beginning to get a bad feeling about this ship—a very bad feeling indeed.

“This is no rich Mistress’s Space Yacht,” he growled, glancing around the abandoned interior of the ship, where only stale air circulated. “This is a fucking Honey Pot!”

“A Honey Pot?” Mirabella looked confused. “What’s that?”

Shouldn’t have let her come with us—it’s not fucking safe! Saxon thought.

“A Honey Pot is a trick used by pirates sometimes.” Lynx sounded troubled. “They take a rich-looking ship and put out a beacon and a distress call with a helpless looking female pleading for rescue—usually an AI simulation. Some enterprising pilot hears the distress call and comes by to check—maybe hoping to get a reward and—”

“Bam! The pirate’s got them,” Saxon growled. “We need to get the fuck out of here right fucking now!”

“I’m afraid it’s too late for that.”

The new voice came from behind them. All three of them jerked to look but Mirabella was stopped short—a thick arm was suddenly around her throat and a curving silver blade was pressed to her neck.

Saxon wanted to spring forward but Mirabella’s captor shook his head.

“Uh-uh-uh—I don’t think so, Kindred,” he sneered.

It was Captain Furx, the over-muscled head of Mistress Bloodmuch’s guards and he was flanked on either side by equally muscular males. Both of them were armed with blasters pointed directly at Lynx and Saxon, while Furx continued holding a knife to Mirabella’s neck.

“Make a move and she’s dead,” he said as he watched Lynx twitch forward. “I mean it—my Mistress says she doesn’t care if she dies as long as she transfers her position in the Sacred Seven over to her first.”

“I’ll never do that!” Mirabella spat but Saxon could smell her fear just as he could feel the anxiety Lynx was feeling for their female though their Bond. He was pretty fucking anxious himself, but he didn’t let it show.

“You hurt our female and I’ll make it my personal mission to track you down and cut you into tiny fucking pieces—*slowly*,” he growled.

“Nobody has to get hurt here,” Furx said. He jerked his head at the two iron chairs. “Have a seat, you two. Then we can deal.”

Saxon wanted to refuse—if he and Lynx let themselves be manacled to the chairs, they wouldn’t be able to help Mirabella. But if they didn’t sit, he thought it was probable that Furx really *would* cut her throat. He was every bit as ruthless as his Mistress and he had no regard for female life, like a Kindred or a Monstrum would.

“Go on—sit!” Furx ordered again as the two males flanking him waved their blasters at them. He pressed the silver blade closer to Mirabella’s throat and she gasped.

“My Lady!” Lynx cried, reaching for Mirabella.

Saxon smelled blood—the blood of the female he loved—which nearly made him go into Rage. But he knew the state of berserker fury that all Kindred and Monstrum go into when their female is threatened would only hinder his thinking—and might lead to an uncontrolled Full-Shift—something he couldn’t come back from.

“Do it!” Mirabella’s voice came out as a thin thread. “Sit down, guys—*please!*”

Unwillingly, Saxon took a seat in one of the black iron chairs bolted to the floor and Lynx took the other. The two muscle-heads assisting Furx came forward, blasters still in hand, and locked them up.

It was an awkward business trying to lock the manacles one-handed while holding a blaster with the other and it would have been the perfect time to escape—if Furx hadn’t still been holding the long, curving silver blade to Mirabella’s throat.

The blade which was now stained red with a trickle of her precious blood.

Saxon's mind flashed to the bed sheets Kara had lain on as she struggled to give birth, the babies coming too early, her little body swollen with her double burden. The white sheets had been red with blood—almost black with it in the end. And her cries had kept getting weaker and weaker... Was he going to have to watch another female he loved bleed and die?

Saxon swore to himself that he wouldn't. No matter what he had to do, Mirabella wouldn't die here today, though he had no fucking clue how he was going to save her now that he was chained to the fucking chair.

FORTY-ONE

LYNX

“Secure!” The male who was locking Lynx’s manacles said, rising.

“This one too,” reported the other, after making certain Saxon was locked in tight as well. Lynx could feel his Bond-Brother’s anguish and fury at their situation. He cast a look at his other half and sent a feeling of readiness. Saxon nodded.

As one, the two of them Shifted—a half-Shift which allowed them to tap into most of their Fur Forms’ power. Lynx felt his fur sprout all over as his ears moved to the top of his head and his face changed into the snarling muzzle of a wild lynx.

With his new strength, he strained at the manacles with all his might...only to find they still held fast. Oh, the metal creaked and groaned, but he couldn’t break it and neither could Saxon.

Lynx strained until he nearly collapsed, panting against the iron chair. Goddess-damn it, what in the Seven Frozen Hells were they going to do?

“Fuck, boss—did you see that?” The eyes of the two males on either side of Furx had grown wide.

“Sure did. Didn’t do them any good, though—did it?” Furx smirked at him and Saxon in a way that made Lynx long to rip his ugly face off with his fangs. “These chairs are solid, boys,” he added. “Made of pure titano-steel. You’re not getting out of them that easy.”

“You’ll be sorry if we do.” Saxon’s voice was a menacing growl and Lynx could see that he was still working at the manacles—though it wasn’t doing him any good.

“Oh, I’m sure I would—which is why we made sure to lock you up tight. Well, well—I’ll have to tell my Mistress how well her plan worked,” Furx said, sounding like the self-satisfied asshole he was. At least he had drawn the knife a little way from Mirabella’s neck, though Lynx could see the trickle of bright crimson on the light brown of her delicate skin.

Just the sight made him want to go into Rage but he fought it grimly—the berserker fury would cause an uncontrolled Full-Shift and he had no mate to call him back to his human form. Neither did Saxon, for that matter.

Lynx felt a surge of despair. If only they hadn’t answered the beacon! If only they had stayed in the ship and Bonded Mirabella to them instead. If she was Bonded to them now, they might have a chance because they could both risk a Full-Shift and be certain she could call them back from the mindless animal state it caused. But without a Soul Bond, that was impossible.

“So Mistress Bloodmuch planned this? Planned to trap me somehow?” Mirabella demanded, still sounding defiant though she clearly didn’t dare to try and get away.

Furx still had his beefy arm around her throat and was holding her to the right side of his ridiculously broad chest. The silver breast plate he wore must be digging into her back and bruising her, Lynx thought randomly, hating the big bastard even more.

“She did—said it was worth gutting her second-best Space Yacht to use as a trap,” Furx said. “Adding the AI distress call and making it be from a female was my idea,” he added proudly. “I knew you fucking Kindred couldn’t resist helping out a damsel in distress.”

Saxon cursed under his breath and Lynx was inclined to agree with his sentiment. The Honey Pot had been damn near perfect. If it had been a male begging for rescue, they would

have been much more cautious, but a female alone with only her maid, well...Furx was right. No Kindred or Monstrum could ignore such a cry for help. Their kind valued female life too much to leave a woman in distress.

“Now then, little Mistress,” Furx said, speaking to Mirabella. “You’re going to record a message saying that you want Mistress Bloodmuch to be your successor as the Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven, effective immediately.”

“No, I won’t!” Mirabella exclaimed. “She’s a horrible woman—she’ll kill the whole planet for her personal profit if I put her in charge!” She half twisted in Furx’s arms. “Don’t you *care* if the planet dies?”

The hugely muscular mercenary shrugged.

“Don’t much care since it’s not my planet. Besides, Mistress Bloodmuch pays well. So you’re going to record the vid-message or *I’m* going to make sure you’re in a world of hurt, little Mistress.” He glared at her menacingly and waved the knife in her face to illustrate his point.

“And after you’re done, we’re going to take turns with you,” one of the other muscle-heads said, grinning nastily at Mirabella, whose eyes got very large and frightened.

A snarl rose in Lynx’s throat and he heard an answering growl rumbling from his Bond-Brother’s chest.

“No, we’re fucking not, you idiot!” Furx snarled at his subordinate. “Don’t you know that if we violate a Yonnite Mistress we’ll be painting a target on all our backs? Whether we bring her in dead or alive, she’ll be examined by a doctor at some point. If they find she’s been violated, we’ll all go to the incineration chamber or at very best the Poison Mines—they don’t play with that shit on Yonnie Six.”

“I ain’t never had no high-born lady, though,” the other male protested sullenly.

“And you’re not having one now,” Furx growled. “You’re going to...going to...”

But what the muscle-head was going to do was never to be known. Because Furx had stopped talking and started gurgling

instead. There was a line of dark red blood running from the corner of his mouth, Lynx saw. And then he saw something else.

Some kind of long, curving, black blade had entered through Furx's back and a good foot of it was currently poking out of the left side of his chest. It had cut through the thick silver breastplate he wore like a knife punching through paper and a foot of it was protruding from his body. In fact, if Mirabella had been just a few inches to the left, it would have skewered her too!

"What the fuck?" Saxon muttered and the other two males on either side of Furx were beginning to look bewildered too. They couldn't figure out why their Captain had stopped talking and was now sagging like a puppet whose strings had been cut.

Then Lynx saw what had happened. Rising from behind the limp form of Furx was a strangely elongated skull. Tiny red eyes like drops of blood stared from its bony depths and a double row of razor-sharp teeth appeared as it spread its lipless mouth.

The curving blade wasn't a blade at all, Lynx saw with horror—it was part of the creature's body—the razor-sharp serrated tip of its tail, in fact. The bloody tip withdrew from Furx's chest and he slumped to the floor, almost taking Mirabella with him.

Luckily, she was able to step aside just as Furx fell, though it looked like his blade nicked her again on his way down. The scent of fresh blood filled the room as she cried out.

"Here—over here, my Lady!" Lynx called to her hoarsely. "Hurry—*hurry!*"

Mirabella dashed over to him, ignoring the other two muscle-heads who were just now turning around to see what had happened to their Captain. Furx's body was sprawled on the floor with the enormous alien looming over it. The thing's slitted nostrils widened, taking in the scent of his spilled blood...or possibly the scent of Mirabella's fresh wound.

Now that he wasn't in the way, Lynx could see the black body armor which was actually just part of its exoskeleton. The points of its spine were clearly visible as it swung its elongated skull from side to side, assessing its enemies, its blood-drop eyes narrowing.

Lynx felt sick. The Honey Pot had been too good. It hadn't just drawn him and Saxon and Mirabella over—it had drawn a far more dangerous enemy than Captain Furx and his band of muscle-heads could ever be.

It had drawn a battalion of Skulls.

FORTY-TWO

MIRI

Miri rushed over and sat on Lynx's lap, getting as close to the big Shifter as she could. She put her arms around his neck and wished desperately he could put his arms around her as well, but his hands were manacled to the chair he sat in and the man who had locked him up had the key.

She still wasn't sure what had happened to Captain Furx. Why had he stopped talking and collapsed suddenly? And why hadn't anyone shot at her when she rushed over to Lynx?

Then she turned her head and horror washed over her.

An enormous, shiny black shape was looming over the men who had been on either side of Captain Furx. As she watched, it extended one six-fingered hand tipped with long, knife-like claws and thrust it—almost causally—through one of the guard's thick throats.

A gout of blood erupted and pattered down on the expensive inlaid floor, like crimson rain.

“Hey—you can't—” the other guard began but then the tip of the alien creature's tail lashed out as fast as a scorpion striking and speared directly into his mouth. His eyes rolled up and he began to thrash and gag as streams of blood dripped down his chin. The tip of the tail burst through the back of his head, shattering it like a fragile eggshell and spraying gray brain matter everywhere.

“Fucking Skulls,” Miri heard Saxon mutter. “The Honey Pot called *them* too.”

Skulls? Miri stared at the creature's elongated skull with sick fascination. So *these* were the creatures who had killed her father. She'd heard so much about them and yet had never actually seen one—or a picture of one. She could well believe that this monstrosity would be happy to rape, murder, and eat any hapless victims it came across—not necessarily in that order.

“This must be the scout—they always send in a scout first,” Saxon muttered. “If we can somehow kill it, the rest will leave—they won't think it's worth the trouble.”

“Yes, but how?” Lynx murmured back.

“I'm going to do a full-Shift,” Saxon growled.

“What? No!” Lynx stiffened and Miri felt every muscle in his body go tense. “You won't be able to come back from that, Brother!”

“I know. Doesn't fucking matter,” Saxon rumbled. “It's the only way I'll have the strength to break these fucking manacles—my Wolf won't have a problem with them. Won't have a problem with the fucking Skulls scout either,” he added.

“Then I'm Shifting with you,” Lynx returned.

“No!” Saxon snapped. “Fucking stay in your right mind. You have to protect our female. And you have to commit *Shai'ki'rai* for both of us. Just make sure Mirabella is safe first.”

“Saxon—” Lynx began but the other Monstrum shook his head.

“No time to argue. Keep our female safe, Brother!”

And he began to change.

FORTY-THREE

MIRI

“Hold on to me, my Lady and don’t look,” Lynx ordered her, but Miri felt powerless not to watch. She still sat in Lynx’s lap but her attention was divided between what was happening to Saxon and the Skulls scout.

Now that Furx and his men were dead, the scout was sniffing around eagerly for fresh prey, its slitted nostrils widening rhythmically. It was already moving towards them. But at the same time, Saxon was changing almost too fast for Miri to see.

For the first time Miri witnessed a full-Shift and it was something to behold. Saxon had already had a wolf’s head and pelt, but he had retained his humanoid form during his previous half-Shift. Now he shed what traces of humanity he had left and went full animal.

In the blink of an eye, his hands and feet became paws and his knees bent the other way. At the same time he began to grow at an enormous rate. He burst out of his clothes and a moment later the iron manacles that bound his wrists and ankles shattered like brittle glass. Miri ducked instinctively to avoid the flying metal shards.

Then a perfectly enormous wolf which seemed to fill the entire room was shaking out its coat and eyeing the Skulls scout. The scout looked small beside it, though the strange alien warrior had appeared enormous to Miri before.

The wolf—which was the size of a Clydesdale horse—bared his teeth and gave a low, menacing growl. Then he

sprang at the scout, snapping and snarling.

The alien warrior wasn't going to back down easily, however. The scout whipped his serrated tail with its spear-like point back and forth, slashing the air and trying to stab Saxon's wolf.

But the wolf was lightning quick. In an instant he had the tail in his jaws and with a sickening crunch of bones being snapped and crushed, he tore the long, curving tip right off.

The scout threw back its head and made a sound so horrible Miri clapped both her hands over her ears. It was a gargling shriek—a sound like someone drowning and being crushed to death at the same time.

I'll hear that sound in my dreams for the rest of my life—I know I will! she thought, but still she couldn't stop watching.

The fight went on, despite the fact that the Skulls scout had lost its most deadly weapon. It still had its claws though—it raked them across the wolf's muzzle drawing a growling yelp from the shaggy throat.

But the next moment, Saxon's wolf had the odd, elongated skull in his teeth and he was bearing down, the powerful jaws working to crush the scout completely.

The alien warrior made that horrible gargling shriek again. The long stump of its tail whipped the air, spraying the walls with black ichor that must be its version of blood, Miri thought, feeling sick. It struggled, clawing and kicking but Saxon's wolf refused to let go until—with a final *crunch*—the long skull shattered and black brains began to ooze all over the floor.

"It's over," Lynx breathed in Miri's ear. "Quickly—before Saxon's wolf is finished with the scout—get the key to these manacles. That one there has it in his pocket."

He jerked his chin at the body of the guard sprawled closest to them—the one the scout had speared in the mouth with its tail earlier.

Miri didn't let herself think. She jumped off Lynx's lap and dashed over to the dead man to dig through his pockets.

Luckily, she didn't have to dig far—her fingers encountered the shape of the key almost at once and she ran back to Lynx and began unlocking him with trembling fingers.

“Good. That's good, my Lady.” Lynx rose quickly, rubbing his wrists. Then he drew his blaster and took a step towards Saxon's wolf.

“Wait...what are you doing?” Miri demanded.

“What I must.” Lynx's voice was thick with emotion but he moved purposefully. “Committing *Shai'ki'rai* for both of us, just as Saxon asked me to.”

FORTY-FOUR

MIRI

“D aughter, you must not allow this—stay his hand!”

The powerful, feminine voice invaded Miri’s mind so quickly and completely that for a moment she wondered if she was having some kind of a stroke. Or maybe some kind of break with reality, brought on by extreme stress.

“You need not fear for your sanity—it is I, the Kindred Goddess—Mother of All life. And I say to you now, you must stop this!” the voice insisted.

“Of course I’m going to stop it!” Miri exclaimed, though it seemed hard to believe she was talking to a disembodied voice. “Stop, Lynx! I said, *stop!*” she gasped, running to grab the big Monstrum’s arm.

“Stay back, my Lady,” Lynx warned her. His golden eyes had gone hard. “I must do this—Saxon would not wish to be trapped in his Fur Form the rest of his life. He would do the same for me.”

“No, he wouldn’t because I wouldn’t let him!” Miri protested. “Please, don’t do this, Lynx! We can bring him back somehow—I know we can!”

“There is no returning from the Fur Form without a Bonded Mate to call you,” Lynx insisted.

“Yes, there is—there *has* to be!” Miri insisted. She was crying now, tears running freely down her face. “We can’t lose Saxon this way, Lynx—we *can’t!*”

The enormous wolf had lost interest in the body of the dead Skulls scout and was turning to look at them with burning eyes. When he saw Lynx pointing a blaster at his face, he pulled back his lips in a silent snarl.

“See? He doesn’t know us—though I have been bonded to him almost my entire life, I am nothing but a stranger to him now.” Lynx’s low, purring voice was desolate. “The only thing I can do is shoot him and then shoot myself—after I am certain you are safe of course, my Lady,” he added. “Now step back and don’t look—this won’t be pretty.”

“Do not let him—do what you must to stop this!” the Goddess insisted in Miri’s ear.

Miri looked at the enormous, angry wolf. Every one of his teeth was as long as her hand and his eyes were glowing a malevolent red now. The snarl rumbling up from his shaggy chest was nearly deafening as it grew in menace and intensity.

“Have courage, daughter! My courage I give you!” the Goddess said.

Miri felt her spine straighten and her chin lift.

That’s Saxon in there somewhere and I love him, she reminded herself. And I’m not letting him go!

She threw herself in front of the blaster that Lynx had aimed at the wolf’s enormous head.

“No! I won’t let you!” she gasped, spreading her arms, making herself into a human shield.

“My Lady, be careful! Don’t do this!” Lynx’s voice was anguished with fear now as he reached out his free hand to her as though to coax her back before it was too late. “He can bite your head clean off. Please, Mirabella—come back to me!”

“No!” Miri stood her ground despite the snarling, red-eyed beast at her back. “No, I can bring him back—I *know* I can.”

“You’re not Bonded to him—to either of us! There’s no way you can reach him!” Lynx protested.

“You have a partial Bond with the Lykan Shifter, daughter. Try for yourself—reach out to him and see,” the

Goddess said in her ear.

“I have a partial Bond with him!” Miri exclaimed, still keeping herself between the snarling wolf and the blaster. “Just let me try to reach him, Lynx—let me try!”

“My Lady, do you know what it will do to my heart if I have to watch you torn to bits before my eyes?” Lynx’s golden eyes were filled with despair. “Please—come back to me!”

“Not until I at least *try* to reach Saxon!” Miri said stubbornly.

She turned and took a step towards the big beast—he was so huge the shaggy tips of his ears brushed the ceiling and he was still snarling warningly.

“Saxon, please,” Miri pleaded in a low voice. “Please, listen to me. You love me and I love you. We were together last night—we made love, you and I and Lynx. Don’t you remember?”

“It is not your physical voice that you must use but your mental one, daughter,” the Goddess whispered in her ear. ***“Close your eyes and feel for him—send him the lifeline he needs to come back to you!”***

“All right—got it,” Miri muttered back. Though it felt like suicide to close her eyes with the enormous animal ready to spring on her at any moment, she did as the Goddess asked and squeezed them shut.

“*Saxon,*” she thought, throwing her mental voice like a stone into a void. “*Saxon, it’s me—Mirabella—your little one. Please, can you hear me?*”

For a long moment there was nothing and she had the mental image of herself throwing stones into a void again—an enormous, deep well that went down and down to unknown depths.

“*Saxon,*” she tried again. “*Where are you?*”

Then, just when she had almost given up hope, the wolf stopped growling. And a moment later, Miri heard a reply. It

was so faint and distant she could barely make it out but the low, growly tone was familiar.

“Mirabella? Little one?”

Again she had the mental image of a deep, dark well. And Saxon was stuck down in it—somewhere near the bottom. “Throw him a lifeline” the Goddess had said. And Miri intended to do just that.

“Saxon!” she sent again and she took another step forward.

It was a blind step, since she had her eyes tightly shut, picturing the well. Her foot landed in a slippery puddle of blood and she slid and fell forward with a gasp, expecting to land face-first on the inlaid floor.

But that didn’t happen. Instead, a warm pillar of fur insinuated itself between her and the floor. Miri opened her eyes and saw that she was leaning against the wolf’s foreleg. The enormous creature was looking down at her but his eyes were no longer burning red. He nosed gently at her and she heard a deep voice in her head.

“Little one? Where are you?”

“Here! I’m here and I’m going to get you out of there!”

Closing her eyes again, Miri pictured herself holding a rope—a long, thick, strong one. She stepped to the edge of the well and, holding one end, threw the rest down into the darkness.

“Grab on!” she called down to Saxon, using her mental voice. *“I’ll pull you up!”*

It wouldn’t have worked in real life—Saxon was a huge, muscular Monstrum warrior and Miri was just curvy, slightly-shorter than average woman. But physics didn’t seem to matter in the mental realm—if that was where they were.

Miri tugged on the rope and felt a heavy weight on the other end. Slowly, hand-over-hand, she dragged it up out of the well—dragged Saxon back to the daylight of sanity and humanity.

At last, she saw his face appear, his pale eyes piercing in the darkness. And then he dropped the rope and was heaving himself up, over the lip of the well.

“*Mirabella?*” he growled softly reaching for her. “*Little one?*”

“*Oh, Saxon!*”

Miri ran to him and threw her arms around him. At first all she could feel was fur but then he seemed to Shift and change in her arms.

And when she opened her eyes, she was holding him—not in his wolf form but as his purely un-Shifted humanoid self.

“Saxon?” Lynx was there too, his golden eyes wide. He, too, had un-Shifted and he was looking at his Bond-Brother like a man who had been brought back from the dead. The blaster hung limp in one hand. “Saxon—is it really you?” he asked.

“It’s me, Brother.” Saxon moved so that one arm was around Miri and opened his other for the Felinus Shifter. “Come here!”

Lynx felt into his Bond-Brother’s arms and Saxon pulled him and Miri both close, crushing them to his broad chest. All three of them were crying— even Saxon, who had always made it his personal policy never to shed a tear.

“Oh, Brother—I thought I’d lost you!” Lynx said, his voice choked with emotion.

“I *was* lost—I was wandering in the dark until Mirabella saved me.” Saxon looked down at her. “I owe you a debt I can never repay, little one.”

“But...but how did you know you could do it? How *did* you do it?” Lynx shook his head. “I don’t understand.”

“I don’t either,” Saxon admitted. “I heard her shouting something about a partial bond and then she was calling my name and I could hear her, even though I was drowning in darkness.”

“We’ll talk about it later.” Lynx swiped at his eyes. “But for now we have to be sure—are there anymore Skulls aboard? Or any more of Furx’s men?”

“Good question.” Saxon reached for his blaster and then appeared to notice he was stark naked. “Fuck—must have burst out of my clothes when I Shifted,” he growled.

“Here.” Lynx reached down and found his Bond-Brother’s blaster in the tatters of his ruined clothes. He handed it to Saxon. “Let’s go on patrol. Mirabella—stay behind us,” he added.

“All right.” Miri was happy enough to do as he said. She just hoped they wouldn’t meet with any more Skulls or anyone else—she’d had enough excitement and drama to last her a lifetime!

FORTY-FIVE

MIRI

Luckily, the tour of Mistress Bloodmuch's second best Space Yacht proved completely uneventful. The corridors and rooms were empty and a look at the control center showed an interesting chase taking place.

"Look at that." Lynx pointed at the viewscreen which showed two ships—one apparently in hot pursuit of the other.

"Huh. Looks like Furx's men realized what was happening and decided to run," Saxon rumbled. "Which is, of course, the exact wrong fucking thing to do with the Skulls."

"They always give chase—it's in their nature to be predatory," Lynx explained, when he saw Miri's confused look.

"Well, at least it means we can get the fuck out of here," Saxon growled.

"Wait please—there's something I want here first." Lynx was doing something to the controls, Miri wasn't sure what. She'd never learned to pilot a space craft, though she was beginning to think it might be a useful skill.

After a moment, Lynx nodded.

"There—got it. All right—now we can leave."

"But we'll have to be careful—have to be sure there are no Skulls scouts aboard our own ship. Though I fucking doubt it," Saxon muttered.

The two big Monstrum went first as they crossed the temporary bridge and Miri was relieved when—after a quick

but thorough sweep of the ship—they declared it all clear.

“Let’s get closer to Yonnie Six,” Lynx suggested, once they were certain the three of them were alone in the ship. “The Skulls won’t come too near an inhabited, armed planet.”

“Good point—I’ll set a course and then we’ll talk,” Saxon said. He gave Miri a piercing look. “I have a feeling there’s more to this than meets the eye.”

FORTY-SIX

MIRI

“All right—what happened? How did you know you could bring me back?” Saxon asked, looking intently at Miri.

The three of them were lounging on the bed, wearing nothing but towels. After a quick shower to get the black ichor off, they were relaxing together. They had moved the ship to a much closer orbit of Yonnie Six and both Saxon and Lynx had assured her they were safe—the Skulls would never come so near an inhabited planet.

Also, they were probably feasting on the rest of Captain Furx’s men right now—a thought which sent a cold shiver down Miri’s spine. No matter how awful Mistress Bloodmuch’s hired mercenaries had been, she still didn’t think anyone deserved that fate. And of course, it made her think of her father.

But for now she was thinking how to explain what had happened to the two big Monstrum. Would they think she was crazy if she told them the Kindred Goddess had spoken to her?

Well, there’s only one way to find out, Miri told herself.

She took a deep breath.

“I knew I could bring you back because...well, because the Goddess told me I could.”

To her relief, they didn’t exchange a glance that said she was crazy. Instead, both of them leaned towards her.

“The *Goddess* herself spoke to you?” Lynx’s golden eyes were wide.

“She really did, little one?” Saxon asked.

“She did.” Miri nodded firmly. “She told me not to let Lynx shoot you.”

“But...why did you not tell me she was speaking in your ear?” Lynx demanded. “It would have saved me a lot of heartache and anxiety if I had known the Goddess was guiding your actions.”

“To be honest, I thought I was going crazy at first,” Miri admitted. “I’ve always been, if not exactly an atheist, at least an agnostic.” She shrugged. “Guess I can’t say that anymore.”

“And she told you that you had a partial Bond with me?” Saxon asked.

Miri nodded.

“She did. And she told me I should ‘throw you a lifeline.’”

“Which is exactly what you did,” he rumbled, nodding.

“You must have formed a partial Bond with our Lady during our night with the Oracle,” Lynx mused. “When you took her so deeply and filled her to overflowing with your seed, Brother.”

Miri felt her cheeks getting hot.

“I thought you guys couldn’t Bond me unless you were, you know, uh ‘merged’ together?”

“I have always thought so too,” Lynx said. “But I guess in this case we have an exception to the rule.”

“You need to Bond her too, Brother,” Saxon rumbled, nodding at Lynx. “And then we’ll both take her together to seal the Bond completely.” He looked at Miri, his pale eyes blazing. “If you’ll have us, little one.”

“Yes, my Lady—will you Bond with us? Will you let us Bond you to us?” Lynx purred, looking at her with deep need in his golden eyes.

Miri bit her lip.

“I *want* to—I want to be with both of you forever—for the rest of our lives,” she said. “But Saxon, are you sure? You seemed so worried about this earlier. About me...you know, having the same problems your other mate did.”

Saxon gave her an intense look.

“That was before I knew the Goddess was involved. Clearly she means for the three of us to be together.” He leaned over and placed one big hand on Miri’s lower abdomen. “And I know that if you do get pregnant when we breed you and Bond you, it will be her will.”

Miri stared at him with wide eyes. The idea of getting pregnant by both of the huge Monstrum was beginning to sink in. She’d always hoped that someday she would meet a man she loved and raise a family with him, just as her own mother had. But she’d never dreamed that the man of her dreams would turn out to be two huge alien warriors who could turn into animals.

But she loved them with her whole heart—both of them. Lynx with his gentle manners and his sweet, deep purring voice and Saxon with his rough and ready ways and his constant growling. They complemented each other perfectly and she knew that she could complete them. It was just the *way* they had to Bond which worried her.

“I want to be with you—both of you—forever,” she whispered. “But...I’m still a little scared about the actual Bonding process. About, you know, both of you being in me at once?”

“Ahh, you fear you won’t be able to take us, is that it?” Lynx raised his eyebrows.

Miri nodded.

“I kind of felt stretched to the limit last night with Saxon—I don’t see how I can take both of you at the same time in the, uh, same hole.”

“We will, of course, prepare you, my Lady.” Lynx gave her a half-lidded look. “It will be our very great pleasure to do so.”

But if you still have concerns, I have something which might help. Just a moment.”

He left the bed and came back a moment later with a small glass of juice.

The juice had a pale, peachy shade and it smelled slightly like ripe peaches—which Miri’s father had brought to her from Earth—as well as some other things she couldn’t name.

“What’s this?” she asked, sniffing the juice uncertainly.

“It’s Bonding Fruit juice,” Lynx explained. “The Twin Kindred of this universe use it to help a female open for them as they Bond her. I got it the last time we were aboard the other Kindreds’ Mother Ship,” he added, speaking to Saxon. “I always hoped we might have a reason to use it, despite the fact that you were so resistant to ever finding another mate.”

“Yeah. I had no idea that Mirabella was in our future.” Saxon nodded. “I’m glad you got it, Brother. It should ease the way considerably.”

“So...this is going to help me, er...open up? Like the compounds in your mouths?” Miri asked, still holding the juice.

“It will—though we will of course get you ready with our mouths and tongues as well,” Lynx murmured. “In fact, I would love to taste you again, my Lady.”

“I want to lick her sweet pussy too,” Saxon growled. “And suck her tight little nipples.” He gave Miri a lustful look. “You taste so good, little one—*all* of you.”

His words made Miri remember how he had gotten her ready to wear the double-ended tail at the Oracle’s mountain and she felt herself blushing again. But she knew what she wanted despite her embarrassment.

“All right—bottom’s up,” she said and tossed back the shot of Bonding Fruit juice all in one gulp.

“Oh, my Lady!” Lynx’s golden eyes grew wide with concern. “I didn’t mean for you to drink it all at once—that is *extremely* concentrated juice!”

“Oops.” Miri shrugged and licked the rim of the small glass to get the last of the juice, which was delicious—sweet with just a hint of savory flavor. “Well—I guess it will just help me open up for the two of you faster,” she said, shrugging.

“Well...” Lynx hesitated. “Bonding fruit has some... *properties* I don’t think you’re aware of, my Lady.”

“Properties? What properties?” Miri asked uneasily.

“Certain *aphrodisiac* properties,” Lynx said delicately.

“It makes you horny as fuck,” Saxon said bluntly. “And with the amount you drank, you’re going to need to get ‘serviced’ all fucking night long.” He grinned at her. “Luckily, I happen to know of two Monstrum warriors right here who are willing, ready, and able to meet all your needs, little one.”

Miri felt a tingle between her thighs at the way they were looking at her and suddenly her nipples felt tight and achy beneath her towel.

“Mmm, I think I’m beginning to feel the effects of that juice already, boys,” she murmured. “But wait—” She put up a hand because Saxon was already on his way to pin her to the bed. “*I want to be in charge this time,*” she told them.

“Mmmm, I think I like that idea,” Lynx purred.

Saxon raised his eyebrows.

“All right—I’m in. But what do you want us to do?”

“Both of you sit at the head of the bed—sit close together. That’s right—side by side.” Miri pushed her hands together, indicating what she wanted.

When she had her guys—because they were *definitely* her guys now—in the right position, she rose to a standing position and took a step towards them. They were so tall that even sitting, their heads were at the level of her breasts—which was exactly what Miri wanted. But first she wanted to kiss them—to taste them both.

Leaning down, she took Lynx’s mouth first. His kiss was warm and soft and she could hear a deep purr of pleasure

building in his chest as she kissed him. He tasted of some kind of mint, she decided—cool and refreshing and tingly when she slipped her tongue into his mouth. Lynx sucked delicately at the tip of her tongue, asking for more and Miri was glad to give it to him. At last, however, she pulled away.

There was a look of almost drugged pleasure in the Felinus Shifter's golden eyes.

“Gods, my Lady—your kiss is so sweet,” he murmured.

“Yours is too, Lynx.” She stroked his cheek, holding his gaze with hers for a moment. Then she turned to Saxon. “Now it's your turn.”

“Been waiting for this.” Saxon's voice was a hungry growl and Miri swore she could feel his lust through the partial Bond they already shared. Or maybe it was just the Bonding Fruit juice getting to her. She didn't know, but she was certain of one thing—she wanted to taste the Lykan Shifter's mouth.

She'd been sweet and gentle with Lynx, but that wouldn't do for Saxon. Reaching down, she wove her fingers through his thick black hair and gripped him firmly, holding him in place.

His pale blue eyes widened in surprise, then narrowed with lust.

“Oh, is *that* how it's gonna be, little one?” he growled. “So you *do* want to be in charge.”

“I told you so, didn't I?” Miri purred. Leaning down, she took his mouth in an almost savage kiss, pressing her lips to his, which opened immediately under her mouth. She pressed her tongue into the big Monstrum's mouth, exploring him thoroughly—owning him completely. He tasted of the sweet, hot candy she'd loved when she was little—spicy and delicious.

Saxon gave that hungry growl again as Miri tightened her grip on his hair. He could, of course, have freed himself at any time. He was many times bigger and stronger than her, but he seemed willing to let her take the lead—which turned her on immensely.

She had a moment to think that she'd never been this aggressive in the bedroom before. What was going on with her? Was it the Bonding Fruit juice? Or was she just excited about finally getting to Bond with her Monstrum? Whatever the reason, Miri had never felt so fiercely sexual—or so free.

She broke the kiss at last, looking into Saxon's eyes for an intense moment before pulling away.

“Goddess, my Lady—you're magnificent when you take charge,” Lynx murmured. He'd been watching her and Saxon kiss with half-lidded eyes and it was clear from the enormous ridge rising under his towel that he more than approved of what he saw.

“What would you have us do next...my Lady?” Saxon growled, imitating his Bond-Brother's elaborately polite speech. “Since you're in charge,” he added.

“What I want is this...” Miri suddenly shed her towel, letting it fall to the mattress beneath her to stand naked before the two of them. Several days of eating well from the food cubes the Monstrum had provided had helped her regain her curves and she liked the way their eyes widened when they saw her nude.

“Goddess,” Lynx breathed and Saxon made a low sound of lust in his throat.

“So fucking *beautiful*,” he growled. “Tell us, little one—what do you want?”

“I want for both of you to taste me at the same time,” Miri told them. She'd been fantasizing about this ever since their first night together when the two of them had both fingered her. And now she intended to make her fantasy a reality.

Stepping forward, she offered a full, heavy breast tipped with a ripe, dark nipple to each of them.

She didn't have to offer twice. With an eager growl, two hot mouths encircled her tight peaks. Lynx lapped slowly, running his tongue around and around her tender point but Saxon sucked hard, drawing as much of her breast into his mouth as he could.

Miri moaned at the sensual disparity, loving the differences in the way the two Bond-Brothers loved her.

And then all four of their hands were on her body, stroking and caressing up and down her sides and squeezing her breasts and ass. Then someone's fingers found their way between her legs.

Miri didn't even try to protest. Moaning, she opened her thighs, letting the long fingers sink deep inside her. Goddess, she was already so wet and hot! She couldn't remember ever being this turned on in her life! She moaned as the two hot mouths sucked her aching tips and the long fingers pumped inside her. It felt good but she needed *more*—so much more filling her!

At last Saxon let her tingling nipple slip from his lips and looked up at her.

“We need to Bond you to us, little one,” he said hoarsely. “But before you can take us both, you must take Lynx by himself.”

Lynx let her other nipple go with a gentle kiss.

“Do you think so, Brother? Are you certain you don't simply want to Bond her to us?”

Saxon shook his head.

“I have a partial bond with our female—you need one too before we can both Bond her together.”

“All right.” Lynx nodded. “What should we do?”

“I think you need to...to fuck me and come in me, the way Saxon did last night,” Miri murmured. She didn't know where she got the courage to be so blunt, but it felt right.

“That's exactly what you need to do,” Saxon agreed. “Come, little one.” He gestured to Miri. “We don't have the special pillow this time, but I think we can make it work.”

Before she knew it, Miri was positioned between them on her hands and knees again—only this time it was Saxon's thick double shaft she would be sucking while Lynx entered her from behind.

“Gently now, my Lady,” she heard Lynx murmur as he caressed her bare body with his big, warm hands. “Just try to be open to me.”

“And don’t be surprised when his pleasure spines sting you,” Saxon added, stroking her curls.

“Pleasure spines?” Miri repeated. She had forgotten about those—the tiny stiff hairs that covered the shaft of the Felinus Shifter’s cock. Whenever she touched them, they gave her sharp little shocks of intense pleasure—and that was just when she used her hand. She couldn’t imagine what they were going to feel like inside her.

“Don’t be afraid, my Lady,” Lynx purred. “I’ll be gentle. There will be no pain—only pleasure.”

As he spoke, he was fitting the broad, blunt head of his cock to the mouth of her pussy. Miri moaned as she felt him sink slowly into her. He was big—as thick as Saxon’s primary shaft, which she was currently holding in one hand as she prepared to suck him—but as Lynx had promised, she felt no pain.

In fact, she didn’t feel the pleasure spines stinging her either. She only felt her inner walls stretching and opening to take the big Monstrum’s thick shaft deep inside her.

“There, my Lady,” Lynx murmured at last. “I’m all the way inside you—do you feel me?”

“Yes, I...I do,” Miri panted. “I’m ready—you can...can fuck me now, Lynx.”

And leaning forward, she began to swirl the tip of her tongue around the broad head of Saxon’s shaft.

But to her surprise, the Lykan Shifter pulled his shaft away.

“Just wait,” he said, when Miri looked up at him uncertainly. “You don’t feel the spines until he pulls out to start fucking—don’t want you biting me by accident because you’re surprised, little one,” he added.

“Is it that intense?” Miri asked.

And then Lynx pulled almost all the way out of her, rubbing in the opposite direction of the spines which caused every one of them to sting her inner channel.

“Oh, my *Goddess!*” she moaned, throwing back her head involuntarily. The sparks of pleasure seemed to penetrate her to the core—the sensation really was intense. It wasn’t quite an orgasm but it wasn’t far from one either and Miri had the idea that she would be coming quickly—possibly in only a few strokes.

“Feels incredible, right?” Saxon growled, cupping her cheek. “I feel it too when I merge with him. Gods, I love to watch you being pleased, little one,” he added. “You look so hot on your hands and knees with my Bond-Brother’s cock buried in your hot little cunt.”

Miri moaned, loving the dirty talk almost as much as she loved the feeling of Lynx inside her.

“Fuck her, Brother,” Saxon ordered, looking up. “Fuck her nice and hard and fill her pussy with your cream—the more the better. It will ease the way when we merge and both slide into her at once.”

As he spoke, he reached beneath Miri and cupped her heavy breasts in his hands. Pinching and tugging her nipples, he urged her to start sucking him again.

Leaning forward, Miri lapped the broad head of Saxon’s cock as Lynx thrust deep inside her once more. She moaned as she felt him hit bottom and then gasped as he pulled out again, stinging her with the intense pleasure of his spines.

“Goddess, you’re so tight, my Lady,” she heard Lynx groan. “Can’t...hold out for long.”

“It’s all right, Brother—fuck her a little harder so you can sting her hot little clit as well—that will help her come on your cock,” Saxon growled. “Lynx has the pleasure spines on his balls as well,” he explained to Miri, who was looking up at him uncertainly. “You must have felt them when you washed us in the shower.”

Actually, she had, she remembered now. The prickly little hairs that gave such sharp little pops of pleasure were all over the Felinus Shifter's shaft and balls. But she'd never imagined being stung on her clit!

She wanted to ask if it would hurt and then Lynx gripped her hips harder and pulled out, stinging her once more so that she moaned and forgot her question. When he thrust back in, it was hard and deep and Miri felt his heavy balls swing up between her legs to slap against her open pussy.

"Mmmph!" she moaned around a mouthful of Saxon's cock. The stinging pleasure was *intense*, especially when the pleasure spines connected with her sensitive clit, already swollen with need.

"That's right, Brother—fuck our female *hard*," Saxon growled. He looked down at Miri, still sucking his cock. "Do you like that, little one? Do you love the feeling of Lynx fucking you? Shoving his cock so deep in your tight little pussy while you suck me? Are you almost ready to come on his thick shaft?"

"Mmm!" Miri moaned in agreement. She could taste the dark chocolate flavor of the big Shifter's precum and knew that soon the trickle would become a flood of cream which she would swallow eagerly. She also knew she was going to come soon—she could feel herself getting closer with every deep thrust of the Felinus Shifter's spiny cock deep in her pussy and every hard slap of his heavy balls against her throbbing clit.

"Gods, little one—going to come now!" Saxon growled, stroking her curls away from her face so he could watch her suck him. "Going to shoot my cream right down your sweet throat. Are you ready to swallow my cream? And take Lynx's cum deep in your pussy at the same time? Are you ready to let him Bond you?"

Miri moaned agreement again. She had never felt so hot and needy in her life and she could feel the first—but not the last, she was sure—orgasm of the night rushing over her.

"Can't hold back...have to...have to fill you, my Lady!" Lynx groaned. As he did, Miri felt something hot and wet

spurting deep in her pussy and at the same time, Saxon began to come, shooting his cream down her throat, just as he had promised.

Miri swallowed as fast as she could and at the same time, she felt her pussy throbbing as Lynx came in her again and again. It felt so good—better than anything she'd ever felt in her life!

And yet, she still wanted more...

FORTY-SEVEN

MIRI

It was apparently Saxon's turn to "clean her up" because as soon as Lynx finished and pulled out of her, the Lykan Shifter flipped her over and began giving her pussy an enthusiastic tongue-bath.

Miri gasped with pleasure and shifted restlessly until Saxon held her hips firmly and gave her a stern look.

"How can I clean you up if you keep moving, little one? Now be a good girl and spread your legs wide so I can lick you out," he commanded. "Don't worry—I'll leave enough of Lynx's cream in you to ease the way when we merge to Bond you," he added.

"All right, I'm sorry." Miri subsided and spread her thighs obediently for the big Monstrum's tongue. She couldn't help wiggling a little though—especially when Saxon paid extra attention to her throbbing clit.

"Why so restless, my Lady?" Lynx asked. He was busy getting something out of a storage space at the back of the bedroom and setting it up. It looked like a kind of long, padded bench with a back at either end to Miri.

"I don't know." She wiggled again, causing Saxon to give her a warning growl. "I just feel so...restless. The orgasm I had just now was so good—one of the best I can ever remember. But I still want *more*."

"It's the Bonding Fruit juice," Lynx told her, nodding. "It not only enables you to open for two shafts at once, it makes

you *crave* them. But don't worry—as soon as I get this Bonding Bench set up Saxon and I can merge to fill you.”

“Bonding Bench?” Miri asked, looking at the strange seat. She supposed it was like two chairs fused together with a really long seat between them.

Saxon looked up from his place between her thighs.

“It enables us to sit close enough to merge our shafts comfortably,” he explained. “And then you'll be able to lower yourself down on us to ride on our merged cock.”

“So...you actually grow together in some way?” Miri asked, instantly interested.

“We do.” Lynx nodded. “It's the Brother-Bond that enables it.”

“And when we shoot our cream in you, our mingled seed will cause your body to release at least two eggs,” Saxon growled. He raised his eyebrows at her. “Are you ready for that, little one? Ready to take a ride on our cocks and get bred tonight?”

Miri bit her lip.

“Yes,” she said, finding the courage inside herself. “It's a little scary and I hadn't really planned on getting pregnant just yet—I was going to wait until my career was more settled. But yes, I'm ready.”

“That's good because we'll be breeding you a long time tonight, my Lady,” Lynx purred, his eyes half-lidded with pleasure at the thought. “Gods,” he added, patting the wooden back of one of the bench's chairs. “I never thought we'd ever use this.”

“Is that the one you used with Kara?” Miri asked and was relieved when Saxon shook his head.

“That one we burned,” he said harshly. “Lynx built this one himself, a little over a cycle ago. That's how I knew he was hoping we might find a mate again—though I was sure we never would.”

“Never say never, Brother. Especially when the Goddess is involved,” Lynx remarked.

Saxon started to say something in reply but Miri interrupted him with a wiggle of her hips and a moan.

“When are the two of you going to Bond me?” she demanded. “I feel so...so *empty* inside!”

“Soon, little one. I think you’re clean enough now.” Saxon placed a final kiss on her pussy mound and released her hips. “Give us a moment to merge our shafts and then you can ‘mount up,’” he rumbled, giving her a lazy grin.

Miri watched as the two huge Monstrum each straddled the padded bench and scooted forward. They were both still nude and both still hard—after a moment, Saxon’s long primary shaft was pressed against Lynx’s thick cock.

“Now...I know it’s been a while,” Saxon growled.

“Yes, it has.” Lynx shifted slightly, causing the other male to groan.

“Careful with those spines if you don’t want me coming before we even get into our sweet little female,” he warned.

“Sorry.” Lynx subsided. “Do you want to do the honors or should I?”

“I’ll do it.” And Saxon curled his fingers around both thick shafts. “Gods, it feels good,” he rumbled. “Concentrate—we must become one to Bond our female.”

Lynx furrowed his brow and Saxon frowned, both of them clearly concentrating hard on the intimate merger.

“There,” Saxon said at last. And when he pulled his hand away, Miri saw that the two separate shafts had become one enormously thick cock. It was tipped with a broad, flaring crown which came to a kind of soft tip that had two slits in the center.

One for each of their seed to shoot from, she thought, looking at the unusual head. And it’s going to shoot into me and possibly make me pregnant!

“All right, little one—we’re merged.” Saxon motioned for her to come over.

“Are you ready to let us fill you, my Lady?” Lynx purred.

“Yes.” There was no hesitation in her tone—the empty ache caused by the Bonding Fruit was almost more than she could stand. “Yes, I need you in me—both of you,” she said, coming over to the long bench. Looking down, she realized there were footrests coming out of the bottom of it, just in the center. A good thing since her feet wouldn’t be able to touch the ground once she was mounted on the enormous double-cock.

“How do I do this?” she asked, uncertainly. “I mean, which way do I sit?”

“Which way would you like to sit, my Lady?” Lynx asked. “If you face Saxon, his secondary shaft will bathe your Goddess pearl with warming pleasure liquid. If you face me, it will enter your rosebud as it did when he took you yesterday.”

As much as she enjoyed being double penetrated, Miri thought it might be a bit much considering the size of the merged cock that was going in her pussy. Besides, she hadn’t yet felt the warming pleasure cream that Saxon made with his secondary shaft against her clit and she wanted to.

“I’ll face Saxon—to start with,” she decided.

Putting her foot on the wooden footrest, she used it like she would a stirrup when she was mounting a horse. Before she knew it, she was straddling the Monstrums’ thick double cock.

Both Saxon and Lynx put out their hands to hold and steady her.

“Take it slow, little one,” Saxon growled, as she lowered herself down. “You’ve never had anything this big inside you before.”

“I know I haven’t but I *need* it,” Miri told him. Indeed, the emptiness inside her was growing—demanding to be filled. She wanted their thickness inside her, filling her up, making her theirs forever.

I understand now why Kara begged them to breed her early, she thought as she felt the broad crown finally piercing her tender pussy mouth. This urge...this desire to be filled isn't like anything I've ever felt before!

It was more than a desire—it was a need and she half moaned/half sighed in relief as she felt their thickness stretching her inner walls as she lowered herself down on them.

“Gently, my Lady,” Lynx cautioned as Miri tried to come down faster. “We don’t want to hurt you.”

“You won’t!” Miri protested. “The only way you can hurt me is by refusing to fill me. Please—I need to feel you deep inside me—*both* of you.”

“We’ll get there soon enough. If you’re not careful, you’re going to get a deep breeding,” Saxon warned.

“A deep breeding? What’s that?” Miri panted as she wiggled some more, trying to get them further into her tightly stretched pussy.

“A deep breeding is when the tip of our merged cock finds its way into the mouth of your womb,” Lynx told her.

“Which means instead of just coming in your pussy, we’ll be shooting our cream directly into your womb, little one,” Saxon growled. “Which nearly *triples* the chance of pregnancy. So be careful, all right?”

“All right.” Miri tried not to wiggle as she lowered herself further down onto the monstrous shaft. “But how will I know if...if that happens?”

“You’ll feel it—like a mouth opening inside you to suck the tip of our cock,” Lynx told her. “I’m told it’s a very pleasurable sensation—it often happens at the moment of orgasm,” he added.

“So hold still like a good girl and let us fuck you,” Saxon warned. “If you go wiggling around all over the fucking place, you’re increasing the odds that the tip of our cock will find the mouth of your womb. Remember...” He gave her a stern look.

“Naughty girls are the ones who get a deep breeding and get pregnant from it.”

Miri nibbled her lower lip.

“I...I’ll *try* to be good,” she murmured. Only a few moments ago, she had enjoyed being in charge. But she’d never done this before and Saxon and Lynx had—it seemed best to defer to their knowledge.

At last, she felt them bottom out inside her as the broad head kissed the end of her channel.

I wonder if it’s finding the mouth of my womb? Miri thought. There was no way to be sure. She hadn’t felt the odd sensation Lynx had described of a mouth opening inside her, but they were just getting started.

She wiggled—just a little bit—trying to get used to being so full. Saxon was right—she’d never had anything even remotely this size inside her and it was a lot to get used to. Her inner walls felt like they were stretched to the limit but it was somehow exactly what she needed.

“All right now, little one—spread your pussy lips so the head of my secondary shaft can find you,” Saxon said, once they were situated.

With trembling fingers, Miri reached down and parted her outer pussy lips. She moaned softly as the head of the Lykan Shifter’s secondary shaft slipped into her wet folds and unerringly found her aching clit. At once, she felt a warm, pleasurable cream bathing her tight button, making her feel even more sensitive.

“Feels good, little one?” Saxon raised his eyebrows at her.

“Yes,” Miri panted. “*Very* good.”

“It’s going to feel even better when we start fucking you—don’t forget about Lynx’s pleasure spines—we’re both going to feel the effects of them.”

“You...you feel them too?” Miri asked.

He nodded.

“When he rubs against me—fucking amazing. Are you ready?”

Miri nodded her head.

“Ready,” she echoed.

“Good—because Lynx and I are going to fuck you, little one. Fuck you long and deep and we’re going to breed you while we do it. We’re not going to stop until you’re dripping with our cream,” Saxon growled.

Miri moaned in acknowledgement—it was all she could do. Here she was, between two huge, muscular Monstrum, mounted on their merged shaft. Never in a million cycles would she have guessed she’d end up like this...and yet there was no place else in the universe she would rather be.

“Ready, Brother?” Saxon asked Lynx over her shoulder.

“More than ready,” came the reply. “Let’s bond her to us!”

Four big, strong hands wrapped around Miri’s waist and thighs and then she was being lifted and lowered onto the enormous, thick shaft as the Monstrum fucked her in tandem.

“Oh...*oh!*” she gasped. Had she thought that having Lynx in her earlier felt good? Well now it was doubly pleasurable. The pleasure spines that covered his shaft now seemed to have spread to the entire enormous cock inside her—including the broad head. Every time they withdrew from her, she could feel the spines stinging her and at the same time, Saxon’s secondary shaft was rubbing the warming pleasure liquid into her tender clit, driving her nearly crazy with lust and need.

“That’s right, little one,” Saxon growled, looking into her eyes. “That’s right—take it all. Take our cock deep in that hot little cunt of yours. Nice and *deep.*”

Miri didn’t see how she could avoid it—as she moaned and gasped, her breasts bouncing as she rode the enormous shaft, she could feel it getting deeper and deeper into her with every thrust. And even though they had just started, she could already tell she was close to an orgasm—a massive one, like a volcano erupting inside her.

“Gods, you’re so tight, my Lady!” Lynx purred in her ear from behind. “Love to feel your sweet pussy wrapped around our cock. Love to fill you up and breed you!”

“The question is, will it be a deep breeding?” Saxon growled. “Are you going to get pregnant for us tonight, little one?”

“I...I don’t know,” Miri gasped. “I...I’m not sure.”

“You’re wiggling your hips like you want a deep breeding,” Saxon told her sternly. “Shifting all over the place, like you’re begging us to knock you up.”

“I...I can’t help it!” Miri pleaded. “It feels too good to have you both inside me, filling me like this! I think...think I’m about to come!”

“Come then, my Lady,” Lynx purred. “Come on our cock and let us fill you with our cream.”

“Yes!” Miri moaned—she could feel it—the volcano inside her was erupting. Only instead of spewing lava out, it seemed to be sucking something *in*. After a moment, she realized what she was feeling really was like another mouth—the mouth of her womb, presumably—sucking eagerly at the head of the enormous cock that was filling her so deeply.

“Ohhhh!” she gasped. “I feel it! You were right, Lynx—it’s like another mouth inside me!”

“We feel it too, my Lady,” Lynx purred.

“Fuck yes, we do!” Saxon rumbled. “Feels almost as good as you sucking us with your mouth, little one.” He gave Miri a stern look. “This is more than just a Bonding—it’s a deep breeding now. The head of our cock is inside the mouth of your womb. Are you ready to feel our cream flooding you, Mirabella?”

“Yes!” Miri moaned, pushing herself down to try and take them even deeper. “Yes, Saxon...yes, Lynx—I’m ready! Fill me up and breed me! Bond me and make me yours forever!”

“Gods, my Lady—that’s what we want too!” Lynx groaned and then Miri felt jet after jet of hot cream shooting directly

into her womb. At the same time, she could feel her inner walls contracting with the intense orgasm, sucking hard at the head of the double cock, almost as though her body was *trying* to get her pregnant.

Oh Goddess—oh please! she thought as pleasure overwhelmed her. *Feels so good! Don't know how much more I can take!*

"You can take as much as you have to, little one," growled the mental voice of Saxon in her head.

"Though we can, of course, take some breaks if you want," Lynx added. His mental voice was as soft and purring as Saxon's was growly, Miri thought. And then she realized what this meant.

"We can hear each other's thoughts—that means we're Bonded—right?" she demanded through their new link.

"Yes, little one—we're Bonded. All three of us," Saxon assured her.

"Which means we'll never be apart again," Lynx murmured.

Miri was filled with joy at the thought. Just a little while ago, she'd been alone in the world with no one to love. And now she had not one but two wonderful mates and possibly two babies on the way.

And it was all because she'd allowed herself to be... *Shared by the Monstrum.*

EPILOGUE

“Are you sure about this?” Mistress Hottalot gave Miri a worried look.

“I’ve never been more sure of anything in my life.” Miri lifted her chin. “Are the guards ready?”

“They are.” Mistress Hottalot nodded. “But I don’t think it will be a problem.”

“No, it won’t.” Miri looked from left to right. “Ready guys?”

“We’re always ready to protect you, little one,” Saxon growled.

“And to serve in any way you need us,” Lynx purred.

Miri nodded in approval. Both her mates were dressed as bodyslaves in tight black trousers and fake pain collars—a necessary fiction for the time being. She herself was wearing a tight, emerald green dress which plunged low in the front and even lower in the back. There were emerald panties to match but she didn’t intend to be announced in the usual way and have Saxon and Lynx kiss them. She was going to be taking everyone by surprise—at least, that was her intent.

“Now, everyone who’s anyone in Opulex is already in there,” Mistress Hottalot murmured, gesturing to the party going on past the thick black velvet curtains. “And you look *fabulous*—they’ll be awestruck.”

Miri certainly hoped she was right. A lot was riding on her entrance tonight.

“All right, boys—it’s time to put on a show,” she murmured.

“We’re right behind you, little one,” Saxon assured her and Lynx nodded as well.

“Very well—draw the curtains!” Mistress Hottalot hissed at the servants standing on either side of the black velvet drapes.

They did as she ordered and then, at another wave of her hand, a third servant blew a triumphant fanfare on his large, silver flugelhorn.

The party stopped and Miri was aware that all eyes were on her as she walked into the room, her chin held high and doing her best to look as regal as a queen. She ignored the whispers she heard all around her.

“Look there—it’s Mistress Mirabella, the Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven!”

“I thought she was gone! Didn’t Mistress Bloodmuch say that she’d been taken by space pirates? The Skulls, wasn’t it?”

“Yes—I thought that was the whole reason we were here—to choose a new Ruling Member!”

“I guess that’s off the table now—you can’t choose a new Ruling Member when the old one is still around!”

Miri walked to the center of the room, where the Director of Music was playing the latest in Yonnite tunes. He had an ampli-com and a large 3-D holo projector which was currently displaying a lot of bright colors and shapes which moved in time with the music.

“Excuse us,” Lynx said politely to the Director. “But we’re going to need to borrow your equipment for a moment.”

“What? Impossible! Out of the question!” the man started to protest. In a second, Saxon had him by the front of his fancy gold uniform and was glaring down into his frightened eyes.

“My Mistress needs the use of your equipment,” he growled. “Now—are we going to have any trouble about that?”

“What? Oh...n-no! No, of course not!” the man stammered. “Please—use whatever you like!”

“Thank you.” Saxon nodded at Lynx who made some adjustments and nodded at Miri.

“Ready, my Lady.”

“Thank you.” Miri cleared her throat and the tiny ampli-bug which Lynx had sent to broadcast her voice buzzed around her head and picked up the noise, making it ten times louder. “My fellow Yonnite Mistresses,” she began, aware again that everyone in the room was watching her. “As I understand it, there have been several rumors that I am dead or that I was abducted by space pirates. As you can see, this isn’t the case.”

A ripple of murmurs ran through the crowd of richly dressed Mistresses and their bodyslaves but no one dared to speak up or say anything aloud.

“Possibly those rumors rose from the attempt on my life, made my Mistress Bloodmuch,” Miri continued.

This time the reaction was much stronger. Mistresses were looking at each other with raised eyebrows and talking loudly but it was clear that none of them was very surprised. Mistress Bloodmuch was known to be ruthless in her quest for power and wealth.

And speaking of her adversary, she was pushing her way to the center of the room right now. She was wearing her signature dark purple again with another tall, jeweled headdress bobbing on her head.

“How dare you tell such lies about me?” she demanded when she reached the foot of the platform where Miri stood. “Such slanderous allegations are defamatory to my excellent character! I’ll see you in court!”

“I’d be happy to meet you anywhere you want and repeat what I just said,” Miri said coolly. “Because I happen to have evidence. Lynx?”

Lynx nodded and pressed some buttons on the equipment. At once, the 3-D Holo projector began playing the scene that

had taken place in the Honey Pot ship with Captain Furx and his men.

“What is this nonsense? I really must protest!” Mistress Bloodmuch exclaimed. But she was drowned out by the amplified voice of Captain Furx admitting that Mistress Bloodmuch herself had planned the trap and threatening Miri with physical harm if she didn’t transfer her power to the greedy Mistress at once.

A gasp went up from the entire ballroom as all the most important Mistresses of Opulex watched the scene play out. Miri was incredibly glad that Lynx had thought to get the footage from the Space Yacht before they left it. It never would have occurred to her, but of course on a ship as expensive as the one Mistress Bloodmuch had used for bait, every room was under surveillance.

There were murmurs of horror when they got to the part where the Skulls scout arrived and killed off Furx and his men. Miri let it keep playing, allowing the gathered Mistresses to watch as Saxon turned into an enormous, terrifying wolf and killed the scout.

Then she had Lynx shut it off—no one in the room needed to know anything else about their private business. But it was good for them to realize that she had some very scary males at her back, who would do anything to protect her.

“As you can see,” she said, the ampli-bug making her voice ring to the far corners of the room. “Mistress Bloodmuch laid a trap for me and my men and had her mercenaries threaten me with physical harm if I didn’t give her my power. And since threatening or attempting to coerce any member of the Sacred Seven is expressly against Yonnite Law, I hereby decree that she shall be stripped of all her titles and sent directly to prison, where she will await trial for her crimes.”

“*What?*” shrieked Mistress Bloodmuch. “You can’t do that to me! Do you know how rich I am?”

“Not anymore,” Miri said coolly. “I further decree that all of your wealth in the form of land, jewels, credit, or any other form now belongs to the Yonnite National Treasury. It will be

used to repair some of the damage you've done strip-mining for Dream Gas. Guards—take her away!" she added, motioning to the armored guards who were already making their way through the crowd.

Mistress Bloodmuch was dragged away, kicking and screaming but nobody tried to help her. It was clear, after the evidence that Miri had shown, that the greedy Mistress was headed straight for prison and nobody wanted to be associated with her, for fear that they might lose their own titles and wealth.

"Now, then," Miri continued, when the irate Mistress had been finally dragged out of the room. "There has been a lot of talk about who I might transfer my power to, since it was said that I didn't want to be the Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven." Of course, she herself had said that, but there was no need to bring that up.

The rising hum of conversation buzzed around the huge ballroom again. All the Mistresses were looking at each other, wondering who Miri would pick.

"I have looked for a worthy replacement. I even went to the Oracle at Delphi Prime to ask who ought to rule," she went on. "And I have come to the conclusion..."

Everyone in the room seemed to be holding their breath.

"That I will rule myself—at least for now. I will remain the Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven until I can find worthy Mistresses to help me bear the burden of leadership," Miri said.

This had been a difficult decision to come to. She didn't want to rule—she wanted to practice medicine and spend time with her men. But after a long discussion, she and Lynx and Saxon had decided that it would be best for her to stay at least six months.

That would hopefully be long enough for her to find some competent Mistresses who were more interested in ruling fairly than in their own ambition and gain. And once she had a

group she could trust, she could choose one of them to be the next Ruling Member while she gracefully stepped down.

So for now, she was staying. But Miri saw a different future for herself than the glittering life of a rich and powerful Opulex Mistress. She saw a life with her men, having their babies and the three of them loving each other every day. A life filled with a rewarding career—possibly aboard the Monstrum Mother Ship, where Lynx and Saxon assured her she would be very welcome. A life of happiness and love.

For now, she would stay. But soon she would be free to pursue her dreams and her life with her men. And in the meantime, maybe she could do some good. She could at least protect her hometown and repair some of the damage that had been done to other parts of Yonnie Six.

The murmurs were rising all around her again but Miri had said everything she had to say.

“Thank you for your attention,” she said politely. “Please continue with the party.”

As she stepped down from the platform with Lynx and Saxon at her heels, Mistress Hottalot met her with beaming eyes.

“Oh, my dear! Such a stir you’ve caused, refusing to abdicate the throne, as it were!” she exclaimed. “But I don’t think anyone will try anything again. I mean, after seeing your man there turn into that huge, ravening beast...” She glanced at Saxon, who gave her a blank look, and shivered.

“Yes, I’m well protected,” Miri said, smiling at her. “So I’m willing to do my duty—at least for a while. After that, who knows?”

She smiled a secret smile and put a hand to her belly. There was another reason she wasn’t going to want the job of Ruling Member of the Sacred Seven for too long—a reason that had to do with all the breeding she and Saxon and Lynx had been doing. She hadn’t taken a pregnancy test yet, but she was pretty sure what it would say if she did.

“Well, would you like to sit and chat about who you might choose to be on the Sacred Seven with you?” Mistress Hottalot asked. “There are several Mistresses I could recommend.”

“Oh, well—” Miri began.

“My Lady, can we escort you home?” Lynx asked, coming forward to take her right arm.

“Yes, let’s get the fuck out of here,” Saxon growled, taking her left.

Miri felt the familiar tingle of energy between the three of them and knew exactly what they had in mind—it was what she wanted too. Another long night of breeding and Bonding lay ahead—just thinking about it sent a shiver of desire through her body and her nipples got tight as her pussy got wet.

“I’m sorry,” she said to Mistress Hottalot. “But I have to go now. We’ll talk later, all right?”

And with a smile, she left the party behind. She had duties to perform but for right now, she needed to be alone with her Monstrum.

It was time for them to share her again.

THE END?

OF COURSE NOT!

There are always new Kindred books coming out. Though I think for next month's book, I may write Alien Mate Index #7. In the meantime, if you have enjoyed *Shared by the Monstrum*, please take a moment to leave a review or a rating [HERE](#). Good reviews are like gold for an author in this crazy-crowded e-book market and it would mean the world to me if you'd take a moment to let others know you enjoyed the book. Thanks for being such an awesome reader!

Hugs, Evangeline

March, 2023

PS—I'm still interested in doing duets with you on [TikTok](#). If you do a review of one of my books (doesn't matter what series) I'll duet it—just send it to me on [TikTok](#) and I'll post it on [Instagram](#) and [Facebook](#) too. We'll be Internet famous together! : D

Come hang out with me on [TikTok](#), [Instagram](#), or [FaceBook](#)—I'm on all three as Evangeline Anderson—I can't wait to see you there!

GIVE A HOT KINDRED WARRIOR TO A FRIEND!

Do you love the Kindred? Do you want to talk about wishing you could go live on the Mother Ship without your friends thinking you're crazy? Well, now it's super easy to get them into the Kindred universe.

Just share this link, <https://bookhip.com/HLNPTP>, with them to download *Claimed*, the first book in my Brides of the Kindred series for FREE.

No strings attached—I don't even want to collect their email for my newsletter. I just want you to be able to share the Kindred world with your besties and have fun doing it.

Hugs and Happy Reading!

Evangeline

[Sign up for my newsletter](#) and you'll be the first to know when a new book comes out or I have some cool stuff to give away. Don't worry—I won't share your email with anyone else, I'll never spam you (way too busy writing books) and you can unsubscribe at any time.

As a thank-you gift you'll get a free copy of BONDING WITH THE BEAST delivered to your inbox right away. In the next days I'll also send you free copies of CLAIMED, book 1 in the Brides of Kindred series, and ABDUCTED, the first book in my Alien Mate Index series.

You've read the book, now listen to the audiobook.

My Kindred series is coming to audio one book at a time. [Sign up for my audiobook newsletter](#). Besides notifications about new audio releases you may also get an email if I'm running a contest with an audio-book prize. Otherwise I will leave you alone. :).

ALSO BY EVANGELINE ANDERSON

Below you'll find a list of available and upcoming titles. But depending on when you read this list, new books will have come out by then that are not listed here. Make sure to [check my website](#) for the latest releases and better yet, [sign up for my newsletter](#) to never miss a new book again.

Brides of the Kindred series

(Sci-Fi / Action-Adventure Romance)

[CLAIMED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[HUNTED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[SOUGHT](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[FOUND](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[REVEALED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[PURSUED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[EXILED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[SHADOWED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[CHAINED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[DIVIDED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[DEVOURED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[ENHANCED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[CURSED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[ENSLAVED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[TARGETED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[FORGOTTEN](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[SWITCHED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[UNCHARTED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[UNBOUND](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[SURRENDERED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[VANISHED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[IMPRISONED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[TWISTED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[DECEIVED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[STOLEN](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[COMMITTED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[PUNISHED](#)

[PIERCED](#)

BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME ONE

Contains *Claimed, Hunted, Sought and Found*

BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME TWO

Contains *Revealed, Pursued and Exiled*

BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME THREE

Contains *Shadowed, Chained and Divided*

BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME FOUR

Contains *Devoured, Enhanced and Cursed*

BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME FIVE

Contains *Enslaved, Targeted and Forgotten*

BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME SIX

Contains *Switched, Uncharted and Unbound*

BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME SEVEN

Contains *Surrendered, Vanished, and Imprisoned*

BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME EIGHT

Contains *Twisted, Deceived, and Stolen*

All Kindred novels are now available in PRINT.

Also, all Kindred novels are on their way to Audio, [join my Audiobook Newsletter](#) to be notified when they come out.

Kindred Tales

The Kindred Tales are side stories in the Brides of the Kindred series which stand alone outside the main story arc.

These can be read as STAND ALONE novels.

[MASTERING THE MISTRESS](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[BONDING WITH THE BEAST](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[SEEING WITH THE HEART](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[FREEING THE PRISONER](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[HEALING THE BROKEN](#) (*a Kindred Christmas novel*) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[TAMING THE GIANT](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[BRIDGING THE DISTANCE](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[LOVING A STRANGER](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[FINDING THE JEWEL](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[BONDED BY ACCIDENT](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[RELEASING THE DRAGON](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[SHARING A MATE](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[INSTRUCTING THE NOVICE](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[AWAKENED BY THE GIANT](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[HITTING THE TARGET](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[HANDLING THE HYBRID](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[TRAPPED IN TIME](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[TIME TO HEAL](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[PAIRING WITH THE PROTECTOR](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[FALLING FOR KINDRED CLAUS](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[GUARDING THE GODDESS](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[STEALING HER HEART](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[TAMING TWO WARRIORS](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[THE KINDRED WARRIOR'S CAPTIVE BRIDE](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[DARK AND LIGHT](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[PROTECTING HIS MISTRESS](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[UNLEASHED BY THE DEFENDER](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[SUBMITTING TO THE SHADOW](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[SECRET SANTA SURPRISE](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[THE PRIESTESS AND THE THIEF](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[PLAYING THEIR PARTS](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[RAISED TO KILL](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[HEALING HER PATIENT](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[DELIVERED BY THE DEFENDER](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[ACCIDENTAL ACQUISITION](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[BURNING FOR LOVE](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[HIDDEN RAGE](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[ENTICED BY THE SATYR](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[SAVED BY THE BEAST](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[LOVED BY THE LION](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[BONDED BY TWO](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[TAMING THE TIGER](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[DRAGON IN THE DARK](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))
[GUARDED BY THE HYBRID](#) (Also available in [Audio](#))
[QUEEN OF THEIR COLONY](#)
[FINDING HIS GODDESS](#)
[FAKING IT WITH THE HYBRID](#)
[TIED TO THE WULVEN](#)
[SHARED BY THE MONSTRUM](#)
[KINDRED TALES VOLUME 1](#)

Contains *Mastering the Mistress, Bonding with the Beast* and *Seeing with the Heart*

[KINDRED TALES VOLUME 2](#)

Contains *Freeing the Prisoner, Healing the Broken* and *Taming the Giant*

[KINDRED TALES VOLUME 3](#)

Contains *Bridging the Distance, Loving a Stranger* and *Finding the Jewel*

[KINDRED TALES VOLUME 4](#)

Contains *Bonded by Accident, Releasing the Dragon*, and *Sharing a Mate*

[KINDRED TALES VOLUME 5](#)

Contains *Instructing the Novice, Awakened by the Giant*, and *Hitting the Target*

[KINDRED TALES VOLUME 6](#)

Contains *Handling the Hybrid, Trapped in Time*, and *Time to Heal*

[KINDRED TALES VOLUME 7](#)

Contains *Pairing with the Protector, Falling for Kindred Claus*, and *Guarding the Goddess*

Kindle Birthright series

(Sci-Fi / Action-Adventure Romance)

The Children of the Kindred series

[UNBONDABLE](#) (Also available in [Audio](#))

Born to Darkness series

(Paranormal / Action-Adventure Romance)

[CRIMSON DEBT](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[SCARLET HEAT](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[RUBY SHADOWS](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

CARDINAL SINS (coming soon)

[DESSERT](#) (short novella following *Scarlet Heat*)

(Also Available in [Audio](#))

[BORN TO DARKNESS BOX SET](#)

Contains *Crimson Debt, Scarlet Heat*, and *Ruby Shadows* all in one volume

Alien Mate Index series

(Sci-Fi / Action-Adventure Romance)

[ABDUCTED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[PROTECTED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[DESCENDED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[SEVERED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[THE OVERLORD'S PET](#)

[ALIEN MATE INDEX VOLUME ONE](#)

Contains *Abducted*, *Protected*, *Descended* and *Severed* all in one volume

All Alien Mate novels are now available in PRINT.

The Cougarville series

(Paranormal / Action-Adventure Romance)

(Older Woman / Younger Man)

[BUCK NAKED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[COUGAR BAIT](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[STONE COLD FOX](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[BIG, BAD WOLF](#)

The CyBRG Files with Mina Carter

(Sci-Fi / Action-Adventure Romance)

[UNIT 77: BROKEN](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[UNIT 78: RESCUED](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

The Institute series

(Daddy-Dom / Age Play Romance)

[THE INSTITUTE: DADDY ISSUES](#)

(Also Available in [Audio](#))

[THE INSTITUTE: MISHKA'S SPANKING](#)

The Swann Sister Chronicles

(Contemporary Fairy / Funny / Fantasy Romance)

[WISHFUL THINKING](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR](#) (Also available in [Audio](#))

Nocturne Academy

(Young Adult Paranormal/Action-Adventure/Romance)

[LOCK AND KEY](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[FANG AND CLAW](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[STONE AND SECRET](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

Detectives Valenti and O'Brian

(1980s M/M Romance)

[THE ASSIGNMENT](#)

[I'LL BE HOT FOR CHRISTMAS](#)

[FIREWORKS](#)

[THE ASSIGNMENT: HEART AND SOUL](#)

Forbidden Omegaverse Series

(Paranormal Romance

Step-Brother / Foster Brother Romance)

[HIS OMEGA'S KEEPER](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[THE BRAND THAT BINDS](#)

Compendiums and Box Sets

ALIEN MATE INDEX VOLUME ONE

Contains *Abducted, Protected, Descended* and *Severed* all in one volume

BORN TO DARKNESS BOX SET

Contains *Crimson Debt, Scarlet Heat,* and *Ruby Shadows* all in one volume

BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME ONE

Contains *Claimed, Hunted, Sought* and *Found*

BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME TWO

Contains *Revealed, Pursued* and *Exiled*

BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME THREE

Contains *Shadowed, Chained* and *Divided*

BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME FOUR

Contains *Devoured, Enhanced* and *Cursed*

BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME FIVE

Contains *Enslaved, Targeted* and *Forgotten*

BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME SIX

Contains *Switched, Uncharted* and *Unbound*

BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME SEVEN

Contains *Surrendered, Vanished,* and *Imprisoned*

BRIDES OF THE KINDRED VOLUME EIGHT

Contains *Twisted, Deceived,* and *Stolen*

HAVE YOURSELF A SEXY LITTLE CHRISTMAS

Contains *Kidnapped for Christmas, Cougar Christmas* and *Season's Spankings*

KINDRED TALES VOLUME 1

Contains *Mastering the Mistress, Bonding with the Beast* and *Seeing with the Heart*

KINDRED TALES VOLUME 2

Contains *Freeing the Prisoner, Healing the Broken* and *Taming the Giant*

KINDRED TALES VOLUME 3

Contains *Bridging the Distance, Loving a Stranger* and *Finding the Jewel*

KINDRED TALES VOLUME 4

Contains *Bonded by Accident, Releasing the Dragon,* and *Sharing a Mate*

KINDRED TALES VOLUME 5

Contains *Instructing the Novice, Awakened by the Giant,* and *Hitting the Target*

KINDRED TALES VOLUME 6

Contains *Handling the Hybrid, Trapped in Time,* and *Time to Heal*

KINDRED TALES VOLUME 7

Contains *Pairing with the Protector, Falling for Kindred Claus,* and *Guarding the Goddess*

NAUGHTY TALES: THE COLLECTION— Volume One

Contains *Putting on a Show*, *Willing Submission*, *The Institute: Daddy Issues*, *The Institute: Mishka's Spanking*, *Confessions of a Lingerie Model*, *Sin Eater*, *Speeding Ticket*, *Stress Relief* and *When Mr. Black Comes Home*.

ONE HOT HALLOWEEN

Contains *Red and the Wolf*, *Gypsy Moon* and *Taming the Beast*

ONE HOT HALLOWEEN Vol.2

Contains *The Covenant*, *Secret Thirst*, and *Kristen's Addiction* + BONUS:
Madeline's Mates

Stand Alone Titles

(Sci-Fi OR Paranormal Action-Adventure Romance)

ANYONE U WANT

BEST KEPT SECRETS (Step-Brother romance)

BLIND DATE WITH A VAMPIRE

BLOOD KISS

BROKEN BOUNDARIES (M/M romance)

CEREMONY OF THREE

COMPANION 3000 (Also available in [Audio](#))

DEAL WITH THE DEVIL (Also Available in [Audio](#))

DEFILED

EYES LIKE A WOLF (Foster Brother romance)

FOREVER BROKEN (M/M romance)

GYPSY MOON

HUNGER MOON RISING

MADELINE'S MATES

MARKED

OUTCAST

PLANET X (Also Available in [Audio](#))

PLEASURE PLANET

PLEDGE SLAVE (M/M romance)

PUNISHING TABITHA

PURITY (Also Available in [Audio](#))

RED AND THE WOLF (Also available in [Audio](#))

SECRET THIRST

SEX WITH STRANGERS

SHADOW DREAMS

[SLAVE BOY](#) (M/M romance)

[STRESS RELIEF](#)

[SWEET DREAMS](#)

[TAMING THE BEAST](#)

[TANDEM UNIT](#)

[THE BARGAIN](#) (Also available in [Audio](#))

[THE COVENANT](#) (Also available in [Audio](#))

[THE LAST BITE](#) (M/M romance)

[THE LAST MAN ON EARTH](#) (Also available in [Audio](#))

[THE LOST BOOKS](#) (M/M romance)

[THE PLEASURE PALACE](#)

[THE SACRIFICE](#) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

['TIL KINGDOM COME](#) (M/M romance)

Stand Alone Titles

(Contemporary Romance)

[A SPANKING FOR VALENTINE](#) (BDSM)

[BOUND AND DETERMINED](#), anthology with Lena Matthews, includes *The Punishment of Nicollett*

[COUGAR CHRISTMAS](#) (Older Woman / Younger Man)

[DANGEROUS CRAVINGS](#) (BDSM) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[DIRTY GIRL](#)

[FULL EXPOSURE](#) (with Lena Matthews)

[KIDNAPPED FOR CHRISTMAS](#) (BDSM)

[MASKS](#) (BDSM) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[MORE THAN FRIENDS](#) (BDSM)

[PICTURE PERFECT](#) (Step-Brother romance) (Also Available in [Audio](#))

[STR8TE BOYS](#) (M/M romance)

Naughty Tales

(Short Reads to Get You Hot and Bothered)

[CONFESSIONS OF A LINGERIE MODEL](#)

[PUTTING ON A SHOW](#) (Step-Brother romance)

[SIN EATER](#)

SPEEDING TICKET

THE SWITCH (An erotic interlude with the characters of DANGEROUS CRAVINGS)

SEASON'S SPANKINGS

WHEN MR. BLACK COMES HOME

WILLING SUBMISSION

NAUGHTY TALES: THE COLLECTION— Volume One

Contains *Putting on a Show, Willing Submission, The Institute: Daddy Issues, The Institute: Mishka's Spanking, Confessions of a Lingerie Model, Sin Eater, Speeding Ticket, Stress Relief* and *When Mr. Black Comes Home*.

YA Novels

THE ACADEMY (Also Available in Audio)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Evangeline Anderson is the *New York Times* and *USA Today* bestselling author of the *Brides of the Kindred*, *Alien Mate Index*, *Cougarville* and *Born to Darkness* series. She is forty-something and lives in Florida with a husband, a son, and two cats. She had been writing erotic fiction for her own gratification for a number of years before it occurred to her to try and get paid for it. To her delight, she found that it was actually possible to get money for having a dirty mind and she has been writing paranormal and sci-fi erotica steadily ever since.

You can find her online at her website www.evangelineanderson.com

Come visit for some free reads.

Or, to be the first to find out about new books, [join her newsletter](#).

She's also got a mailing list for [updates on audio books](#).

